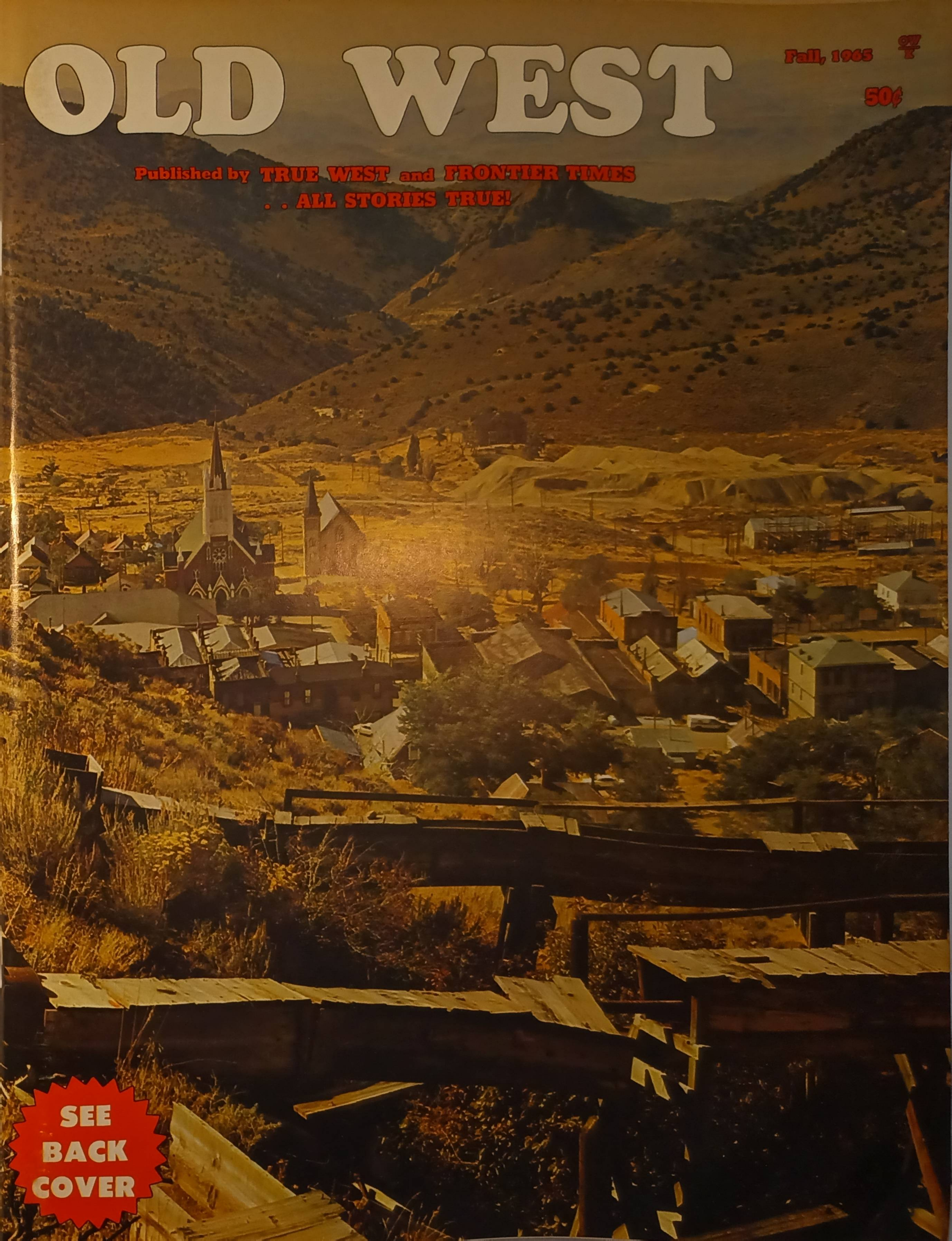

OLD WEST

Fall, 1965

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Published by TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES
. . ALL STORIES TRUE!

SEE BACK COVER

OLD WEST

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

FALL, 1965
VOL. 2, NO. 1
WHOLE NO. 5

BOOK BONUS!

LIFE AMONG THE PIUTES:
THEIR WRONGS AND CLAIMS

By SARAH WINNEMUCCA HOPKINS

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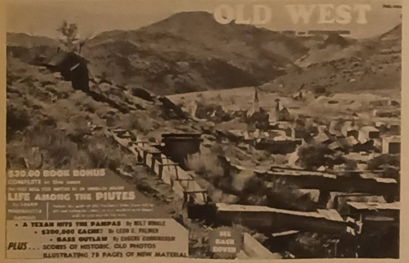
SPECIAL FEATURE!

A TEXAN HITS THE PAMPAS

By The South American Kid


OLD WEST
LIFE AMONG THE PIUTES
• A TEXAN HITS THE PAMPAS
• $200,000 CACHE?
• BASS OUTLAW
PLUS . . . SCORES OF HISTORIC, OLD PHOTOS ILLUSTRATING 78 PAGES OF NEW MATERIAL

Our cover is a panoramic view of Virginia City, Nevada, where Sarah Winnemucca stayed from time to time during 1864-65. On occasion, white settlers from Virginia City encroached upon Piute lands by fishing within the reservation boundary. Governor Nye, one of the very few public officials whom the Indians felt respected their rights, caused the white trespassers to be driven from Pyramid Lake. Such incidents were laying the groundwork for the Bannock-Piute War. Photo shows the wooden flume that carried water to the once thriving community, the silver center of the Early West.

Cover: Erick F. Lieder

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WHATCHA THINK WE OUGHT TO DO?

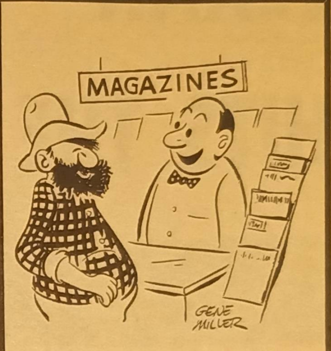
FROM the very first (back in 1953), you folks have blamed-nigh run TRUE WEST, later FRONTIER TIMES, and now OLD WEST, for us!

We don't see many other magazines in the country asking their readers what to do and I guess maybe we are considerable stupider than I thought, but seems it has worked mighty well. Since it is impossible to get around and get free meals off a million or more of you readers and ask your opinion on certain things, we just put them up for a vote and, man, we know in a hurry what you want! That is, most of the time. . . .

In the last issue we asked you folks to give us some idea on how long we should keep running articles from those first TRUE WEST issues and we didn't get a single letter! That's an all-time record for us. Generally we get a whiskey barrel or so full! I guess it means go ahead for a while yet before we make an entirely new magazine out of OLD WEST because when you gents are quiet, everything seems to be going all right but if we take a wrong crook in the road, we sure hear in a hurry!

I wish fifty or sixty of you at least would drop us a note giving us your ideas on the above because when I ask a question and nobody answers, I get the feeling that maybe you are using OLD WEST to plug up busted window panes or maybe to take out to the outhouse and it's a mighty sorrowful feeling to think that you might be using features like "Life Among The Piutes" in this issue for such purposes! Incidentally, this is one dickens of an unusual book and I sure hope its length doesn't scare you off, because you'll be missing something if you don't read it.

Also, coming up in the next issue will be *Early Days of Fort Scott* by C. W. Goodlander. It covers the period from 1859 to 1870 during ox team and stage transportation days and has a real old-time Kansas flavor. The book was published in 1899 and is marked at $15 today. It is another must for your Western American library.



"Yes Sir! OLD WEST comes in today on the three o'clock stage."

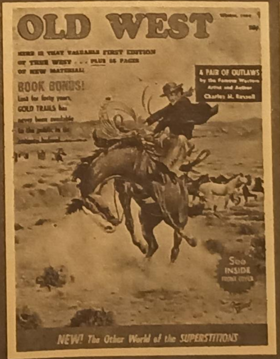
What about that? If you have every issue of OLD WEST, you have already built up a "book" library alone that would have cost you roughly $72 and you have been out $2.50 for not only these books but some twenty other features in each issue in addition! In short, by not using advertising and turning out a hundred-page magazine (including cover), we are able to give you (it says here) more for your money than any other magazine in the country.

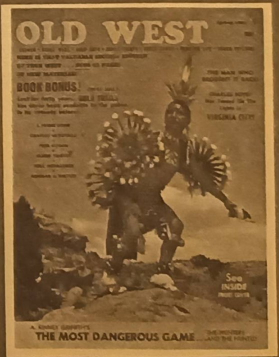
WE ARE really uncovering some terrific old material now. Thanks greatly to you readers who are sending in names of books that you have read and think are mighty good, as well as those that you would like to read but the old pocketbook won't stand some of those prices. It is real satisfying to note how many of you Old West buffs are working up valuable Western Americana libraries. I am well aware of the fact that when we reprint a rare edition worth $30 to $100 it isn't worth that as reprinted in the magazine but it reads the very same and it will allow actually thousands (and that's durned sure including me!) to work up a Western Americana library that would have been out of reach if it were necessary to purchase the books themselves. Now and then we hope to reprint books worth $100 or more but we feel that they must be top-notch reading matter and not merely valuable as a collector's item because of age or scarcity. Therefore, we are hitting all angles, I believe—those who want to work up a valuable Western Americana library as well as those who merely want to read these old books but can't afford to pay $30, for instance, to read the book in this issue.

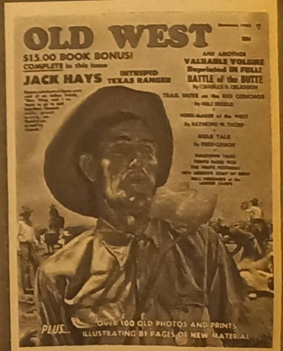
While we're at this voting business, when you let us know your feelings about how long we should continue republishing articles from the old and mostly unobtainable issues of TRUE WEST, include a comment on whether you think we should carry advertising or not. With the exception of two letters, everybody has been for carrying no advertising—and they've been for it in a big way. One man wanted to present a plaque for the only company in this country who could do it—or. that's the way he put it. I might remind those of you who enjoy seeing the advertising and noting the various unusual items for sale that we would be carrying the very same advertising, for the most part, that we already have in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.

I've got to quit asking what you folks want and get to work on what I know you do want since I've lost at least halftime for the past three months on that confounded acute bursitis thing! I'm so far behind in my correspondence that my stomach feels weak and my cheeks turn peakid everytime I see the stacks—be patient folks, I'll get to it even if I have to burn a little midnight oil. Besides, this staff of mine has proven to me during these painful months, and especially while I was in the hospital for two weeks, that I'm not as dad-blamed important as I thought I was! If they keep this up, I might just take to the road and start visiting some of you knotheads!—Joe.

OLD WEST
See INSIDE
BIG FOOT WALLACE






OLD WEST
$15.00 BOOK BONUS!
JACK HAYS
INTREPID TEXAS RANGER
BATTLE of the BUTTE
PLUS... OVER 100 OLD PHOTOS AND PRINTS ILLUSTRATING 81 PAGES OF NEW MATERIAL

Milt Hinkle with Indian beaded vest

A TEXAN HITS THE PAMPAS

By MILT HINKLE

The SOUTH AMERICAN KID

Photos Courtesy Author

Twenty-four months took Milt from the West, through South America, then to England, and back home again. He sailed part of the way, rode part of the way, and fought all of the way. That year he was "Chief of Cowboys" and Milt didn't take the title lightly!

AFTER a long season touring the states east of the Mississippi River, we closed at Houston, Texas, on October 13, 1913. I remember well because a lot happened on that day.

First it rained. And how! Next, I saw more policemen and detectives, plus Texas Rangers, than I had ever seen before at one time. And they were all on the IOI Show grounds. I knew the man they were after, so I went to Harry Smith, my good friend, and told him to disguise himself or get off the lot. He refused. Said no one would recognize him with his hair dyed. But he was wrong.

You see, he was wanted for murder. Two years before, he had killed a man who owned a livery stable at Mexia, Texas. Harry had a half-bulldog and half-leopard cow dog. They called these South Texas dogs leopards because of the spots on them. Harry's dog was a good hog and cow dog. He was known to catch and hold anything. The dog was called Old Pal, and a pal he was to Harry as he was with him at all times.

One day Harry walked into the man's stable. The man did not like Harry's dog, so he opened the box stall where he kept his pit fighting bulldog—one that had killed six other pit bulls. The man's bad dog made a rush at Old Pal but missed the throat, and Pal soon had a death hold. At this, the livery man picked up a pitchfork and started to stick it into Pal. Harry managed to get the fork, but the man ran into the office and saddle room, got his six-gun, came out and started to draw. Harry had his own gun out and ready. He shot the man in his heart, killing him. Two men saw it all. Harry left the stable with his dog still holding the man's bulldog. And Pal did kill the dog.

Harry left Texas, and joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He changed his name from Harum Sterling to Harry Smith, as he had a tattoo on his left arm, "H.S." While he was with the show, he married Goldie Griffith, the Champion Cowgirl Bucking Horse Rider of the World at the time. They were married on horseback at the old Madison Square Garden. She still lives at Nederland, Colorado.

Harry joined the IOI Ranch Show in 1913. He had a pair of white angora goat-hide chaps like I had and I suppose that's why, when I rode one of the gray bucking horses and Chester Byers picked the horse up, I stepped off the gray into the arms of two of the biggest detectives in the State of Texas.

Both stuck six-guns in my back, saying, "Don't make a false move." They walked me to the back end.

At this a lady said, "That's not him," and pointed at Harry saying, "That's the one!"

At this, Harry ran to the side wall of the tent. As he reached down to duck under, one of the cops took a dead bead on Harry's rear end. For some reason, I bumped into the cop as he pulled the trigger. The bullet hit Harry in the left leg high up, but it didn't stop him. He made his way to the stock cars.

When we loaded the horses, Chester Byers and Amos Clayton saw him and got him to lay low, and when the train was loaded, Chester and Clayton put him in a empty boxcar that was marked dead head to Chicago. They gave Harry two bottles of milk, bread, and other stuff, and he arrived four days later in Chicago where his wife lived with her mother. Goldie cut the bullet out of his hip.

I ALSO remember we pulled into Galveston, Texas, on Sunday, October 10, 1913. We did not show Sunday. My good friend, Jack McCracken, one of the all-time great eight- and ten-horse drivers, had just made his last trip from the railroad yards to the show lot, pulling the wagons onto the lot. He unharnessed his horses, and got a bucket of water from the water wagon to wash the horses' manes and tails. They always did this each Sunday.

About this time up walked a good-looking soldier and asked Jack who hired the riders. Said he had just been discharged from the Remount Station near there, and introduced himself as Charles Gibhart. Jack took him to the dressing tent that had just been put up, and turned him over to D. V. Tantlinger, the Arena Director. Tantlinger told him the season was about over, but he would see what he could do and maybe use him next year.

The next day I helped him saddle one of the top bucking horses of the show and will say he made a good ride. In 1914, he joined the show. That was the introduction to the show world of a great western movie star who was loved by all. A hero he was. He burned to death trying to save others in the Cocoanut Grove fire in Boston, November, 1942. His show name was Buck Jones.

It was a big scramble in loading out of Houston, as the complete IOI equipment was split into three parts and was being shipped to three different places. Tantlinger and I were to select the stock and performers for the trip to South America. This we did, and also saw to it that three baggage cars were loaded with stock, saddles, and other gear. The Indians, cowboys, cowgirls, and clowns were to make the trip to New York by passenger train.

Bob Bixby, Superintendent of the show, made sure that one eight-horse team, one six-horse team and one four-horse team, wagons, harness and other equipment were loaded on a freight train to Passaic, New Jersey. The 1914 season was to open at the old Madison Square Garden.

Harry Parish, the Train Master, saw that the rest of the cars and equipment loaded out for the IOI Ranch at Bliss, Oklahoma, and it was Jack McCracken and Shorty Phillips, the boss hustler, who saw that all stock was put away for the winter. The part of the show that D. V. Tantlinger and I were responsible for made the trip to New York City in good shape and we were ready to sail on November 1, 1913, on the *Varsara* from Pier 9 in Brooklyn for South America.

In New York, our coaches were met by Edward Arlington who, with his father, George, was half-owner of the IOI Ranch Show, their interest being the rolling stock, trains, wagons, etc. Edward Arlington and Roy Chandler were the head bosses of the Wild West Show on this trip to South America. D. V. Tantlinger was Arena Director and I was Chief of the Cowboys.

Both Arlington and the Miller Brothers were good friends of Bat Masterson, who was at that time living at 300 West 49th Street in New York City. Bat was working for the morning newspaper, *The Telegram*, now called the *Sun-Telegram*, and he had come to see our show off.

Edward Arlington was standing by the loading platform while the people were going aboard ship. He was talking to Bat when Chester Byers and I walked up to talk to him. Chester and I were introduced to Bat as the star performers with the show, as Chester was then the Champion Trick Roper of the World. I was really stunned, and I said, "After all of these years, I get to meet and shake the hand of the man my dad defeated as Sheriff of Ford County, Kansas."

Bat's answer was a cool, "No doubt you are the son of George Hinkle. Which one of his women was your mother?"

Before I had time to get angry, he went on to say that if I was anything like my dad, I was a mighty man.

"You can see George in you, looking into the past."

Edward Arlington broke into the conversation at this time, telling Bat I was one of the best men on the show. Of course, this made me feel right good. We did not have much time for a visit or talk, as everyone was now on deck, and the ship was ready to sail. Bat told me to look him up when I get back, that he would like to talk to me. As we walked up the gangplank, he asked how my mother, Lula, was. I said she was fine and was living in Kansas City, Missouri.

Bat said, "My wife will be happy to know that, as she and your mother were good friends."

Bat left the ship and we sailed.

IT proved to be a bad voyage, as the ocean was very rough. The trip was made in twenty-five days. Harry Smith, the cowboy who had been shot in the hip in Houston, was with us. After Goldie had dug the .38 slugs out of his leg with a penknife, she brought him by train to New York and stayed to see him off. I was glad to see Harry again.

I was elected "sheriff" of the boat, and when we crossed the Equator, it was my job to make the "arrests" and to see that the "prisoners" were ducked or thrown into the big canvas tank of water provided for the occasion. It was a big event.

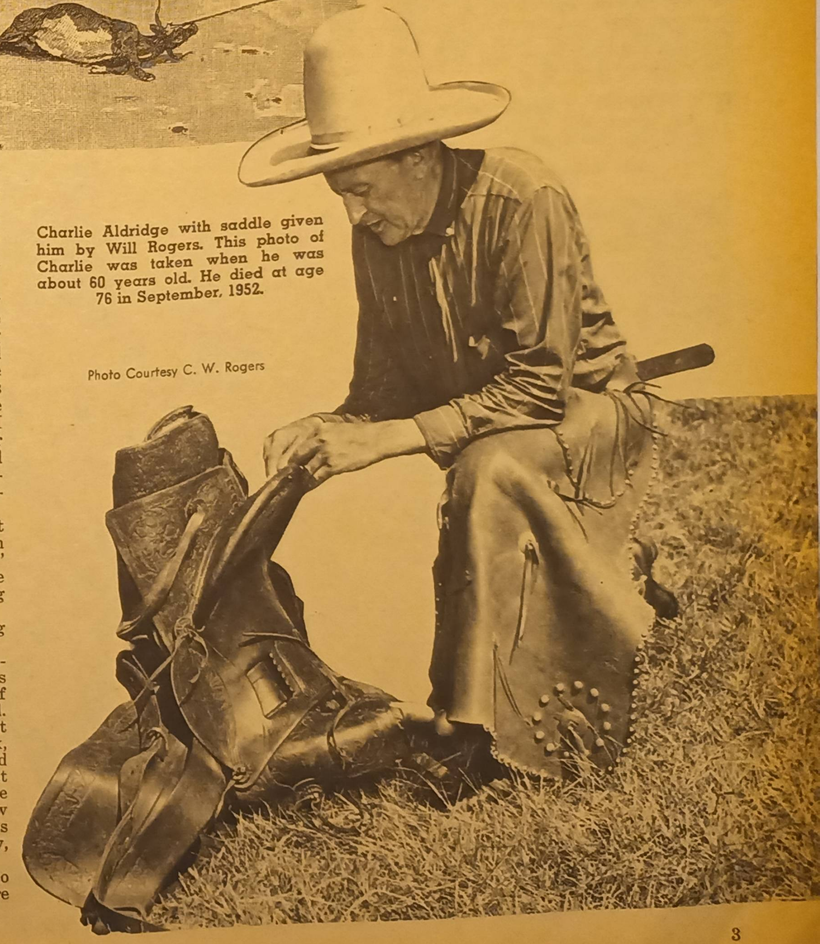
About five days out from New York, one of the Indians broke out with a bad case of smallpox. All of the top performers sailed first class; some of the single cowboys, second class; but the Indians rode steerage, far down in the hold. Most of the Indians took down with the "pox."

The ocean got very rough and we had lots of seasickness. Hank Durnell, one of America's greatest trick riders and ropers, took smallpox and begged to be thrown overboard, he was so sick. Four of the Indians died. The crew sewed them up in canvas and slid them overboard, far away from their hunting grounds.

We arrived at Buenos Aires after making a couple of stops on the coast of Brazil, which didn't interest any of us. I will say that Edward Arlington then did a fine job of "fixing," for the boat was not quarantined. At Buenos Aires, the Indians put their blankets well over their heads and faces, before the doctors and health inspectors came on board. Mr. Arlington sure did talk fast to those men, so we cleared.

But we were in for more trouble anyway. The inspectors found that Otto Kline's yellow trick riding horse had glanders, so we were told that all of our horses would have to be destroyed and then burned.

Now, we had to do something mighty fast. Tantlinger asked me what I



Charlie Aldridge with saddle given him by Will Rogers. This photo of Charlie was taken when he was about 60 years old. He died at age 76 in September, 1952.

Photo Courtesy C. W. Rogers

thought we should do. I told him to see Mr. Arlington and get some money, and I would go to the ranches and buy what horses and cattle we would need. I knew quite a bit of their language, so I was pretty sure I could get a square deal from the big ranch owners.

After we had started to set the show up at the "Park of the Japanese," Mr. Arlington came to me and handed me a large sum of money. He told me to pick out two of the cowboys to go with me on the stock buying trip, so that they could try out the bucking stock and saddle horses. Further instructions were to go see anyone who had stock for sale, and to buy twenty-five saddle horses, ten good bucking horses and two or three good steers for bulldogging and four steers to ride. After much thought, I decided to ask Charlie Aldridge and Harry Smith to go with me.

Bob Anderson didn't like this. He was one of the cowboys from the Oklahoma Ranch Show and he had been Chief of the Cowboys on that show, but here he was just another cowboy and he sure did resent not having his precious authority over others on this show.

Well, we took a train to Ralston, a big cattle and horse country. We spent three days looking around and buying the best stock we could find at fair prices. I knew they were better than those we had shipped. We needed a small mule for Billy Lorette, our clown, so I went to a sales barn and found a real nice one. It was a smart little thing and Billy had him lying down and sitting up like a dog in three days.

WE OPENED on Sunday and had a big crowd. Bill Pickett and I had a lot of fun bulldogging the "green" steers and we went over in a big way with our audience. We gave three shows that day, with full houses. The newspaper gave us lots of good publicity in the next morning's issue, so the show was making money.

Lulu Bell Parr, one of the cowgirls from the Buffalo Bill Show, made a big hit riding a bucking horse. Mabel Kline, Bea Brosseau and Jane Fuller did trick riding. Hank Durnell and Chester Byers did especially well with their trick and fancy roping and the natives loved it, because all South Americans understand a rope and they have many expert ropers in their country.

There were lots of big shows in the park besides our IOI Show, and one of the best water shows I ever saw. My wife, Iona, wanted to work in their show, for that was what she was doing when I met her in Canada. She could not ride very well, so Arlington let her go to work for Walter Sibley, the Water Show owner. I was glad for her, because I understand what it means for people to do the work they know and in which they have experience.

The next Sunday, Mr. Reginald Casey, a big rancher we had bought the stock from, came to visit our show. He had six Gauchos with him, dressed in the colorful and expensive garb of the South American cowboy. He wanted to show them the ways of the North American cowboys, and to meet them as friends.

Well, Bob Anderson was the first person Mr. Casey saw and he asked Anderson where he could find Milt Hinkle or Charlie Aldridge. Bob answered that he didn't know and cared less where these two fellows could be located. Mr. Casey pretended not to notice the insulting reply and asked if it would be all right and would the show care if he and his Gauchos looked at our saddles and other things? Anderson said that nobody was allowed at the back end, and if they wanted to see anything they could buy tickets when the box office opened.

I had walked over to the Diving Show with my wife and returned to find Mr. Casey and his Gauchos at the front of the show. I walked up and greeted Mr. Casey, shook hands with him and his men, told them I was glad to see them and wanted them to come meet the boys.

I said, "Please be my guest. I have tickets for all of you." Then I invited Mr. Casey and his party to walk to the back end and meet the cowboys, cowgirls and Indians, and to see our gear.

Mr. Casey gave me an odd look and said "that big cowboy over there" had told them that nobody was allowed at the back end. Then he told me all that Anderson had said to him.

Well, boiling mad, I went over to Anderson and said, "Bob, I've never done anything to you but good, so why have you insulted my friends behind my back?"

He got a little tough with me. The outcome of that was, he did not work the show that day, or for the next two days, for he was unable to mount his horse, and my left eye was blue and swollen for a few days, too.

Mr. Casey seemed to feel that it was somehow his fault that I beat up Bob Anderson, so I suppose he wanted to show Anderson that there was no hard feelings on his part. He asked me if I thought Bob would come out to his ranch and ride a few bucking horses. Casey said he would let all the other rancheros know about it and they could bring their outlaw horses over for the American cowboy to try out. He said he wanted to show Bob some real hospitality, give him the time of his life, and that he would pay handsomely. He would let Bob ride one of the greatest bucking horses in South America. People would come from miles around to see old "Kazeka" try an American cowboy.

Late 1914 photo of Milt Hinkle dressed as a Gaucho while performing with Charlie Tompkins' Wild West Show

One of the Gauchos said in Spanish, not knowing that I knew what he said, "I hope Kazeka bucks him off and steps in his face." The others nodded agreement, which amused me. I, too, hoped Bob would get just that treatment.

I TOLD Mr. Casey to go see our bosses, Roy Chandler and Mr. Arlington, and they might let Bob go if Mr. Casey would announce our show to give it some publicity. I went with him to the office, and it was agreed to let Anderson go the next Sunday.

Arlington called Bob to the office and asked him if he would go. Bob said angrily, "Hell, no! I've had plenty of experience with the damn greasers in the United States, and they are just the same here. I want no part of a slick, cooked-up plot."

I felt anger surge over me and I knew I was about to deliver a haymaker, but I held it until I could say, "Bob, you're just jealous because I was made Chief of Cowboys and you're so damn small you just have to show how little you are by nature."

Bob yelled, "That's a damn lie!"

Well, about this time, Hank Durnell and Charlie Aldridge came walking up, just at the moment I delivered my "Sunday punch" to Bob Anderson's jaw. It lifted him clear off his feet and he landed, quite blacked out, several feet away. It was then that Charlie Aldridge made a mistake.

I was still boiling mad when Charlie said, "Milt, you shouldn't have done that to Bob."

I hit Charlie pretty hard, but I rushed to help him up immediately, telling him how sorry I was, and asking him not to be angry with me. I explained that my temper had gotten away with my reason for a minute. Charlie was a little mad at me, though, for I had hurt him some.

Turning to Mr. Casey, I told him that he could depend on me to come to his ranch, and he could tell his people and the other ranchers, too, that they could all depend on me to be there. Mr. Arlington stood nearby, and when he heard what I said, he told me that I could not leave the show for any reason at any time. I just gave him a look so he quickly added, "You and Bill Pickett are the only bulldoggers we have and that is our feature act."

I never said another word to Arlington, but turned to Mr. Casey and said, "I'll be there at your ranch. I'll come even if I have to quit this show to get there."

This night I speak of was the same night the big ten-foot alligator bit off Bert Swan's arm, just above the elbow. Bert had a show on the carnival midway where he kept the alligator in a tank filled with water. Bert would go in and wrestle the alligator. He would get hold of the long jaws, then turn the alligator over on its back. But poor Bert's hands slipped that night and the brute took off his arm. The water in the tank was instantly red with blood and the audience went wild.

The newspapers gave the incident much publicity, playing it up by declaring the alligator act was more dangerous and more thrilling than the wrestling of the long-horned steers at the Wild West Show.

Roy Chandler came to me that afternoon and asked if I thought I could wrestle the big alligator. I thought about it for a moment, remembering I had watched how Bert had done it, and I made up my mind that I could do it as well—if they paid enough—so I told Roy I would attempt it.

He said he would see to it that the tank was moved into the Wild West Show, where they could seat the people. The publicity man would give out the story that I would wrestle the same alligator, from that date until the closing of the show season. I knew I would have to keep away from his tail, get a good firm hold on his long jaws when he opened his mouth, then try to turn him over on his back. I knew that I could manage this.

I told Roy Chandler it was time to talk "pay talk." His reply was, "Bert won't be able to do this act again, so I am sure I can make a deal with him." He then suggested we give Bert twenty-five per cent, the Park twenty-five per cent, the Show twenty-five per cent, and I would get the remaining twenty-five per cent.

We knew we must act while the publicity was hot, so I went in the tank that same night. Four or five thousand people were turned away. We only seated about three thousand and could stand only a thousand.

I lucked out after jumping on the back of the big reptile and I got my hold at once. With a good firm grip on his jaws, it was easy for me to turn him on his back there in the shallow pool. I knew that I would "luck out" with God's help, and I did. After I had rolled the brute over, I made the fastest time

At left, "Rubio," given to Milt by Mr. Casey. The wedding picture, below, shows Pawnee Bill at left, during the ceremony in which Harum Sterling, right, was married to Goldie Griffith, Champion Bucking Horse Rider of the World, shown beside him.

on record getting out of there. The people went wild and gave me a big hand. It got the Park plenty of publicity and from that night on, we had capacity crowds.

ABOUT two days beforehand, on a Friday night to be exact, Arlington came to me and asked if I intended to go out to Casey's ranch on Sunday. I told him I had given my word that I would be there, and I would.

"That's what I call a real man," he said. "Go on, and I'll not be mad at you."

So, came Sunday, I stepped on the 1:45 A.M. train for Rawson. I had my saddle, ropes and other equipment with me that I thought I might need.

Waiting to greet me at the station were Mr. Casey and his bookkeeper, Pat Drake from London, England. They were driving the finest pair of matched horses I ever saw and they were hitched to a laudau-type rig. The driver, a beautifully dressed Gaucho, sat in a seat by himself. Another Gaucho loaded my belongings in the rig, and we started for the ranch in grand style. Several Gauchos, all splendored up, rode behind and on either side of the landau. All horses traveled at a gallop.

We pulled up at a place that was a sales center, or *feria*, as they called it. There I never saw so many different kinds of vehicles; buggies, carts, wagons —great high-wheeled things, the wheels all of twelve feet high. In addition to the vehicles, all pulled by good horses, there must have been 300 or more Gauchos mounted on horses—the best, in from the pampas. In another corral were at least 300 head of wild horses, and in still another corral was a herd of 100 head of cattle—steers of all ages.

Mr. Casey instructed our driver to take us around where the ladies and children, old men and old women, could see us. There were also lots of people in rigs at that place. Part of one side was filled with mounted ranchers and Gauchos, all facing us and really colorful in their best costumes. The men wore wide silver and gold belts, and their saddles were decorated in lavish silver and a kind of leather embroidery. Silken, colorful threads were worked into the leather in beautiful designs. I have never seen this decoration on leather anywhere except in Mexico and Argentina. The Gauchos carried long knives in their belts and *boleadoras*, too.

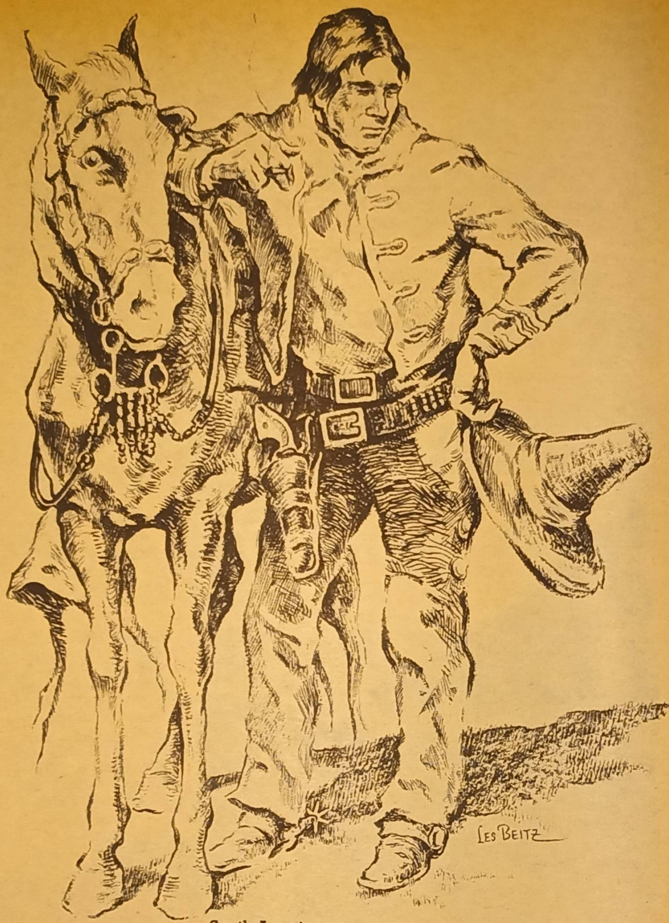
Mr. Casey called out in Spanish, "I want you to meet my good friend who is also your good friend, Milt Hinkle, a real cowboy from North America, who came here from the IOI Ranch Wild West Show that is now showing at Buenos Aires."

As we passed by, the people gave us a big hand which I really enjoyed. After we had been introduced to everyone, Mr. Casey said, "Now, I want you to see our famous Kazeka, the outlaw bucking horse that we feed on corn so he will be strong and full of hell."

He paused for a minute and then continued, "I wanted that gringo, Bob Anderson, to try to ride him and get bucked off in the dirt, but we like you, Milt, and won't ask you to mount him."

"Mr. Casey," I said earnestly, "that's one horse I want to try to ride. Remember, I have been on many thousands of bad ones and didn't get bucked off in the dirt. When I hear of a bad horse I am just obliged to try him. It's a challenge I have to meet."

He began to shake his head, but I urged, "I'll be unhappy if I'm denied this chance to see if there's a horse I can't ride. It's a matter of pride with me, sir."



South American Cowboy

"May the best contestant win, man or beast," was his answer.

I felt good then, for I was curious about Kazeka. I respected and admired a real fighting horse, I suppose because I was also a fighter.

I then asked Mr. Casey to have one of his best Gauchos lead Kazeka out into the center of this wonderful crowd, have the man snub the horse to his saddle so I could get my saddle on his back, then turn him loose. I wanted all the horses out of the way to give him a chance, with plenty of room to buck. The Gauchos' saddles have no horns; they tie off on the side.

I got Kazeka saddled without any trouble. He was a big sorrel horse about nine or ten years old and he had a fighter's gleam in his eye. But he never made a move until I was seated in the saddle and the other man had ridden out of the way.

THEN all hell broke loose. Kezeka bucked, he balked, he stood on his head, he sunfished—in fact, he showed me every trick I had ever seen a horse pull, but thanks be, I was familiar with every trick he knew and anticipated them a split second before he pulled one, trying to unseat me. I will admit that there were moments when I felt a bit loose in the saddle, but luck was with me all the way.

In about thirty seconds that seemed like thirty minutes, Kazeka realized he was beaten, so he quit. He threw up his head like the proud game warrior that he was, and just stood there. He did not turn or start to run, like most bad horses do when they quit, he just stood.

He was halter broke, so as I stepped off his back, I patted him on the forehead, and got a rousing cheer from the audience. (I later trained Kazeka. He was used as a cow horse and he was a good one.)

I led Kazeka up to where Mr. Casey was standing and told him he had a fine horse. "I would like to take him back to the States with me."

Mr. Casey said quickly, "He is yours."

I objected to such a fine gift, but Mr. Casey said they had hundreds of bucking horses and I must accept his small present. I knew he could see how pleased I felt.

Then he said they had a brown horse there, that one of the ranchers had brought in. This horse was known to be a bad one and would I like to try him?

I said I would like to try this horse, so the same Gaucho helped me and another one came to help me saddle. This horse was hard to handle and especially hard to saddle. When the Gauchos cut him loose, the horse broke in two and I had to really watch close to avoid being bucked off. He was as hard to ride as old Kazeka and much more tricky.

I had my Colt .45 inside my shirt, where I carried it when I could not wear my holster, so during this rough ride, the gun jumped loose from where I had put it. To avoid losing it, I grabbed it in my right hand, while holding the rein with my left. Then suddenly, I decided to have some fun. I pointed the gun up in the air and shot as rapidly as I could pull the trigger.

Five shots sent the horse running, so I stepped off, pulling his head toward me, and held him until the Gaucho got to me and took over. I walked back and saw that everyone was laughing and hollering, "Pistola! Pistola!"

Mr. Casey came up and said, "You might as well have old Pistola, Milt. The crowd just gave him that name and you have won him by this spectacular ride."

Of course, I thanked him sincerely. Then Mr. Casey said his boys wanted to show me the Gauchos' way. In one corral where the wild horses were kept, six or seven Gauchos on horseback lined up at the gate which was about eight feet wide and had a round pole across the top. One young Gaucho caught this pole in both hands and drew himself up, waist high, holding his quirt in his teeth.

The gate was opened and out rushed about twenty-five horses at a fast run. At this, the fellow hanging to the gate pole dropped astride onto one of these wild horses as it ran under him. He got a handful of mane and, as soon as there was room enough to do so, two other Gauchos ran in behind this horse and began whipping it on the rump to keep it running and not giving it a chance to buck. When they turned away, the mounted man hit the running horse with the butt end of his quirt, right between the ears. It knocked the horse down head first and the Gaucho stepped off running.

I ran out to the boy and put my arms around him and then shook his hand. The crowd went wild, cheering and clapping. I then offered to bulldog a wild steer for them.

I asked Mr. Casey for a small fast horse that was well broke. He said he had just the right one, a small horse that could really get up and go. His name was Whiskey. Then the men led it to me and I saddled him. We picked out a steer weighing about 800 pounds, with good horns.

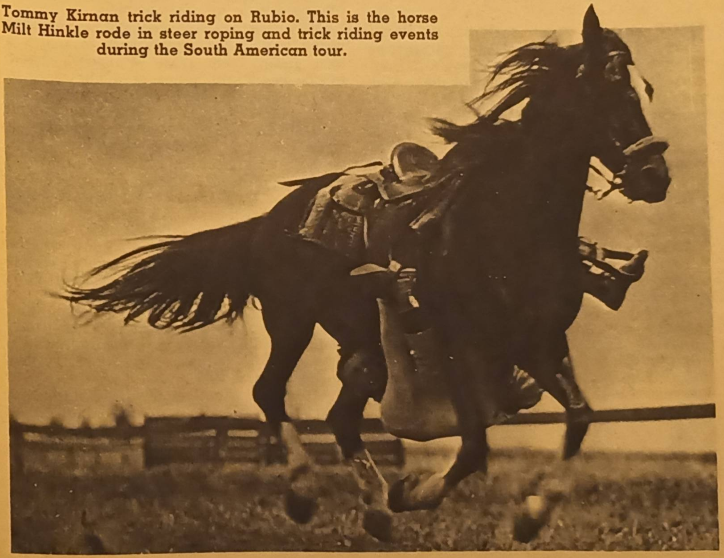
I did not need anyone to haze (ride on the opposite side of the steer) for me, as the cowboys do nowadays. That steer was sure running his best when he came out, but little Whiskey drew up beside him in a short time. I jumped to the neck and horns of the racing animal. I stuck his right horn in the ground and he turned over hard to the ground. You could have heard a pin drop.

I wore a pair of leather cuffs to protect my wrists and these cuffs were about six inches high with brass buttons thick around the top and bottom. The silence of the crowd still held as I walked back to where Mr. Casey waited for me. He then told me that the crowd believed I had some electricity rigged up in those cuffs and it was this that had knocked the animal down.

I promptly removed the cuffs and also my shirt, and had the boys run out another heavier steer, but with real good horns. Out came the steer, and little Whiskey took me alongside it. I repeated the act, only this time I grabbed the steer's upper lip in my teeth and threw out both arms with hands high up to show that I was holding down the animal with my teeth only.

This time the people knew there was no electricity, only a man alone who had done this feat. They went wild. A Gaucho had led Whiskey to me and Mr. Casey asked me to mount and ride slowly around so the people could see me close up. This I did. Then I dismounted from the little brown horse and put my arms around Whiskey's neck and petted him.

Tommy Kirnan trick riding on Rubio. This is the horse Milt Hinkle rode in steer roping and trick riding events during the South American tour.



I was presented with this wonderful little horse, also. I nearly broke down and bawled, I was so happy to own him. The lump in my throat was so big I could not say "Thank you" to my generous host.

AFTER this, two of their best ropers mounted their horses and turned out a big red steer. One threw an eighty-foot rope made of rawhide, and with this amazing throw, he caught the steer by both horns. Then the other Gaucho caught both hind legs and held the animal stretched out. It was then that a third Gaucho ran his horse fast, hit the steer against the shoulder with the shoulder of his horse and the steer went down on its side and lay there. This was the way they roped cattle on their open ranges so, of course, I then had to show them the way we roped cattle on the Texas plains.

I told Mr. Casey I wanted a large, well-broke horse. He had the boys bring out a big bald-faced sorrel and the boys saddled him for me. Then they ran out a young, fast steer. I told them not to come after me. The big sorrel overtook the steer in a short run but not too close. I swung my loop, a rather small one, and caught both horns, then I laid the rope, with a quick flip, over the steer's rump. I spurred the horse and turned him a little ahead of the steer. That big horse busted that steer like he had done such a thing all of his life.

The rope had settled around the hind legs of the animal and the turn ahead had caused him to trip and fall on his side. The horse held the rope tight as I got off and grabbed three legs and tied them together with a short rope I had looped in my belt, called a "piggin string." Then I went to the horse, mounted and reined him back to the roped steer, got off and removed the catch rope and then the piggin string, releasing the steer. I made fast time in mounting for that was one outraged steer and he was fighting mad. I was safe only on the horse and I knew it.

This kind of roping was entirely new to these Gauchos and our audience. Of course, by now you have guessed right: Mr. Casey gave me this horse and said his name was Rubio. He was another of the world's best steer roping horses.

I asked one of the Gauchos to run his horse in a straight line, down through the center of the place. He did and I followed him on Rubio, doing vaults from one side to the other and making a "shoulder stand." I was by no means a trick rider, but I could do these two stunts quite well. I rode three other bucking horses and all of them were given to me. Then two or three Gauchos passed through the crowd and took up a collection of 3,300 pesos as a gift for me. I was also presented with a complete South American saddle, ropes, *boleadoras* and a suit of beautiful Gaucho clothes.

Mr. Casey insisted he pay the express of my fourteen head of horses to get them to Buenos Aires. There I was given three more good bucking horses. One was a little roan and the best show horse I ever saw.

I made a deal with Ed Arlington and Roy Chandler to feed and care for my stock for the use of them in the show. Now we sure had plenty of good, surefire bucking horses and the show was better than ever.

I was sorry to find that some of the show people were jealous of me over this deal, but that was a fact that I could not help.

Below is an article from the *Hiberno Argentine Review,* December 26, 1913.

ARGENTINE IS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT COWBOY

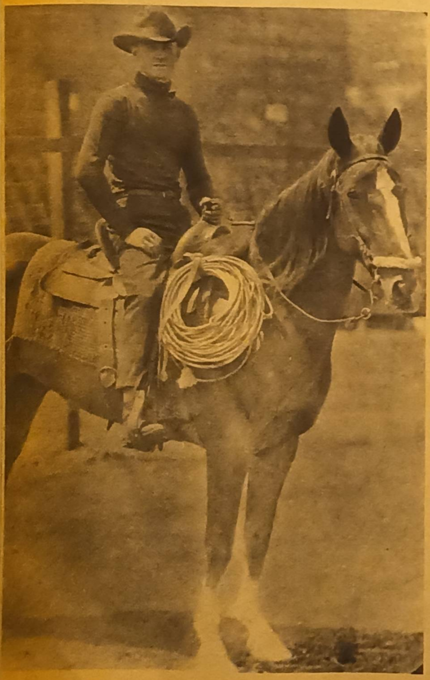
Argentine Audience Eagerly Admires Remarkable Performance of Milt Hinkle, Champion Bulldogger

"Milton D. Hinkle, the World's Champion buck jump rider and steer thrower paid a visit to Estancia El Sauce, Rawson F. P. C. at the invitation of Don Reginald Casey. Mr. Hinkle, who is of Irish descent on his mother's side, had an opportunity of seeing something of Argentine camp life, where things are, however, done on a somewhat smaller scale to what he had been accustomed, as the estancia from which he hails in Texas, U.S.A., the XIT Ranch, covers some 500 square leagues.

"On Monday, after an excellent breakfast with a fine fat lamb roasted on the *asador,* the assembled guests drove over to the *feria* grounds belonging to Messrs. Keating and Sangiani, where some four or five hundred people had gathered to give a welcome to the stranger who had come down from Buenos Aires to give them an exhibition of his skill.

"Contingents came from the neighboring estancias and other towns, sent their representatives, as it was known that some of the worst *reservados* in the surrounding districts would be brought in to test the skill and endurance of the venturesome rider. The principal of these, a handsome and powerful chestnut, well known as the terror of the district, having unseated every *domador* who has attempted to ride him, was the means of showing Mr. Hinkle's magnificent horsemanship.

Tommy Kirnan on Rubio



"With simply a rope tied through the *bozal,* the bold rider sailed forth and, for nearly a quarter of an hour, was seen one of the finest and gamest struggles that has ever taken place; the chestnut squealing and rearing, tried his hardest to shift his man, but in the end, had to give in. Mr. Hinkle, on his return, received a grand reception from the crowd, the assembled Gauchos showing themselves true sportsmen by the enthusiastic way they acknowledged his fine victory.

"The spurs were used simultaneously from the first buck. For once, a gringo had been able to show the skill and daring which has so long been associated with the old school of native *domadores.*

"Later in the day, Mr. Hinkle did some very fine lasso work, throwing and tying a *novillo* single-handed. He also, when at full speed, galloped after a wild *novillo,* threw himself on the steer's head and, catching him by the horns, after an exciting wrestle threw him to the ground. Don Thomas Keating very kindly provided some fine steers for the exhibition, but to the regret of everyone he was unable to be present.

"Later in the day, Mr. Hinkle was presented with the chestnut he had ridden so well, and Don Tormay and Don Casey also asked him to accept a couple of handsome *reservados* as a slight memento of a very pleasant afternoon.

"On Tuesday, Mr. Hinkle gave a private exhibition of riding buck jumpers and paid a visit to the Estancia of Doña Marianna B. Casey, where a most enjoyable and sumptuous breakfast was partaken of. The rest of the day was occupied in a quiet ride around the estancias. On Wednesday, accompanied by a cavalcade of horsemen, he rode to the station and left for Buenos Aires, with a hearty round of cheers and the good wishes of the large number who had assembled to bid him goodbye."

THE day I arrived back at the Park, my wife, Iona, showed me a cablegram from her mother, stating Iona's father was ill and the doctors said he could not live more than thirty days. She caught a boat that same evening for Boston. I never expected to see her again, for it was plain to me that this was a cooked-up deal and that she much preferred to be with Boston people. Hadn't she neglected me to be with those Boston diving girls over in the Water Show?

After my wife had left me, I, being a normal, healthy man and fond of "romancing," quickly realized that all my wild oats had not been sown. So when Harry Smith asked me one night to go over to the "Island," I took him up on the deal.

This Island was a small one, near the city of Buenos Aires, and was owned and operated by the Government. It was the only red-light district and there were more than 200 girls and women living there.

When Harry and I left the boat, we were met by officers who requested that we leave our knives, guns, and any other weapons with them. In return, we received a card with number and names so we could get back our property upon leaving the Island—a precaution required by the Government.

Harry and I stopped at one of the bigger houses, where I met a tall, beautiful girl named Peggy. She spoke perfect English. Harry and his girl, and Peggy and I all sat down at one of the tables and ordered drinks. I ordered a soft drink, for I never put anything into my stomach that might darken my brain. I always wanted a clear head, because I was aware of my quick temper and wanted to try to avoid trouble, at least.

Peggy was a charming person to talk with, highly educated, and in spite of the place she was living in, she seemed to be quite refined. It puzzled me very much, for I didn't quite know how to treat her. She asked me many questions about my life in North America, about my work and my family. I answered every question and then she began talking about herself.

Her father was a wealthy French Jew and was one of France's leading merchants. He lived in Paris with her mother, who came from a very wealthy and prominent family. Peggy told me her true name, which of course, I will never mention. Then she told me why she had come to this place. I finally understood why she was telling me all of this about herself. It was because she wanted to talk to someone, unburden her mind. She seemed to be lonely for understanding companionship.

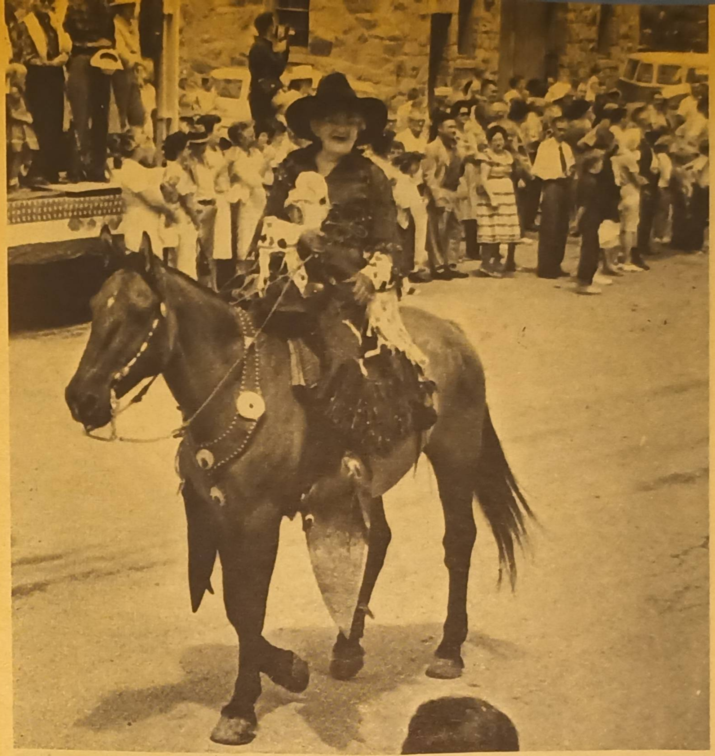
Harry finally said it was time for us to go, so Peggy went with me to the door, and gave me a quick little kiss for goodnight. She begged me to come back the next night, but I told her I wouldn't promise that. She kept insisting that I must come back, so I finally told her, "No, but I am proud to have met you and I will never forget you."

The next night while riding in Grand Entry at the opening of the Show, I saw that we had a full house. Every seat was taken except in one box. In it was just one occupant, a very beautiful woman all alone. When I rode past that box, I realized the woman was Peggy, dressed like a queen with big diamonds in her ears and around her neck and on her fingers. Surprised, I tipped my hat as I rode by. She nodded.

Well, I rode two bucking horses that night and I just happened to make a long jump from little Whiskey's back, to the head and horns of a big steer in the bulldogging event, and threw the steer within ten feet of her box. I stood up and made a bow just as she threw a large bunch of roses toward me. They landed at my feet.

For a minute I didn't know what I should do, but I knew I couldn't leave them lying there in the dirt, so I picked them up and held them close, while I gave her a deep bow. I don't know whether or not that was the proper thing, but it sure made a hit with the crowd. They began to toss silver money at me and more flowers, too. It was then that Billy Lorette, the clown, ran out, dropped to his knees and began gathering up both silver and flowers. The audience loved it.

After the show, everyone left except Peggy; she remained in her box. I rode out and told her how beautiful she looked and thanked her for the bouquet. She then asked me if I wouldn't take a ride with her. As we were walking out of the Park, she informed me that she had left the Island for good and that her new address was the leading hotel in the city. Later on there were many other



Goldie Griffith as she appeared in parade during August, 1964

long drives in her beautiful car, driven by a chauffeur.

I was becoming very fond of this lovely girl and I began to realize that I was slipping fast. I was, however, determined never to become a gigolo. Also, I was a married man, even though a deserted one.

Peggy told me that her father had cabled her that he would set me up in any kind of business in Paris—up to as much as $100,000—if it would make her happy and keep her near their home. This proposition struck me funny.

Imagine me, of all people, living away from my beloved cattle and horses and the life I had known since I was a boy. I reminded Peggy that I was still a married man, and to appease her, I said I might come to Paris after I had got a divorce. She was to go home, but lingered on and on until I became really worried that I'd be stuck with her, so one day I saw Mr. Casey at the show and I asked if I could go to work for him.

He said he would be glad to give me a job and that it would be all right for me to bring my horses to the ranch when I came. So I informed him that I would give the show two weeks' notice, and asked him to have one of his Gauchos at the Park gate to show me the way to his ranch, so I could drive my stock. It was agreed that the man was to be there two weeks from this same Sunday. In the meantime, I had to persuade Peggy to leave for Paris. It really took some "sweet talking" for I was desperate at the thought of having her on my hands, and she wasn't the kind of girl you could be abrupt with, or hurt. Finally she agreed to go, and sailed on the Saturday morning before I was to leave the show for the ranch on Sunday.

Peggy gave me her home address and telephone number in Paris and made me promise I would keep in touch with her, and would come to Paris the very first minute I was free of my marriage. She painted word pictures of a lavish marriage for us, and of much wealth and comfort for the rest of our lives. She would be a good wife to me, she promised. I believed her, but Paris was just too far away from the life I loved.

I KNEW I had to drive my stock about 150 miles to the Casey ranch and had everything mapped out, when Mr. Casey asked me if I would give the big horse Rubio to Bea Brosseau, because his bookkeeper, Mr. Drake, was wild about Bea and she had told him that she would like to have Rubio to take back to the States with her.

Mr. Casey said, "I will give you three head of good horses in his place."

"Rubio is the best horse I have ever ridden, and I hate to part with him, but if Bea wants him, she can have him," I said. "Besides, I would like to please Mr. Drake. Bea is a great girl and I like her."

She later married a good cowboy, Tommy Kirnan, and it was on old Rubio that Tommy won the World's Championship in the trick riding contest at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and other rodeos in the U.S.A.

I gave the little roan bucking horse that she liked to ride to Lulu Belle Parr. She shipped him back to the States and rode the horse for many years. For a long time she worked with the Ringling and Barnum and Bailey Circuses and the roan was always a perfect show horse and bucking horse, especially in the Big Top.

The time came for my last performance with the show—on Sunday night when I was to leave for the Casey Ranch. Ed Bowman and Harry Smith were going with me, and Ed was leading my stock from the horse tent to the arena when Ed Arlington appeared on the scene.

"You boys can't move that stock," he said, "until you have paid me $100 a head for their feed bill."

Now gentle people, I really blew up. To put it mildly, I was raging mad and I lunged forward exclaiming, "You s-o-b! You know I let you use this stock for their feed. I did everything I could to help you make money, and now you think you can pull such a trick on me?"

Turning to Ed and Harry, I told them to get mounted and get going with the Gaucho and the horses. It was at this time that Tantlinger and Bob Anderson and two or three others tried to stop Harry Smith.

Ed Arlington yelled at the top of his voice, so that all could hear him, "Harry, you know you're wanted in the United States for murder, so you'd better watch what you do."

To which Harry yelled back, just as loud, "And I'll be wanted for murder in this country, too, if you don't get out of my way."

I saw that Harry was so mad he had tears in his eyes, and I knew this to be a danger point, so I told him to keep moving. Harry had made several friends while with the show, but one in particular that he went around with. They had been to parties together and got to be pretty good pals, and just about the time our departure caused such a ruckus, up stepped this friend of Harry's and he proceeded to take command. First, he

Bea Brosseau, to whom the great horse, Rubio, was given. She later married Tommy Kirnan, World's Champion trick rider.

told the Gaucho to get off his horse, and then he mounted and rode over to me. He took my 30-30 and I saw that he also had a pistol. His instructions then were, "Let's ride!"

By this time the police had arrived, but so had Mr. Casey, and when he spoke to the police, they stepped back, so we rode out of the Park with no more trouble.

I think I should explain here, that the man who gave the command, "Let's ride," had been one of the lieutenants of the well-known Butch Cassidy Gang and he had heard this same command given many times by Butch when he headed his notorious band of desperadoes who robbed banks, stole cattle and robbed trains. His hideout was in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming and since he was one of Cassidy's head men, he had come to Argentina with much wealth. Here he had lived as a ranchman for several years.

The story goes that when Butch Cassidy was a boy, he stole a saddle and got away with it. It all seemed so easy that he got started on his lawless career. In South America, he became a big rancher, but even though he was wealthy, he just couldn't go straight. In 1909, in Argentina, he and his pal, the Sundance Kid, started terrorizing people with their train robbing, as well as hijacking the paymaster's money belonging to railroad construction workers, and every other kind of crooked deal that occurred to them. They were hunted by the soldiers, and finally found. Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid were shot after a night-long siege close to La Paz, Bolivia, in 1909. The graves of both, with weather-beaten boards as headstones, are there in the shadow of the mountains, unless they have been shaken down by the ever-blowing winds from the Andes.

WE made the trip cross-country to the Casey ranch without any trouble, taking two and one-half days. I did not know who Harry's friend was who helped us the night we left the Park, until Harry told me. We rode and drove our horses all night and until about noon; then we fed the horses, let them rest four or five hours, and rode again. It was a dusty, tiresome trip and we were glad when we arrived at our destination.

Mr. Casey was out in front of his great house to greet us. He told one of his men to unsaddle and take care of our horses, then invited us to come in the house, where we were served a big fine meal that tasted good to a bunch of hungry men. Even the Gaucho who led us was seated at the big table in the grand dining room. That was the kind of a man Mr. Casey was, just as democratic as he could be. He spoke to his servants with the same respect that he did to a friend or neighbor.

Later, he showed us around his mansion and the grounds. There was a swimming pool, a barbecue pit, big stables full of horses and a gem of a polo field. There were tennis courts, too, and soon after we finished the sightseeing trip, Harry and his friend rode away, as did the others who had come with me, leaving me quite alone with my new boss and my new job.

The maid showed me to my room with bath, and I ate supper with Mr. Casey and his family and Mr. Drake, the bookkeeper. I shall never forget that food. It was wonderful.

After a good scrub in that bathroom and a good night's sleep on a most comfortable bed, I was awakened by a knock on my door. I called "Come in," but I wasn't prepared for that beautiful girl who appeared. She was possibly twenty years old.

"*Buenos dias,*" she said with a smile. She was carrying a small table, the kind that fits over your lap when you're sitting in bed. After placing the table over my lap, she set out a pot of tea, two pieces of hard toast, and a small jar of some kind of jelly. Giving me a damp towel to wipe my hands with, she smiled and left the room. After all of this attention, my taste for food was gone. The jelly was too sour, the toast was much too hard and I didn't like tea, but that smiling *señorita* did look good to me. In fact, I felt quite disturbed, so I got up and dressed.

About 10:00 A.M., I had breakfast with the family, lunch about 2 P.M., and dinner, the big meal, at seven. That first day on the *Estancia El Sauce*, meaning "Willow Ranch," was spent with Mr. Casey. Again he showed me around his fine stable and this time I had time to really admire his horses. Then we rode over to the polo field. It was much prettier than I had at first thought, and when we returned to the house, we sat on the broad veranda, drinking cool drinks and talking of many things.

The next day Mr. Casey asked me if I would ride two or three of the bucking horses for some of his friends who had just arrived from England. I obliged by riding three bucking horses and then bulldogging two steers. I was glad to have the chance to entertain. For the next week, all I did was perform every day for Mr. Casey's neighbors and town friends. He sure did like this—every day my little "one man" Wild West Show.

When my good friends, Harry Smith and Ed Bowman, left me, after helping me bring my stock to the Casey Ranch, I gave each one of them a good saddle horse. They went with the friend of Butch Cassidy to his spread near Bahia Blanca, where they were to break horses and skin wild cattle for their hides. It was some time before I saw them again.

The novelty of my performing stunts eventually wore off, and Mr. Casey told me he had bought 2,000 head of beef cattle and was going to trail them to the ranch that he owned near Santa Rosa, which was 200 miles from the home ranch. The trail trip would be about 500 miles, from Las Heras down in the Pampas Del Castilla, to Santa Rosa. He said he wanted me to make this trip to look after his interests. The cattle, which he had bought cheap, were to be "gathered" before we got there. Mr. Casey was sending ten Gauchos to ride with me, and the people he had bought the cattle from were to furnish ten more men and mounts to help us make the drive.

A few days before I was to leave the Casey Ranch, I was saddling one of the horses, and I needed a knife to cut a saddle string. When I put my hand in my pocket to get my pocket knife, I felt a small roll of something. I pulled it out and found it to be five $1,000 bills, American money. I'm sure Peggy must have put it there but I don't know when she did it. It had to have been the last night I was with her. I'm sure she wanted to make sure that I had enough money to live on and to pay my boat trip to Paris.

Suddenly, I felt a wave of pity for Peggy. Poor girl! I wondered what I would do with all that money, for it was more than I had ever seen at one time in my whole life. Should I keep it and give her the joy of knowing she had made my life a bit easier or should I hurt her feelings by refusing it? That was a whopping amount of money, and I knew she wanted me to have it, no matter what I decided to do about following her to Paris. But if I didn't go to Paris, I'd feel like a damn gigolo for sure. Peggy had paid me in cash for my company, hired me for money, and the more I thought about it, the madder I got, so I wrote a note and enclosed the big sum in an envelope, mailed it registered mail, and then dropped the whole incident from my mind.

I really wanted to make this trip, not only to see the country, but to see just how the Gauchos rode and worked cattle. So the next day, with everything loaded on a train, we started for Santa Rosa. I enjoyed the train trip, for looking out the windows I could see the rolling prairies with wheat and grain crops, and they were beautiful. They raise two crops of grass a year on these plains, a summer grass and a winter grass. Now and then I would see a wild ostrich that seemed to be trying to outrun the train. I saw many of the big-wheeled carts, pulled by oxen or mules and loaded so high it seemed they would surely tip over on the rough dirt roads. Each cart had at least ten head of work animals pulling the load.

ARRIVING at Santa Rosa, we found it to be a big ranch and there were many horses, for this was where Mr. Casey raised his horses for his Gauchos to work. We spent two days getting ready for the trip to Las Heras where the cattle were kept.

Mr. Casey picked nine head of horses for me, and a "mother mare." This mother mare was a beautiful bald-faced, white stocking-legged animal, about fifteen hands high, and the horses she led were some of the best. In fact, they had been the special mounts of the Casey family.

Well, we got started after those cattle, each Gaucho leading his *madrina* (mother mare), and her followers trailing loose. Each mother mare wore a bell on her neck, and each bell a different tone. The horses knew the sound of the bell they were to follow. These mares were all broke to lead, or ride, and were unusually gentle. They would stand quietly to be hobbled.

Wherever the mare went, her horses were close around her. When she bedded down, they also bedded down. There were usually from ten to fifteen followers to each mare, and they would trail with her over mountains, on the prairie, swim wide rivers, and always graze close to her. A man could move a large bunch of horses with a good lead bell mare, but on rare occasions one of the horses would stray too far away. When this happened, the Gaucho would hobble the bell mare, take down his *bolos* and ride after the horse, throw his *bolos* on the horse and, then using his heavy whip or rawhide rope, he would whip the stray horse back to the bell mare. It never took long for the followers to learn that if they strayed too far, they would be whipped back; and, after a time or two of this treatment, it was almost impossible to get a horse to leave his *madrina*.

We made an average of thirty to forty miles a day on our way to get the herd, stopping for the night wherever there was water. Sometimes we could camp near a village where the stores and houses were all made of adobe and poles, with no floors in them. At two of the small villages, the people had a dance for us which I enjoyed just as much as the Gauchos did. Man alive! Those big dark eyes, that spoke plainer than words—the girls were almost sweet enough to eat, and they didn't suggest throwing a matrimonial loop over a man, either. So I enjoyed a wonderful trip and we had no trouble at all.

We arrived at Las Heras, and found it to be a wild country for true, with cattle by the thousands not even worth driving to the market. It was about this time, that Swift, Armour and Cudahy Meat Packers started building their plants at Buenos Aires and near Mar del Plata. Up until they got started, there was simply no market for meat, so the cattle were killed for their hides, bones and tallow.

The herd we had come for was ready when we arrived and was being held near the Rip Deseado on the best grass I had ever seen. Near the herd was a large crowd of natives, who had come in their wagons, high-wheeled carts, horseback and on foot, to see the gringo from North America. News had spread to even far-away places and it would have been a bad thing if I had not shown my appreciation by putting on a small exhibition.

The next day I bulldogged two steers, roped and tied two more, and rode two real bad bucking horses until they quit. I also made my two runs of trick riding.

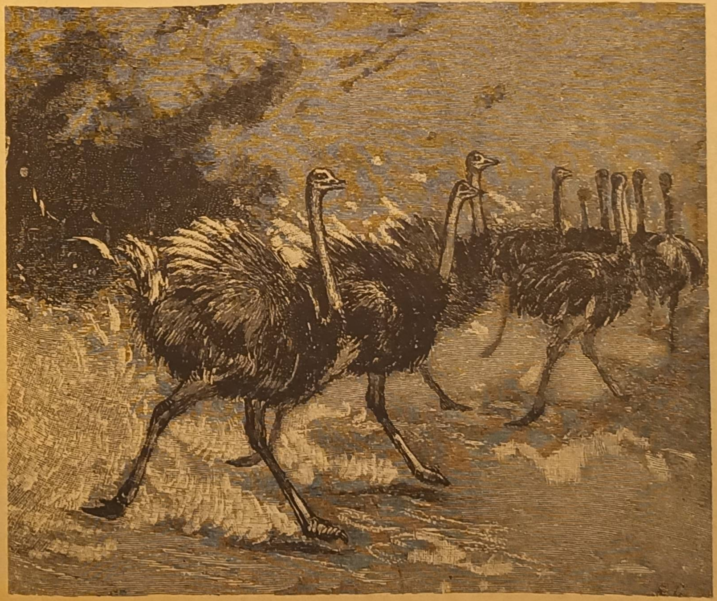
In my whole life, I never saw anyone so amazed and delighted as those poor people who never got an opportunity to see anything except their own common, but well known, fiestas. They were so thrilled that, even as poverty-stricken as they were, they insisted on taking up a collection, in which they got over 400 pesos, two pair of *boleadoras*, three pairs of spurs, and two of the best rawhide ropes that I ever handled. They were eighty feet long. I held back from accepting all those valuable articles but they insisted, and I knew I would hurt their feelings unless I took everything with many, many sincere thanks.

The night before we were to start the herd for Santa Rosa and the Casey Ranch there, the good people gave a big dance and a barbecue in my honor. I surely did enjoy it all, for it made me feel "ten feet tall" instead of the six feet, one inch that I really was. It made me feel hard as hickory, yet as soft as the Argentina moonlight, all at the same time.

Shouts of "*Esta bueno Americano*" followed us when we started the cattle on the drive that was to end some 500 miles to the north. Many of the people followed the herd with us nearly all day. I knew how they felt, for it was a lonely feeling to have to return to a dreary, humdrum life. I knew they would make a legend about me and talk about me for a long time.

I FOUND out that Gauchos worked cattle somewhat different than we did in Texas. We *trail* cattle. They *drive* cattle. A few steers and Gauchos lead ahead, and the other drivers get behind and drive. The animals spread out right and left and grazed along as they walked. Heading always to the north, or any direction they happened to be pushed, when they came to water they drank and rested, then plodded on again until night. On bright moonlight nights, the drive was continued until the cattle wanted to bed down. It was then that the Gauchos rode a big circle around them to watch for killer animals and to prevent any range cattle from joining our herd. They didn't stand two hour guards, but half of the Gauchos took the first half of the night and the others took the last half, or until daylight.

When the herd had been turned over to us at Las Heras, I made a count and found seventeen extra head. When I questioned it, the man in charge explained he had put in extra heifers for meat to eat on the trip.



Wild ostriches of the Pampas

I watched with interest how the Gauchos started the herd every morning. They always got behind and pushed the cattle north. They never lined them out like we did in Texas.

For some reason, during the heat of the day, these cattle would trail out and keep moving. I couldn't understand this, but we had no trouble and no stampedes. However, the method the Gauchos used may have kept down the danger of stampedes. It could be that bunching the cattle at night as they did, and then riding around them all night may have soothed the animals. Who knows for sure?

We arrived at and crossed the Rio Choco. We had followed this river north, to the town of Las Plumas, where we crossed it in order to get to the Rio Chubut. What a wonderful trip that was for me. The pampas we were trailing over—what a great sight! To the east of us were the lofty Andes Mountains plainly in view, and I never tired of seeing the wild ostriches ducking and dodging, with their wings spread as they raced along. I also saw wild cheetas, the world's fastest animal. There were natives here, too, plenty of them, and it was funny to watch the rabbits run out and practically join the wild horses as they raced away. It was nature at its wildest and best and it was amazingly beautiful.

There was a full moon in the heavens now, shedding wierd shadows over the plains. At night I lay in my sheep-hide bed, gazing at the big bright moon and the uncounted stars blazing up there, and watching the Southern Cross, as it slowly turned around the Southern Star. I never was a man of prayer but when watching such splendor in the heavens, I wondered if I would ever be up there looking down on this wonderful world and its people. I wondered too if I would again meet all the good friends that had gone on, and I hoped my God would make this so.

Other nights I liked to sit around the campfire and listen to the Gauchos sing and play their guitars. They would take short sticks and beat out the time on the strings, a wild kind of music in keeping with our surroundings.

I lived with these men, rode with them, drank with them out of gourds filled with *mate*, a sort of sweet tea. I ate meat direct from the hot coals. You cut a chunk of meat off the roasted carcass with your knife, then you scrape off the cinders and ashes, put a whole bite in your teeth, and again cut it off near your lips. This was the Gaucho's way of eating, so I made it my way, which seemed to please them.

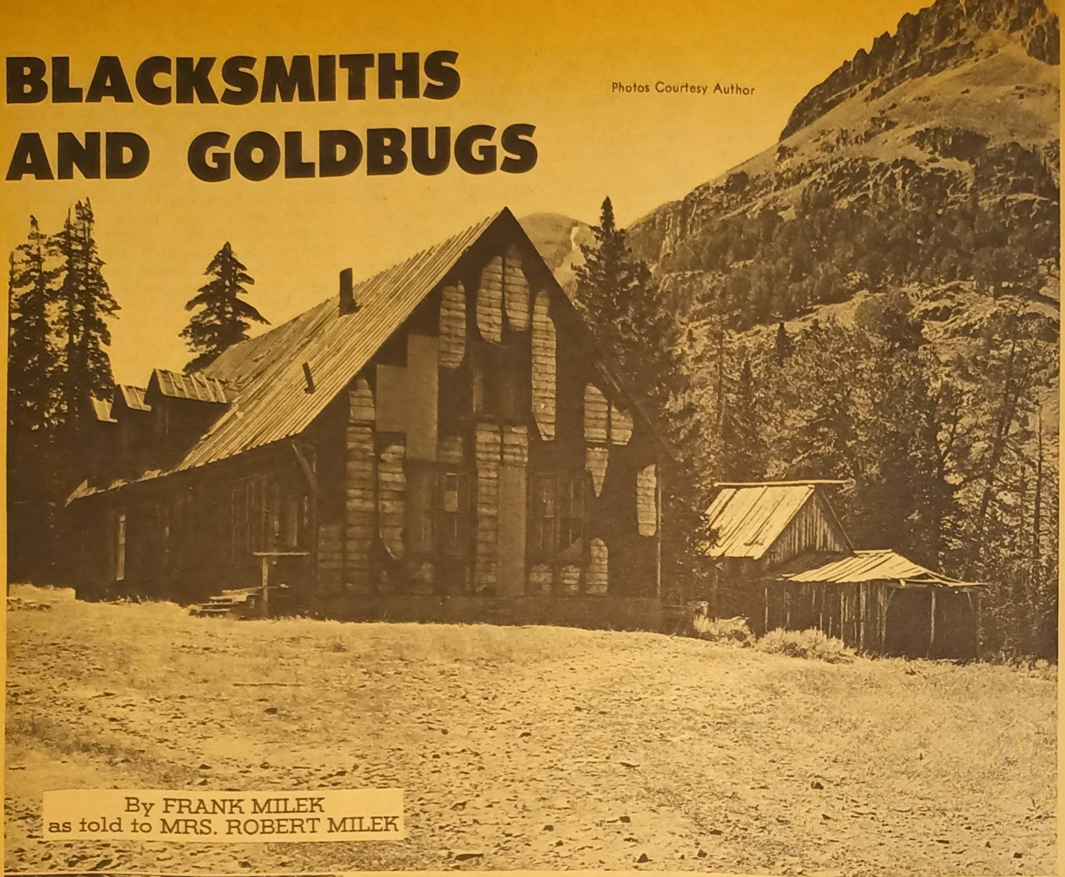
I loved to watch the herd as it grazed lazily along and I loved the feel of a good horse between my knees. Two hundred extra saddle horses were grazing along with their mother mares. It was a long trip, but a good one, and about all I did was look after the work and see that there were no losses from the herd.

I remember I had been to a dance about two leagues from the Casey Ranch late one night. After the dance, I was riding back to the ranch at a high lope. When I turned my head toward the left, glancing over my shoulder, I saw something that astounded me. It looked like the very image of me and my horse,

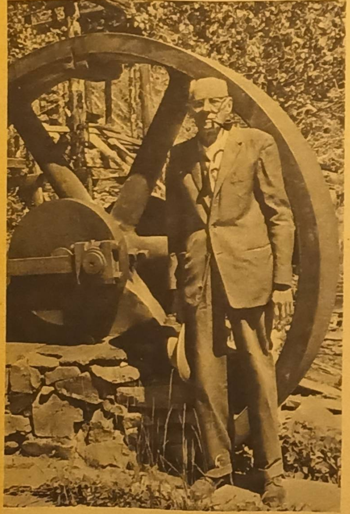
(Continued on page 40)

BLACKSMITHS AND GOLDBUGS

Photos Courtesy Author



By FRANK MILEK
as told to MRS. ROBERT MILEK



Upper photo shows the main office building in Kirwin which is still in use. The little frame structures in rear are the assay office and storage shed. Above, Frank Milek stands by the abandoned bull wheel which marks the site of the old power house where, fifty-nine years ago, he earned a month's wages for a day's work.

Sometimes a man who never had a pick in his hand had a better chance of eating regular than the man with a claim. If he could keep from getting yellow dust in his eyes (in its fatal form known as "gold fever"), the old mining camps paid off . . .

THE WIND rocketed down the valley, between the towering mountains and whomped the canvas covering in and out on the spring wagon my brother-in-law, Tom Roach, and I were riding. On either side of us the mountains rose from the timber-covered valley floor to gigantic bare stone fortresses. Wood River was silent, its gaiety masked under a burden of ice and snow.

I was mighty cold and uncomfortable on that glowering February day in 1906, but my spirits soared as I took in this exciting Wyoming country. We jounced into the little mining town of Kirwin just as the bone-chilling winter night began to set in. The main office was closed so we went to a little cabin just a few yards from the office where our wives were waiting for us.

They dished up some fragrant venison stew and we talked about the rumor which had brought me to Wyoming. The Government Agency at Lander was opening up a sizeable chunk of the Shoshoni Indian Reservation for homesteading. Word had gone out that the man who drew the Number 1 lot could sell his homesite for $25,000. Since I was making $4.50 for an eight-hour day building cages for the Anaconda Copper mine in Butte, Montana, the long shot try for that Number 1 spot sounded good to me.

In 1903 and '04 I operated my own blacksmith shop in Lead, South Dakota, headquarters for the Galena Ridge Mining Company. Here I became acquainted with Henry Schnitzel who had been manager of the Golden Reward Mine at Terry. He was getting $10,000 a year, but the worry was getting him down. So he decided to try a little mining on his own.

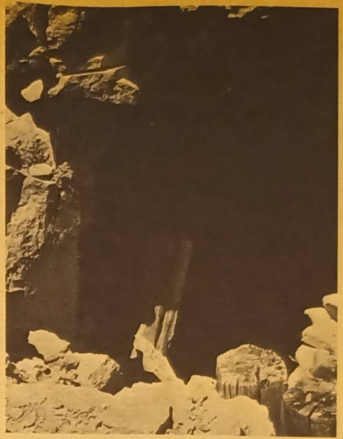
In 1881 he had prospected the Kirwin country and had obtained a patent on the whole valley. Later he started the Galena Ridge Mining Company with $65,000 of his own capital and then sold stock to some Chicago millionaires, the manager of the First National Bank in Lead, and T. J. Greer, Superintendent at the Homestead Mine in Lead. Ernest May, founder of the big May Ranch near Meeteetse, also had an interest and Schnitzel owned shares in the ranch. Schnitzel was also on good terms with Otto Franc, owner of the Pitchfork Ranch, one of the largest in northwestern Wyoming. These ranchers had no one to repair machinery and were forced to send broken equipment to Cody by freight wagon and from there by railroad to Billings, Montana. Schnitzel talked to Franc about me and they offered to set me up in business in Meeteetse if I would come out there and operate a shop.

I covered a lot of territory in the two years it took me to get to Kirwin. I had been to Seattle and back, worked in Butte, joggled and bumped by train and stage to Cody where I worked for two weeks at the Hawsyard Schwab blacksmith shop, and Tom worked on the Cody dam. Finally we hit the final leg of the journey to Kirwin. Our wives had gone ahead and were staying with Tom's in-laws. I planned to work for Schnitzel at least until the drawing in August. Anyway, I was confident of landing a job with him.

IN THE morning Tom and I hit the office only to find that Galena wasn't hiring just then. But the Shoshoni Mining and Milling, which was working the area, too, put Tom on as smithy with me as his helper. I did the forge work, wood work and horseshoeing for him. It was hard, backbreaking work, but we had lots of visitors, for when the old mercury hit 25 and 30 below zero outside, everyone was happy to stop at the blacksmith shop and warm up a little.

The Shoshoni Mine was about three miles upriver from the Galena Ridge mine. I was able to locate a cabin halfway between the two. Situated on a plateau at the foot of Mt. Dundee, the Shoshoni Mine was accessible only to those with a strong set of lungs and conditioned walking legs or a good horse. The trail wound through the timber and switchbacked all the way up. Every morning I fastened on my skis or snowshoes and sailed off for work in the tingling mountain air. By the time I had reached the shop on the valley floor, I was glad for a little warming work before I proceeded to the mine to make repairs up there.

A good deal of horseplay and practical jokes was the order of the day, and if you were a greenhorn—look out! One day a new employee came puffing and grumbling into the shop saying he was halfway in the tunnel and they had sent him back for the lefthanded monkey wrench.



Entrance to the Galena Ridge Mine, which is now filled with water.

A little puzzled I asked, "What kind of a wrench does he mean?"

"Chubb said a left-handed monkey wrench—whatever that is."

When I started laughing the fellow burst out, "What's so darn funny? That's a long, hard walk and if you think it's so funny you can take it back yourself."

"Kid, there's no such thing as a left-handed monkey wrench. Someone was pulling your leg."

The guy was taken aback for a moment, then grinning sheepishly he started back up to the tunnel. When he again appeared at the shop door, I started to rib him about another left-handed wrench. Then I caught sight of his face. It was white as a sheet, and his eyes were shot with fear. He started to shake, and incoherently told me his story.

While he was making his way back in the tunnel, a blast went off about a thousand feet from him. The out-rushing air knocked him down. Running on into the mine he saw the men standing hunched over an object on the floor. One look at their faces told him tragedy had struck. Stepping back they allowed him to see what lay at their feet.

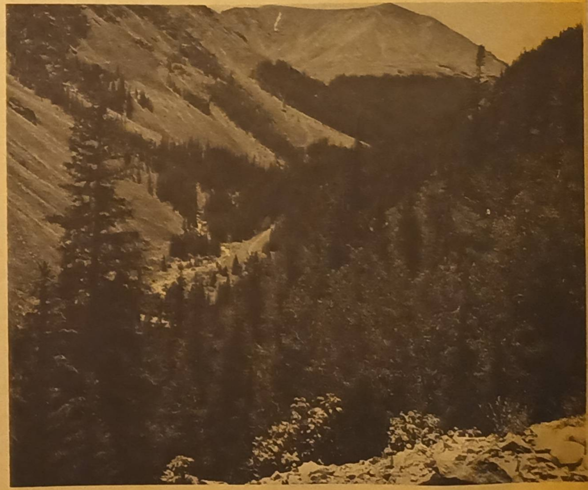
It was the remains of Chubb, the prankster, who had sent him on a wild goose chase. But instead it had turned out to be a very lucky errand. For Chubb, with whom he had been working, had struck a hole filled with dynamite which had not exploded as the drillers worked the tunnel. Chubb was blown to pieces. The practical joke had saved the greenhorn's life.

SHORTLY after this incident, my brother, Heine, came to Kirwin. It was a spectacular, frozen winter world which greeted his eyes. Wood River had so many springs along its course that the water froze from the bottom up. As the water from each spring flowed to the river, it froze. More water would flow over the top and it too would freeze, until by the time Heine arrived, the whole valley floor was a solid mass of ice. Even the tops of the willows had disappeared into their frozen lodge. We hitched onto Heine's trunk with a horse and drug it across the ice practically to our front door, although in the summer months our house was some distance from the water.

Our little log cabin was quite unusual for those days—a duplex. Kit, Heine and I lived in one end and Tom and Jenny Roach and her parents in the other end. We had a dugout for vegetables at one corner and a good water well. It was quite comfortable and we had a lot of fun. Granny (Kit) found a pair of cottonwood skis and set out to learn the art. It was a poor find, for the first time they dried out they curled up like barrel staves; but she was undaunted. What a sight she made with her skirts whipping around her legs as she skidded and flipped through the snow with an old broom for a pole.

Around the first of March, Schnitzel sent word to me that they were ready for a blacksmith. Heine took my place with

Pictured at left below, is the shell of a home which belonged to the Shoshoni Mining Company superintendent. Inside hang shreds of the green burlap covering which helped make it the fanciest cabin in camp. Rugged terrain of the mining area is depicted at right. From the Galena Ridge Mine it was a long way up Wood River to Kirwin. Mr. Milek skied, snowshoed or walked half this distance every day. Roads being used for present prospecting can be seen on far mountain near the site of the old Shoshoni Mine.



Tom, and I skied down to the Galena Ridge Mine. As it turned out, they still weren't ready. Schnitzel went ahead and put me on the payroll and paid me regular wages to keep the snow shoveled off the roof of the power house. It sheltered a large electric generator and air compressor which was run by water carried in a flume from Wood River. The water boiled through the nozzle so rapidly that in two weeks it would cut completely through a two-inch plank. Two large steam boilers which were for emergency power were also housed here.

All of the machinery was hauled in wagons piece by piece and assembled before it could be used. Electricity was used to run air drills and furnish light for the mine. Tom Roach's father-in-law, Mont Allen, was engineer for the plant. Looking at the building, I decided it was silly to shovel snow from the roof for a whole month. I got two large jacks which had been used to lift machinery. Putting them in the shed, I jacked the top of the roof up until it had enough slope to allow the snow to slide off. A few minor repairs to the roof and walls and the trouble was ended. I received a month's pay of $124 for only one day's work.

I couldn't just sit around drawing pay so I helped lay out the shaft. We had a pipe plugged at each end with rubberoid. A small hole was punched in each plug to sight through. At the mine entrance we hung a plumb bob. One man would walk back into the tunnel with a candle. Sighting through the pipe, I would call to him to move the candle right or left to show where another string should be hung to make it straight with the plumb. We repeated this process as the mine went deeper and deeper. The main tunnel was in 1,700 feet when I arrived and had reached 2,300 when I left.

While prospecting the country, Schnitzel had noted several large fissures running the same direction down Galena Ridge. His objective when he started to drill was to drive a shaft high enough above the river bed to miss the gravel and drill solid rock, but low enough to catch all the veins when they ran together. He was too high and consequently had several side shafts. Since water stood in the mine constantly, Schnitzel angled it upward so the water would run down and help push the ore cars out.

THE DAY I started blacksmithing, the shop burned down. While I sharpened steel, Dutch Sypes, the carpenter, rebuilt around me. The shop sat on a ledge formed by the excavation dump extending out from the mine shaft and shored up by a rock wall built up from the bottom of Canyon Creek. The ore cars were pushed on tracks along the back of the shop, out to the edge where the good stuff was dumped to the right of the shop while the tailings went out to the end to expand the dump.

Always after shooting, the miners would fire up an air-tight stove and through a six-inch pipe extending from the face of the tunnel to the stove intake at the mouth of the tunnel they would suck the gas out of the mine.

One morning some of them came in and spread powder all over the workbenches. I hollered at them to get the darn stuff out before they blew us all to kingdom come. They calmly explained that frozen powder will not burn, and they had to warm it up before it could be used in the mine. I skeptically accepted their word, but I laid down the law when they started leaving caps around. How they ever got by without an accident, I'll never know.

One powder magazine was in a wooden barrel directly across the creek from the shop. The other was in a little dugout down the mountain. Schnitzel was plagued by woodchucks that loved the taste of glycerine. They got into the magazines and chewed on the dynamite until it couldn't be used. Finally Henry got me a .22 and told me to have at them. I got to be a dead shot on those pesky little varmints.

As the work increased, Heine came over to help me. One day in July, we had just taken some powder from the magazine when from high up the mountainside we heard a roaring and rumbling. The country was prone to landslides so we threw the powder back in the magazine and raced across the bridge to the shelter of the mine. By this time large boulders were beginning to tumble down the creek and the water was rising rapidly.

Realizing that it was a flood roaring down the creek, Heine ran into the mine to warn the men so they wouldn't be trapped by the rising water. Boulders the size of the shop started to bounce below me. Suddenly one caught in the narrow creek bed and others began to pile up behind it. Dynamite would have blasted them loose, but it would have been crazy to try the crossing, so I could only stand by helplessly and be ready to scramble up the steep mountainside in case the water washed away the whole ledge.

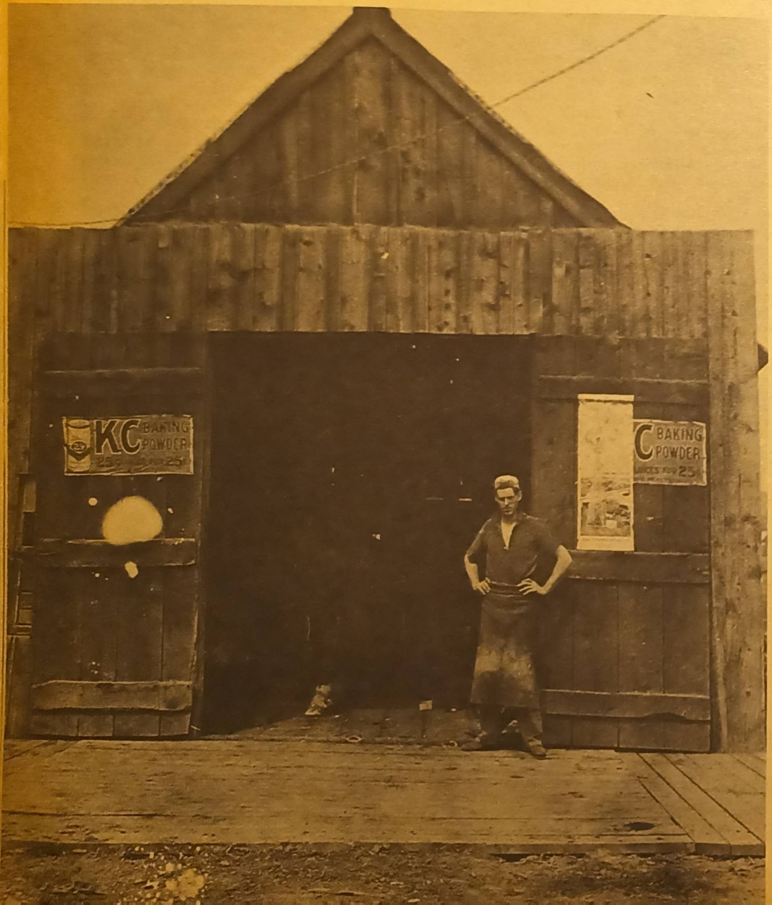
About the time Heine and the miners came dashing out of the tunnel, the water bored a hole under the rocks and the whole dam exploded and rushed on down the creek. The only damage was a bent pipe which carried water into the shop for tempering steel. Ordinarily the creek can be waded by a child, but that day it was a roaring, destructive monster.

The main camp was upriver about three miles from the Galena mine. A large two-story building housed the Galena general office, store and sleeping quarters for Schnitzel. Beside it stood the assay office which was 8′ by 12′. A large flat stone about two inches thick by six feet long ran along one side and was used for breaking large rocks. A large mortar was placed on a stump next to the bench. Above the mortar a heavy iron pestle was suspended from a spring bar under the roof. This was hinged to enable the assayer to exert a great deal

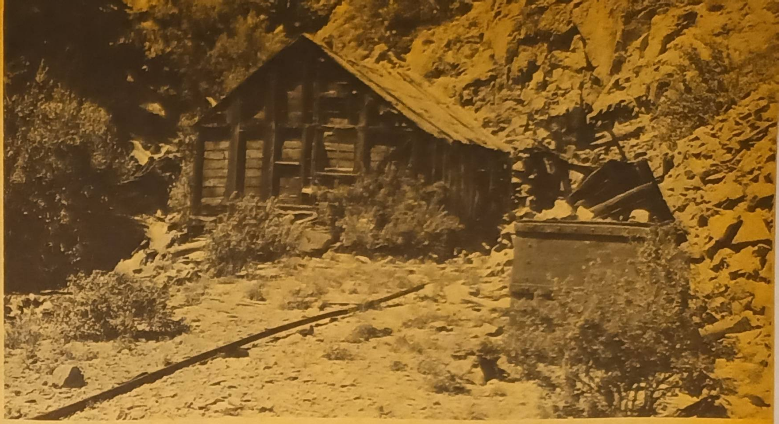
(Continued on page 42)

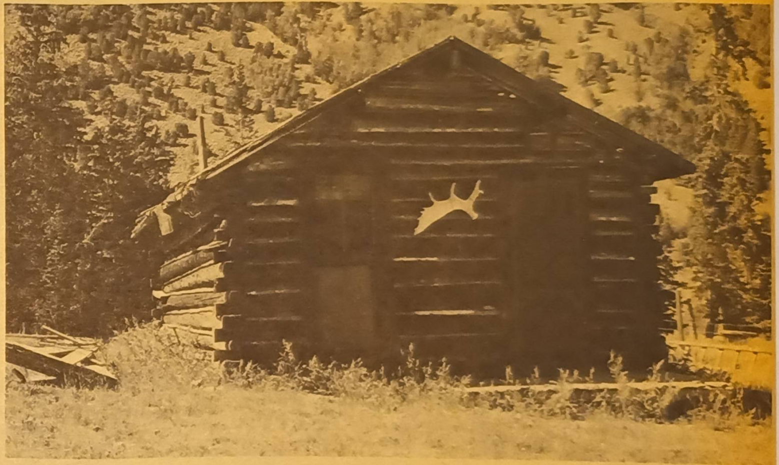
This photo of Frank Milek was taken in 1907 in front of his first blacksmith shop in Thermopolis, where he located after leaving Kirwin. Later he built a new shop and worked there until his semi-retirement in 1960.

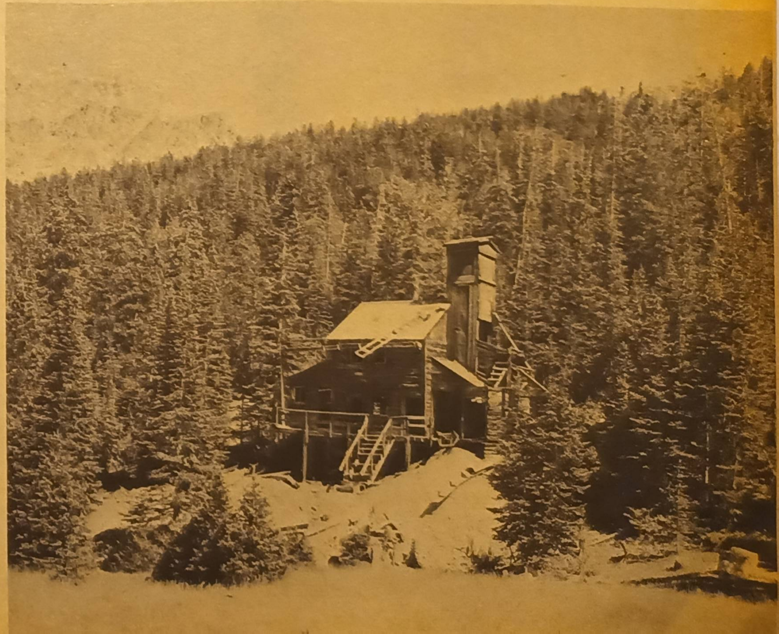
Photo Courtesy Pioneer Museum, Thermopolis, Wyoming

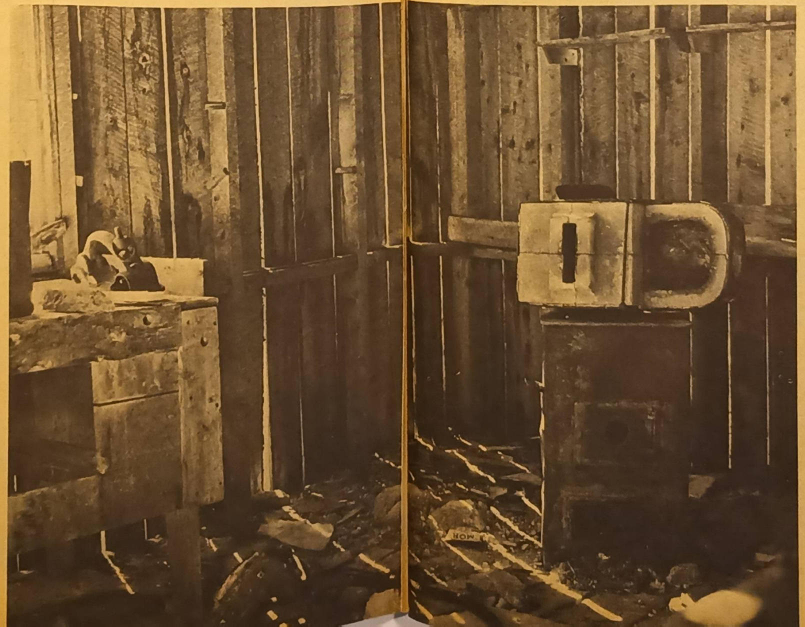


Upper photo shows the old blacksmith shop near the entrance of the Galena Ridge Mine. In the foreground are an abandoned ore car and one rail from the tracks which went into the mine. Tumbling peacefully down the mountain, at the left of the shop, is Canyon Creek. Center picture is the cabin near the assay office. In this cabin, Frank Milek and Tom Roach ate their first meal in Kirwin. It has been occupied recently and is in good condition. At right, one of the later developments built this mine shaft near the superintendent's house. Curio seekers in recent years have packed off most of the equipment that was used in the assay office shown below. The smelting oven and crucible were left only because they were too heavy to carry away.









WHEN BULLOCK'S COWBOYS HOORAHED THE POTOMAC

By JOE KOLLER

Photos Courtesy Author

Teddy said he would be "dee-lighted" to have some Westerners at his inauguration. Let's hope he meant it, because when he said, "Y'all come," they went!

AT THE Teddy Roosevelt inauguration, March 4, 1905, the capital's cosmopolitan society met some men of the West—the Bullock Cowboys.

After four days of train travel, they gave a demonstration of what western freedom was all about. The Washingtonians gaped at the big-hatted men who broke into loud guffaws, hitched horses to lamp posts, and swaggered as they stomped into bars for shots of whiskey. Liquor seemed to lubricate their imagination. Young ladies, who prudently ignored their friendly, "Howdy, Miss," were likely to be snared by a flying loop.

The roping wizardry of the cowboys did not go unnoticed. A porter fleeing from a whooping rider felt the rope tighten around his midriff. A guffaw, and a flip of rope to slacken the loop permitted the man to free himself. Up the block a hack driver's horse was stripped of harness so a cowboy could give a demontration of bareback riding on the street. "Powder River! Whoopee!" in high pitched voices, was heard in the saloons.

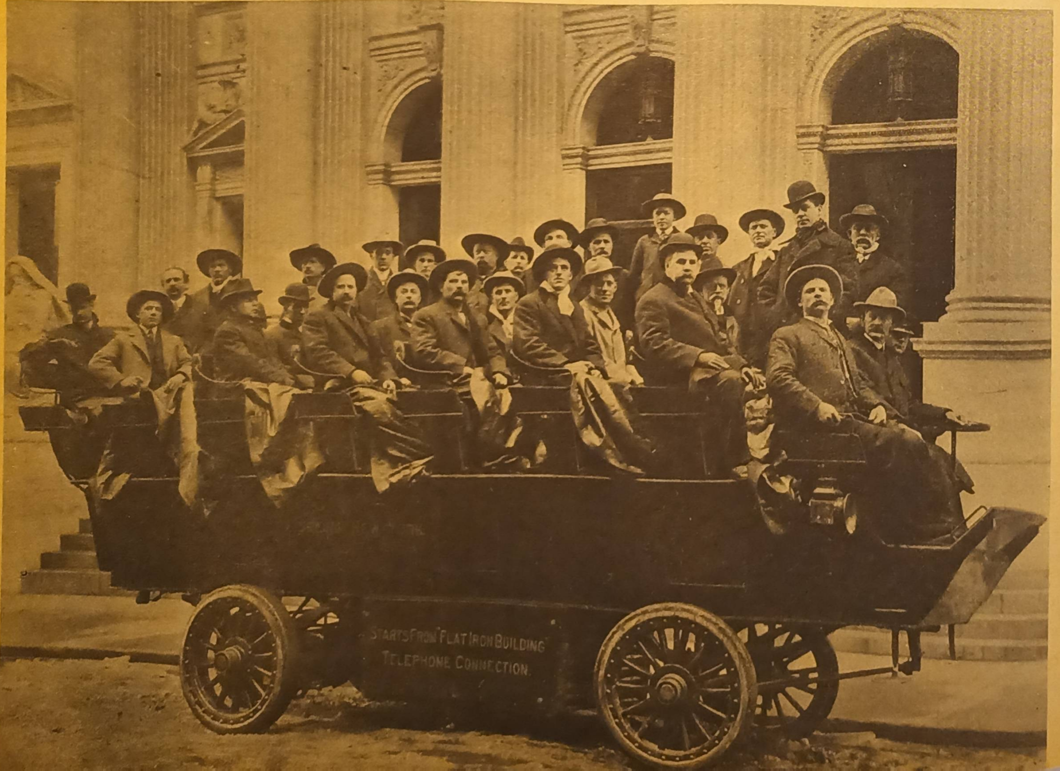
Congressmen from home states slapped the boys on the back and paid for drinks. They enjoyed western horseplay. Weren't the cowboys the President's guests? Weren't such antics associated with the life Roosevelt had experienced in Dakota? But a frowning Parade Committee grew increasingly worried. What might happen when these Westerners took over Pennsylvania Avenue?

In the early 1900s, all honor was accorded the knight of the range. America's new hero had been glamorized by the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, Owen Wister's popular novel, *The Virginian*, and the Rough Riders of the Spanish-American War. Teddy Roosevelt had organized the Rough Riders, and had been their commander in Cuba. Seth Bullock, of South Dakota, had been one of his captains.

The friendship of Seth Bullock and President Roosevelt started back in the early Eighties when Dakota's twin states were one big Territory. Bullock, a lawman in the Black Hills, was holding a horse thief in the jail at Deadwood who was wanted by the sheriff of Billings County. The deputy whom the sheriff sent down to pick up the prisoner was a young man in fringed buckskins, spectacles, and had a blunt manner of speech. He introduced himself as Theodore Roosevelt, a Badlands rancher, serving the cause of law and order. Thus started an association between them—each from a different world—that lasted a lifetime. Roosevelt and Bullock visited, went on hunting trips, and soldiered together.

To emphasize T. R.'s ranching experience, the parade organizers invited Captain Bullock to bring a company of western horsemen to Washington to ride in the inauguration parade.

The Men of the West took a motor-bus tour of New York City after four days in Washington, D.C.


STARTS FROM FLAT IRON BUILDING
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

SETH BULLOCK, then United States Marshal in South Dakota, signed up recruits for the trip. Each man had to pay his own expenses, furnish a horse, equipment and outfit. Sixty-two men and a boy of twelve were registered for the trip. Of that company only three are known to be alive today. These three are: Stanley Bullock, Albuquerque, New Mexico, Captain Bullock's son; W. F. Mathews, Sundance, Wyoming; and Henry Roberts of Spearfish, South Dakota.

The Bullock Cowboys acted as an honor guard when Teddy Roosevelt stepped from their midst to be sworn in as the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

The press and public of that period referred to the cowboys as "Rough Riders." Mr. Mathews said that so far as he knew, Captain Bullock was the only man in the company who had been a member of the Rough Riders regiment. These riders were men from Nebraska, Wyoming, South Dakota, Iowa, Montana and Oklahoma. They were cowboys, ranchers and stockmen.

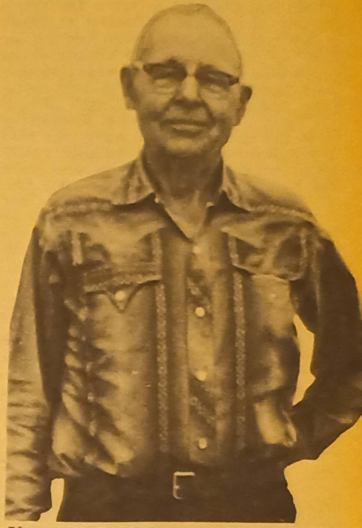
Each man's equipment included his horse, saddle, lariat, bridle, and cowboy outfit including spurs, six-shooter and a well-filled cartridge belt.

Bullock imposed Army routine. There would be formations when he commanded, followed by periods of liberty when the men were on their own. Decorum was stressed.

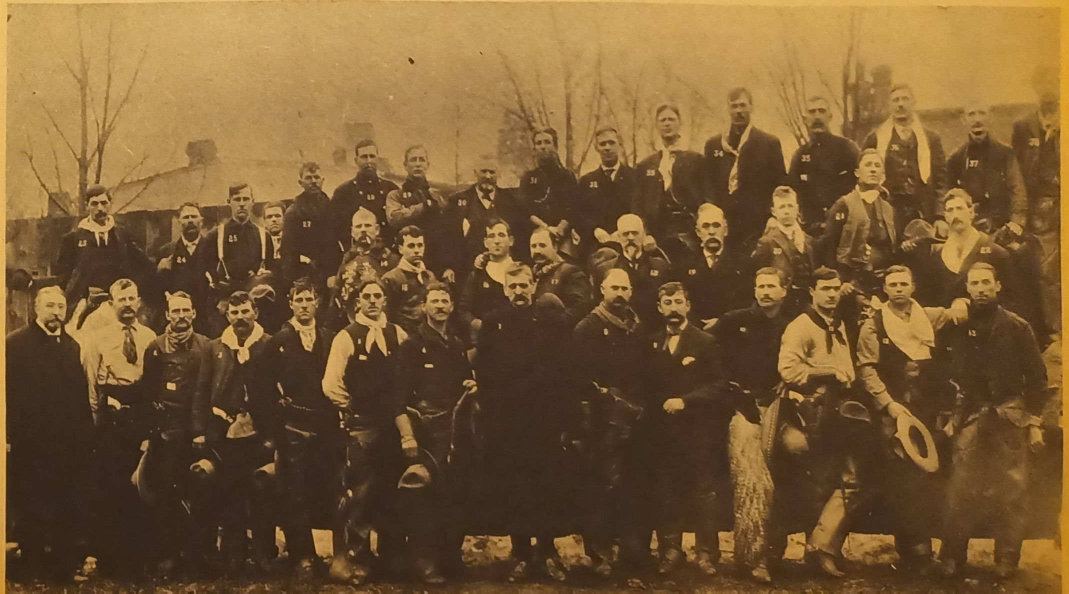
Horses were assembled at Edgemont, South Dakota, a junction point on the railroad, and shipped in two cars from that point, accompanied by two men. In Washington the mounts were stalled in National Guard armory barns a week ahead of the company's departure.

The "Cowboys" were mostly unacquainted when they gathered for the take off, and were of different occupations. "I," said Mr. Mathews, "was riding for the Three V. Bob McAdams was ranching for himself. Stan Bullock was ramrodding the SB horse spread for his father."

Among the old-time riders who had quit the range when the homesteaders



Above, W. F. Mathews of Sundance, Wyoming, one of three known living members of Bullock's Cowboys. Pictured below are Bullock's Cowboys, a delegation of Westerners who brought the cow country of the rangelands to Washington, D.C. to complement the inauguration of President Teddy Roosevelt. Tall central figure, front row, is Captain Seth Bullock of Deadwood, S.D. The young fellow, front row, third from right is Tom Mix, later to become a famous movie star.



took over, was Dan P. (Kid) Roberts, former VVV hand who was in the saloon business. Dan and his son, Henry, signed up for the trip.

"We were full of anticipation," Mr. Mathews recalled. "Some of the boys joined us along the route. I remember the young fellow from Oklahoma who joined up at Omaha. He was from the 101—name was Tom Mix."

The cowboys had a chair car to themselves, and knowing it was a four-day's journey, they made themselves at home. A lady passenger who looked into the car gave a reporter on the Omaha *Daily News* this description: "Bags and saddles were piled everywhere. Gun belts hung from racks. Ash cans and bottles littered the floor. Four poker games were going on in the car. Blue smoke hung over each group. Boots stuck out in the aisle. Stockinged feet poked above the backs of seats. Big hats covered the faces of some men as they took naps. One ruffian had rammed his boot through a window so he could spit tobacco juice outside the car; he could not hit the cans on the floor."

The lady stated that during one lunch stop she had seen the men pile out to buy liquor, newspapers, smoking tobacco and food. One fellow limbered up by spinning a lariat rope on the station platform.

The behavior of the Westerners became more incongruous to the public the farther east they got. Washington was a new, strange setting.

"Some of the boys got a little lopsided at times," Mr. Mathews observed, "but we didn't forget that we were Westerners. A Westerner was a man among men and a gentleman among ladies. Bullock reminded us of it. He was not going to embarrass his old Colonel or the inaugural officials."

Before the parade every man and horse stood inspection. Security agents, looking on, allowed the riders to carry pistols in holsters as part of their costume, but the guns had to remain unloaded.

"We rode eight abreast in parade," Mr. Mathews said. "Bullock rode up front. Each line of riders had an acting lieutenant by its side. I was one of them. Before we left Washington, the President gave me and the other acting 'louies' an honorary commission in the United States Cavalry."

THE HORSES put on their own show. Broncs used to prairie silence, clean air and the smell of cattle got jittery at the clamor and confusion of the throng. They rolled their eyes, snorted, and pranced in rebellious mood. This spirited action presented their riders in a dramatic light. The people were thrilled. Their cheers rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue to the official reviewing stand.

President Roosevelt rose and clapped his hands in approval. "That's bully! That's excellent, Captain Bullock!" he shouted.

After the company passed the reviewing stand, the Bullock delegation posed for pictures. Later they met Roosevelt on the White House grounds and the President shook hands with every man.

The cowboys had chipped in to buy a fancy pony with saddle and cowboy trappings and this gift was presented to the President's son, Theodore Roosevelt Jr.

One night during their four-days' stay in Washington, Bullock and the cowboys were served a buffet luncheon at the White House with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the family as their hosts.

Then the horses were sold and the party moved on to New York. Again reporters trailed after them. The delegation made a sight-seeing tour of the city, visited shows and cafes on Broadway, and enjoyed every minute of the excursion.

Back home the company scattered. In 1926 the Black Hills Roundup at Belle Fourche, South Dakota, sponsored a reunion of the Bullock Rough Riders at their July 3-4-5 annual rodeo. This was twenty years after the trip to Washington, and sixteen of the sixty-three Cowboys, including Captain Bullock, had died. Among those who sent regrets was Tom Mix of Hollywood, the ace star of silent western films.

Now with sixty years behind them, the last of this gallant band of horsemen are riding down the trail into history.

Part of the Bullock Company saddled up to ride into the capital's business district to look the town over and to exercise their mounts. They were out for a little fun after four days on a train.

STUDEBAKER WAGONS
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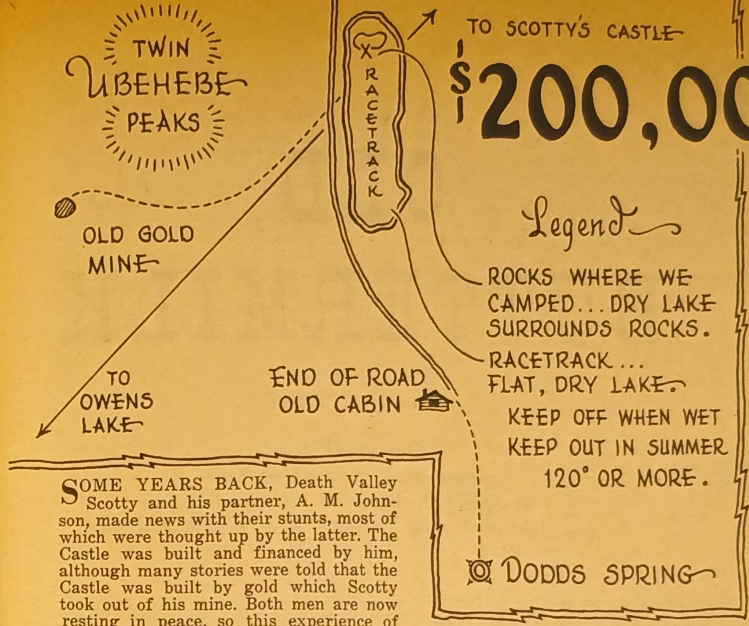


$200,000 Cache ?

By LEON C. PALMER

A. M. Johnson once vowed he would never again be put into the position of having to raise money in a hurry and paying somebody else's price to do it. Our author believes Death Valley Scotty's partner kept that vow!

SOME YEARS BACK, Death Valley Scotty and his partner, A. M. Johnson, made news with their stunts, most of which were thought up by the latter. The Castle was built and financed by him, although many stories were told that the Castle was built by gold which Scotty took out of his mine. Both men are now resting in peace, so this experience of mine can be told without hurting anyone.

The story starts in Chicago where Mr. Johnson lived before the U.S. Government called in all gold coins. Mr. Johnson, according to his own statement, acquired $200,000 in gold coins which he packed in thirteen hand-made, heavy canvas and leather bags. Two Chicago boys, whom he hired to work at the Castle in Death Valley, California, helped him load these thirteen bags into two Packard cars which they drove from Chicago to Death Valley. Each night on the trip, the cars were parked side by side and Mr. Johnson slept in one while the boys slept in yesterday's version of a motel.

After the party arrived at the Castle, where I stayed off and on, I had many talks with Mr. Johnson, who often would mention his "nest egg."

One day, about a year later, he sent for me. I went up to the bedroom where he spent most of his time. Rest helped to relieve the pain from an old back injury he had received in a train accident years before. This injury prevented his lifting anything heavy and he walked in a stooped-over fashion.

"Palmer, I want you to drive me into the hills tomorrow. We will be gone about three days," he said.

I put food and water and an extra can of gas in the Dodge truck that was parked close to the gate leading into the Castle. When I loaded these things, there was nothing else in the truck except Mr. Johnson's bedroll and mine, left there from a previous trip.

The bedrolls I put on top of the food, water, and gas cans right back of the seat. I tied down everything as some of the roads to our camping place were very rough.

Early the next morning we started out. As I got into the truck, I looked in back and saw a heavy tarp securing something under it, but I didn't let on that I noticed anything had been added to the load.

The road down from the Castle past Scotty's place was fairly smooth until we reached Sand Canyon Wash, which we crossed to the Ubehebe Crater. Around the crater and up the hill to Ubehebe Dry Lake, the road was much rougher. The truck did not bounce around as an empty truck would, and the few things I had loaded would not cause the truck to hold the road as it did. On other trips we had made in the truck, with only food, water and gas, it had lurched all over the road. Obviously there was something heavy under the tarp.

At the northwest end of Ubehebe Dry Lake, rocks stick up out of the bed. Because of their shape, we called them "the ship." When dry, the lake is flat and smooth and is about two miles across.

Upon reaching the rocks where we had camped before, Mr. Johnson asked me if I would take out the food and water from the front of the truck, which I did, not disturbing the tarp or what was under it. I made up Mr. Johnson's bedroll close to the rocks. When I was finished, he lay down.

I had noticed Mr. Johnson was carrying two ivory-handled revolvers in holsters. These he removed and put under his pillow. When I kidded him about the revolvers, he laughed and said maybe some of the ghosts of old badmen, who in times past had hung out here, would show up—and he wanted to be ready for anything.

I laughed too, but wondered why he had brought those revolvers on this trip, yet had not brought them on any of the other trips we had made to the same place.

I gathered up some dry sticks from the bushes at the edge of the lake, cooked something to eat, washed the dishes, then lay down on my bedroll for a smoke. While I had been moving around camp, I had thought I could slip my hand under the tarp and feel what was tied down. But each time I was near the truck, I could see that Mr. Johnson was watching me with those sharp eyes of his, so the chance never came.

I was still lying on my bedroll when my employer told me that I was to go to a mine on the east side of Saline Valley and bring back a sack of ore from the pile of old ore bags that had been sacked up many years before by some unknown miner. The trip had to be made by walking over a trail around the southern edge of the south peak of the Ubehebe twin peaks.

THE START of the trail was all uphill; about halfway, the trail turned around the edge of the peak, then led sharply down to the old diggings.

When I returned to our camp after the nine-mile hike, Mr. Johnson was stretched out on his bedroll just as I had left him when I started out that morning. Yet, when I placed the sack of ore in the back of the truck, I noticed that the tarp had been moved and was now covering something in back of the front seat. What had been taken from the truck?

I started toward the edge of the lake for more firewood, and came back another way so that I had walked all around the rocks. There were no footprints or car tracks or any sign that anyone or anything had been near them.

That night it was some time before I could go to sleep for trying to figure out the puzzle. Knowing how secretive Mr. Johnson always was and how he planned things out, I decided that while I was gone, he had had someone meet him at the camping place to pick up what was in the back of the truck. This notion was soon discarded, however, as the truck had not been moved and there were no tracks of another car. I came to the conclusion that—sign or no sign—whatever was in the truck had to have been planted or hid in the rocks.

If the gold coins were in the bags I saw later at the Castle, I know Mr. Johnson could not have carried one very far. The only way he could have moved what was in the bags any appreciable distance would have been to carry it a handful at a time, and that would have been quite a chore.

The next morning I loaded up our gear and drove back to the Castle. The rear of the truck did not hold the road like it did when we came up to the camping place. The water and gas cans, although tied down, now shifted back and forth from the rough road.

On arriving at the Castle I removed the food that was left, but did not touch (at Mr. Johnson's request) the tarp or what was under it.

Several days after our trip, one of the boys and I went up to the stables, and in the corner of the tackroom was a pile of heavy canvas and leather bags. I picked one up. It was empty.

"Are those the bags you and your

(Continued on page 43)

Illustrated by Al Johnson

OLD BUTTERMILK

by B. C. STORK

She stood apart among the two hundred head— an ugly bob-tailed old cow. And before the drive was over I wished to heck I'd shot her!

WE MADE this cow drive in the fall of 1897. There were two hundred head in the bunch, mostly steers. The drive was from near Utica, Montana, to Billings, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. At Billings, we were to load them on a train bound for Chicago. Four of us cowhands were to go with them. We'd ride the caboose and see to the feeding and watering. We'd try to keep anything from getting down in the cars and getting tromped on by the others.

I was eighteen at the time. The rest of the boys weren't much older. None of us had ever been to the Big City. Naturally we were all looking forward to having the time of our lives—swapping jokes, seeing the sights, playing poker, looking over the women.

Chuck Williams was in charge. Chuck was from Lewistown, and he was a real able man. Then, there was Slim McArty. I liked Slim. He was a Texas man and one of the best riders I ever saw straddle a horse. Jack Russell was along, and Jack would do to trail with. And, of course, there was Frenchy, Leon Flambeau, by name, whom the boss had sort of kidnapped out of Great Falls. He'd got Frenchy so tanked up that he didn't know what was going on 'till the boss had dragged him out to take charge of the chuckwagon. Nobody could pronounce or understand the French names that Frenchy hung onto the flapjacks and round-up steaks he cooked, but that didn't keep them from being the best I ever ate in a cow camp.

The herd we drove was made up out of the tail-ends of several other gathers. This made them hard to handle. They were all new to each other, and strange cattle don't bunch easy. Also, they were all slick-fat. So, naturally, they were every one on the lookout for an excuse to fight or run.

Among them was an old bobtailed cow. We called her Old Buttermilk. Either the brush had been froze off her tail during a hard winter or the coyotes had gnawed it off some early spring, while she was down and too weak to get up. All she had left was a long club that she could swing around hard enough to knock a man flat on his back, in case she struck him in the head. I've had old cows to sand-bag me with club tails like that.

Cattle have their peculiarities, just like people. This old sister was the restless, uneasy kind that can't stay put. She had her own ideas about things, too, like when and where she'd go, and who was to go with her. She could smell water ten miles off, and if she took a notion to go to it, it took some real persuading to change her mind.

I spotted Old Buttermilk as a troublemaker at the start. Before the drive was over, I wished I'd shot her.

WE STARTED out from the Russell ranch on Sage Creek at sunup. The sun had the tops of the Snowy and Judith mountains bathed in a bright orange-red. Further down the slopes, where the sun didn't hit, seemed like the shadows cast by the crests and ridges looked a deeper purple than usual. A little breeze pulled across the prairie. It had a good, fresh, clean smell to it, the kind to make a man suck a lot of air and wish he could get more.

I rode a roan gelding with a blaze face and a white mane. He was a pretty thing and a dandy cowhorse. Turn him on a dime. I called him Pat.

Slim rode a nice sorrel. Frenchy drove the chuck wagon. The boss was mounted on a big bay and was shoving six extra saddle horses along ahead of him.

We circled Utica, which was then just a little old stage town. Slim left the herd long enough to ride into town. At the Morris and Waiter Saloon, he picked up a couple of quarts. "Just in case of snakebite," he explained.

We crossed the Judith River, which was nearly dry, and headed south for a gap in the west end of the Snowy Mountains. This was later to be called Judith Gap. The Three Sister peaks lay off to the Southwest. We trailed across a number of grassy hills and little coulees, and along the creeks we stirred out a lot of small game.

Frenchy had gone ahead with the chuckwagon. A little after noon, we came around a little hill, and there he was, with a campfire going. The boss said: "Boys, let them critters camp where they are. The grass and water's good; we can watch them from where we eat." And about that time, Frenchy yelled, "Grub pile, fellers," with a French accent. So we all rushed to camp and grabbed a plate and went at it.

We'd just about finished, when we noticed that the cattle were getting restless. They were all bunched up and staring to the west. Looked like we might have trouble, so Slim mounted a horse and rode toward them. He approached a clump of wild choke cherry bushes and scared out a big gray wolf. After the wolf ran off, the cattle quieted down.

The day wore on as we drove south. It was one of those hot dusty afternoons which make a man wish he could sleep. But I knew there wouldn't be any sleep for me till late that night. I was to ride guard, first shift, till midnight.

The hot dust swirled and curled around the herd as we crossed a dry flat. An old bull decided he wanted to go back; and when an old bull makes a decision, you generally have to at least make a show of respecting it. I herded this old boy over by some thorn apple bushes, where there was a little shade, and let him stand in it, while I sang to him. I guess he liked my singing. Anyhow, after he'd cooled off for a while, I got him headed right, and we caught up with the herd.

WE MADE camp that night at the west tip of the Snowy Mountains. We ate a late supper and bedded the herd down on a little slope not far from the wagon. I took over as night watch.

September nights can get cold in these parts. The stars shine bright. I rode in the sharp air and, for lack of anything else to do, set out to count the stars. I guess I missed some. I got to thinking how many there were, and how big the universe was, and how little I was in comparison. That made the world seem mighty dark and mysterious. I heard an owl hoot, way off in the distance, and it sort of gave me the shivers. A couple of coyotes started singing, which didn't help any.

Photo of B. C. Stork, the author, made in Chicago at the end of the cattle drive described in this article.

Then I got to noticing the cattle. They weren't laying quiet. They were getting to their feet and shifting about. I started singing, but it didn't seem to help. They still kept getting up. Some would walk a while and lie back down, and some wouldn't.

The main one was this Old Buttermilk. Every time I'd ride toward a restless bunch of steers, there she'd be, nosing around, switching that club tail back and forth. Not doing anything especially, but not laying quiet, either. Either she wasn't happy with this bedground or didn't like who she was bedding with.

Just watching her gave me the feeling that trouble was brewing.

On night guard, a cowhand doesn't try to be too quiet, as the cattle may get to listening to other sounds they don't recognize and get panicky. So I rode and sang and kept an eye on Old Buttermilk.

After awhile, I heard some more singing. It was Slim, riding out to relieve me. He was singing "Little Sally Walker." When he got closer, I could make out the words:

"Little Sally Walker is a neat
little squaw,
She lives on the banks of the
Big Chicolaw."

When him and his horse took shape in the darkness, he said, "Well, Shorty, how's it going?"

"All right, I guess," I said. "But you better watch that Old Buttermilk cow. I got a feeling that she's up to something."

And I remember so well what he said: "Why, Shorty, you just don't understand old ladies. A man's got to treat them sort of special. You just leave Old Buttermilk to me. We'll get along."

I rode back to camp, but didn't like the feeling I took with me. Still, Slim hadn't seemed bothered, and everything was quiet and peaceful. So I picketed my horse and rolled into my blankets and started thinking about those pretty women in Chicago.

I HADN'T been asleep long when it happened. It was a big roar and a trampling that shook the ground. I came awake, already on my feet. I heard the boss holler, "All out! All out! Stampede!" Immediately I thought of Old Buttermilk and a cold chill ran through me.

(Continued on page 38)

FIRST BLOOD

by **BILL BULLOCK**

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

As a slave, he was meek; as a master, he was arrogant; as a god, he made the mistake of laying a hand on a Suni woman. A powerful story of the first search for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola.

PASSION Sunday, March 23, 1539, dawned unseasonably hot in the little village of Vacapa, Mexico. The sounds of preparation for a journey seeped in through the thatched walls of the one-room house that served as a chapel for Friar Marcos de Niza.

Services over, Friar Marcos looked down on the bare, bowed shoulders of Estevan, black slave of Mendoza, Viceroy of New Spain. Friar Marcos, commissioned to explore and carry the cross north into the fabled land of Cibola would wait here while Estevan reconnoitered the unknown territory.

Priest and slave stepped out into the early morning sun. "All will be ready for your journey north by midday, Estevan," Friar Marcos said, looking across the plaza. Scurrying Indians tied packs, filled water skins, restrung bows. The Negro nodded, head bowed. "Yes, Father," he answered.

"If the country be well favored, go not forward more than sixty leagues, but send me back a cross, the length of thy hand which writes not," the priest continued. His hands fingered the beads of a rosary at the belt of his habit. "If very fine, send thou the cross twice as long, and if it be better than New Spain, three lengths of thy hand."

ESTEVAN stood, heavily muscled black shoulders already sheened with perspiration. He wore nothing except a loin cloth, looped front and back over a rawhide thong. He was tall—so tall that Friar Marcos wondered briefly if there were any truth in the tale that his blood was Moorish. The slave's hair was short and kinky, the beard on his chin scant and wiry. Great, goiterous eyes, heavy, healthy white teeth gleamed between thick moist lips.

"Mendoza, thy master, has promised swift and sure punishment if you obey not my orders," the priest reminded the slave, "and I like not thy free hand with the women of the Indios. Take care lest thy greed cause thee and me much trouble."

The priest, Estevan knew, was not happy. Estevan kept his eyes down, focused on his great, calloused splay feet. He—Estevan—had survived the wreck of the Spanish ship on the coast of Texas back in 1528, when all but four of the Spaniards died. He had lived through the eight years of wandering through this vast new country until they had found the slave hunters at Rio de Petatlan. It mattered little that he could not read or write. Friar Marcos' needling on the message was not unnoticed, for had he not learned faster than the Spaniards? He could speak five *Indio* tongues, and, more important, with the language of signs. This his master's race had not done — they spoke but few words of any dialect in this new country.

Estevan's stance remained obsequious, but his heart leapt. When he left Vacapa, none could call him slave until the conquering Spaniard be once again contacted. Estevan, no longer slave, but master!

Estevan carried his own pack until Vacapa was five Spanish leagues behind. If it seemed larger than was meet, was it not his shoulders that carried it from the village and Friar Marcos' eyes?

DRY CAMP, the first of many, was set up for the night. A haze of desert dust rode high as Estevan stood a bit apart, calling directions loudly. Buckled to his waist was a fine sword of Spanish steel, and his hand carressed the hilt lovingly, possessively.

The women. wives and daughters of Indian slaves, bent over cholla and mesquite camp fires, patting out thin *tortillas*, baking them on hot stones. Estevan's great, popping dark eyes roved over them. The Tarahumares maiden, her dress indicating virginity, he chose for this night. His great chest swelled. Would she fight, he wondered, or would she be overwhelmed with the honor of sharing the blanket of Estevan. He hoped she would not be too docile. He liked a woman with spirit and fire. The *Indio* girl near the city of the Toltecs, called Mexico City—she had been the best of all, fought like a she-cat before he'd had her. Too bad that she had found the knife and killed herself when he let her go.

The women brought him food, thighs of boiled rabbit thick in the juice of boiling, yellow yams baked in hot ashes, thin leathery *tortillas*. He used the *tortillas* as a spoon, scooping up great mouthfuls. He ate hugely. Always, Estevan had found it is better to eat much when much can be had; then there is fat to live on when there is no food. When he had stuffed himself until his black belly gleamed taut and glistening in the firelight, they brought him an *olla* of the black brew made by boiling the berry of *cafe* — coffee.

Estevan chuckled as he drank slowly, savoring the taste, smacking his heavy lips. He had stolen the berries from the stores of Friar Marcos, who had brought them from the trees far to the south.

Guards were appointed, close to camp and further out. The father of the Tarahumaras girl he placed on a distant post. Not that it made any difference, he could always kill the man if he objected to anything that he, Estevan, might do. The *Indio* was a good guide, and a good guide had a value. No guide was as good as Estevan. He had guided the Spanish for his master. None were as good as Estevan, which was why the Viceroy paid Dorantes, his former master, so many *pesetas* for him.

As the men trotted away to their assigned posts, Estevan rose and stretched mightily. The girl was huddled with the women fifty paces from the fire, eating. He smiled, and the lids on his eyes half closed. Swiftly and silently as a great puma he strode to the group and a pink palmed hand closed over the girl's slim brown arm. Her startled head swung around and up, and there was a synchronized widening of eyes and nostrils in fear.

'Come," he growled in her native tongue. She would have dropped face down in the dun colored sand had not his fingers tightened on her arm. A little whimpering noise came from her throat as she scrambled to her feet. Estevan's free hand lashed out, striking her across the face. A thin rivulet of blood stained the corner of her mouth where a tooth had cut her lip. She made no move to wipe it away, but walked mutely into the darkness with her master.

The remaining women were silent. The stars, hugging the earth, grew larger and brighter as the dark thickened. The outline of a tall cane cactus blended in and was lost. The girl's voice, beyond where the cactus had become lost in the velvet night, screamed once and was echoed by the weird cry of a night bird. The Negro laughed. Then all was quiet.

WITH sunrise the party was again on the move. Estevan strode magnificently, flat splay feet kicking up little eddies of dust like a small lad going fishing. He was happy. Today he wore a necklace of chunk turquoise, and around his upper arms and his ankles were ruffs of bright feathers. Around one ankle was a thong of buckskin holding seven bells, their silver throats two inches wide. "The viceroy thought not of me when the bells were gone from the candelabrum," he boasted in Spanish to his gun bearer. "The candles glow no brighter with bells," he laughed, throwing back his great head. Estevan knew the man understood no Spanish and he boasted of his thefts in Spanish only. Slaves stole enough anyway — no point in giving his own slaves ideas.

His stride lengthened as he sang the madrigals of old Spain with his own words.

"I—the slave—am now the master.
Gold and women all are mine.
Never shall dog Spaniard take me
I will live here all my time.
Oye! Oye! All ye slaves ye now are mine!"

North and east the motley caravan traveled. Estevan was thankful that the full summer heat had not come to this land of saguaro, cholla, and cane cactus. Here they met the Pima Indians.

"To the east is the turquoise and metal of the sun you seek," they told him. "Cities are filled with houses large enough to shelter ten times ten Indios and more."

"My father's father saw them with his eyes. He saw one house standing on another and the walls threw back the spears of the sun," an old Pima woman marveled, "and sky stones—turquoise—for the children to play with."

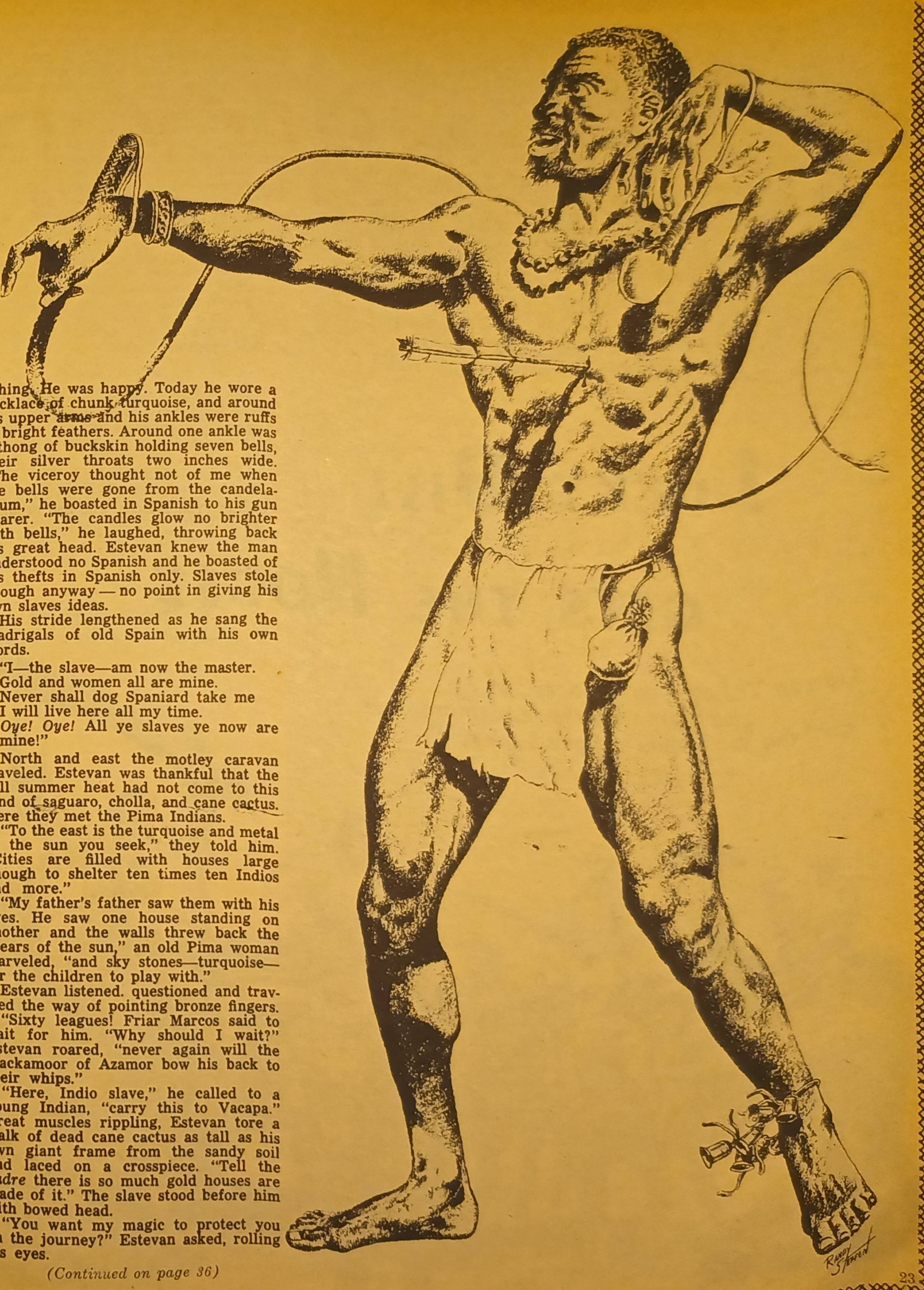
Estevan listened. questioned and traveled the way of pointing bronze fingers.

"Sixty leagues! Friar Marcos said to wait for him. "Why should I wait?" Estevan roared, "never again will the blackamoor of Azamor bow his back to their whips."

"Here, Indio slave," he called to a young Indian, "carry this to Vacapa." Great muscles rippling, Estevan tore a stalk of dead cane cactus as tall as his own giant frame from the sandy soil and laced on a crosspiece. "Tell the *padre* there is so much gold houses are made of it." The slave stood before him with bowed head.

"You want my magic to protect you on the journey?" Estevan asked, rolling his eyes.

(Continued on page 36)



LUCKY BILL GETS THE NOOSE

Carson Valley was a haven for gamblers, thieves, and murderers until the Vigilantes hanged Lucky Bill

by MARK McMILLAN

Illustrated by A. L. Napoletano

IN 1858, when Lucky Bill Thorrington lived in Carson Valley, the trail-town of Genoa, Nevada, was a metropolis of one street, a hotel, blacksmith shop, feed stable, and too many saloons. But what it lacked in size, it made up for in notoriety. For Genoa was the hideout of an organized gang of robbers, horse-thieves, road-agents, gamblers and murderers. And their leader was Lucky Bill.

Handsome, broad-shouldered, Bill stood six feet one, weighed over two hundred pounds. He had curly black hair, large gray eyes and a high classic forehead. No man in either Honey Lake or Carson Valley could tell a merrier story. His success with the ladies was already legendary.

Lucky Bill had come West from New York and Michigan eight years before. Two years later, he returned to Michigan, and started West again with three young girls. But when he got to Peoria, the girls' parents caught up with him, took two of the girls back home. But not Martha Lamb. She was desperately in love with handsome Bill and seemed perfectly happy to be settled in an out-of-the-way cabin near Genoa, where her baby was born.

Bill was not only a sure-thing gambler but also a shrewd business man. He made loans on ranches, foreclosed, and sold them at a goodly profit. By 1858, he had become comfortably wealthy, owned the Carson Canyon Toll Road, as well as rich ranches in the valley. But he got his name, Lucky, from his success at cards and gambling games, especially at Thimble Rig, a game which calls for three thimbles and a dried pea. The object of the game is for the player to guess under which thimble the pea is hidden. It's sure-thing game because ten times out of ten, the pea is secreted between the operator's fingers, or hidden out by an accomplice. Lucky Bill made a nice profit at Thimble-Rig.

Lucky Bill had great charm of manner, and might have lived to die in his bed. But in the early spring of 1858, the naked, rockweighted body of the Frenchman Henry Gordier, a man favorably known as an honest and industrious rancher, was found in a deep hole of the Susan River.

The good citizens of Honey Valley were aroused to fever pitch. Lucky Bill and his two pals, Bill Edwards and John Mullen, were at once suspected. Also, Asa Snow, a reputed killer. The suspicions were based upon solid facts.

For in March, 1858, Lucky Bill had spread the word far and wide that he was going to Salt Lake to buy some additional cattle for his ranches. But when he started out, he took the opposite direction—towards Gordier's cabin. An old Placerville acquaintance, Solomon Perrin, hailed him as he passed his house on the way to Gordier's.

"Hey, what you doin' up here?" shouted the inquisitive Perrin.

Lucky Bill rode closer. "I hear Gordier's bought some prize Durhams from the Mormons, and I want to talk him into selling them."

Perrin, watching Bill ride away, was surprised to see him turn, not towards Gordier's cabin, but towards the remote mine and cabin of Edwards and Mullen. There he spent the night, and there, no doubt, the dastardly plot was hatched.

The next morning, Perrin again hailed Bill in passing. "Hey, did you buy the Frenchman's cattle?"

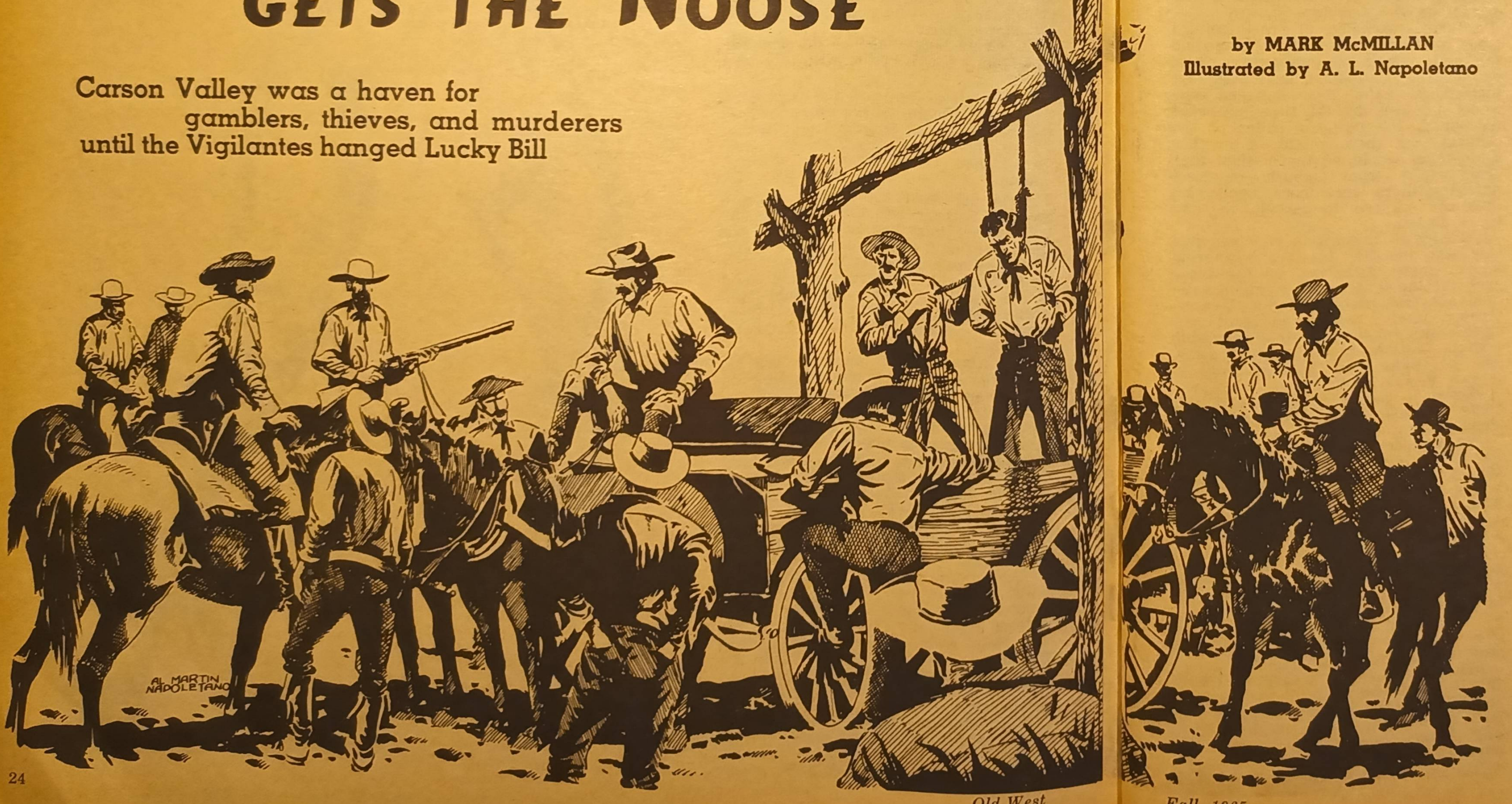
Bill drew rein, his eyes fixed on the nearby mountains. "No, some friends are handling the deal for me!"

A few days later—as events proved—Edwards and Mullen went to see Gordier, finally persuaded him to sell the cattle and his entire ranch with all the equipment.

In leaving, Edwards turned to the Frenchman. "Gordier, you've got a sick cow down by the river. We're going that way. Want we should show you?"

Gordier saddled his horse, and the three men rode abreast till they came to the Susan River. Here, opposite the mouth of Willow Creek, Edwards fell behind, took out his pistol, shot the Frenchman through the back of the head.

The two men dismounted, searched Gordier, took his money, removed all his clothes and burned them in a deserted campoodie or wickyup nearby. They tied a rock to the naked body, dragged it to a deep hole in the river, and dropped it in.



DARKNESS having now fallen, they set out for Genoa, stopping at Gordier's ranch long enough to put an old crony and notorious killer, Asa Snow, in charge. Arriving back in Genoa, Edwards and Mullen went at once to Lucky Bill's cabin, where they stayed.

After a time, Gordier's friends became curious. "What became of Frenchy Gordier?" they asked Edwards and Mullen.

"Oh, he sold out to us. He'd met another Frenchman and they decided to go back to the Old Country."

Within a few days, confident that the murdered man was forgotten, Edwards and Mullen returned to the ranch, hired a young neighbor, Bankhead, to look after the cattle in return for the milk. Soon, they planned, they'd sell out and leave the country.

But they had reckoned without Gordier's young brother, who lived just over the mountain pass. He wrote friends; "I haven't heard from Henry. What's happened to him?'

The answer came back: "Your brother left for France . . ."

"No, that can't be. He wouldn't leave without coming to see me . . ."

It so happened that a party of Honey Lakers returned just then from a trip to Goose Bay, where they had been chasing Indians. One night they had camped at the Mouth of Willow Creek, and had heard the shot fired by Edwards, and had seen the campoodie fire afterward. Told about the disappearance of Gordier, Cornelison cried out, "I'll bet a plugged dime that was the shot that killed the Frenchman. Remember the fire afterward? And Edwards and Mullen have taken over his ranch. Let's go ask them . . ."

The men went at once to Gordier's cabin, but the two men had already cleared out. Incidentally, Mullen was never heard from again, though it was rumored that he was killed in a brawl at the Fraser River gold strike.

By now, the Honey Lakers were convinced that Gordier had been murdered, and by Edwards and Mullen. Eight of them, including the half-breed Cherokee Indian tracker John Mote, mounted their horses and headed down Susan Creek till they came to the burned Campoodie. They examined the ashes. Norn Neale cried out, "Here's one of Gordier's pants buttons . . . And here's another."

The Cherokee prodded some dried substance on the ground. "And here's dried blood. They must have taken him that way . . . towards the river . . . See all those tracks . . . leading to the hole? . . . I'll dive in . . ."

While Owens gathered the dark dried substance in his bandanna, the Cherokee and others dived into the river hole. But the water was snow-fed and cold. "We'll try another time, when we have a raft . . ."

The next day the settlement was agog with excitement. And especially so, when old Dr. Slater positively identified the dried substance as human blood!

Another searching party was organized, this time provided with materials for building a raft, and a long pole with a hook attached. They dragged the bottom of the hole. The hook caught. They heaved it to the surface, bringing up the water-logged body of Gordier, feet first.

The stern-eyed men returned to the village with the evidence. An inquest was held. The verdict: Henry Gordier came to his death at the hands of Mullen and Edwards, and their accomplices, Snow and Lucky Bill Thorrington.

A vigilante committee was appointed. They in turn appointed Rough Elliott to make the investigation. "You've been friendly with Edwards and Mullen. Go to Genoa, talk to them, find out everything . . ."

In the meantime, some of the vigilantes went to see Snow, who was still living in Gordier's cabin, and demanded that he make a confession. Snow, hot-tempered, drew his gun, cursing them.

They took him into custody, held a trial, sentenced him to be hanged. But first they wanted a confession. They put the noose around his neck, drew him up and let him hang till his face was blue, then let him down. "Now will you talk?" they demanded.

A string of vile curses was their only answer. Again they pulled the rope, then let him down. "I don't know anything, I tell you . . ."

They pulled on the rope. When they let him down, he was dead. They dug a hole under the tree, dropped him in it, shoveled it over. This was on June 7, 1858.

IN the meantime, Rough Elliott was riding hell-bent for Genoa, for Lucky Bill's cabin. "Come right in," invited the gambler.

For a long time the men talked, till at last Elliott convinced him "of his good intentions." Bill opened up and made a full confession. "Hey, I know a lot about the killings and robberies around here. I ought to," he bragged.

That night, Elliott wrote down Bill's admissions, word for word.

A few days later, Elliott sent word back to the Vigilantes: "I've found out everything we wanted to know. Get here as soon as you can."

Within three days, traveling at night, so as not to arouse suspicions, the Honey Lakers arrived. It was just daylight on June 14, when they drew rein at the outskirts of Genoa. Elliott was there to meet them. Heavily armed, they surrounded Bill's cabin. "Hey, Bill, come on out," someone shouted.

Bill appeared, followed by his seventeen-year old son, Jerome. A Vigilante stationed nearby heard him mutter, "My life isn't worth a one-bit piece."

The men closed in. Mrs. Thorrington, highly excited, appeared. "Don't take Jerome," she begged. "He's so young. And he's done no wrong."

But Lucky Bill and his son were bound, taken to the Singleton Hotel, where they were kept under guard.

Other members of the Vigilantes were sent after other known criminals, gamblers, desperados, and road agents. In all, about a dozen were rounded up, placed under guard, while other Vigilantes policed the road and main trails to make sure that none escaped.

It was now daylight. Local residents were just waking up. When they looked out their windows and saw the vigilantes in charge, they waved, crying jubilantly, "Now we can sleep with both eyes closed."

After breakfast, the Vigilantes decided that it would be foolhardy to keep their prisoners in town, where they might be attacked at any time by their hoodlum friends. So they agreed to move down to Clear Creek Ranch, a hotel ten miles away, where the barn would afford an ideal spot for the trial. Lucky Bill's friends would be discour-

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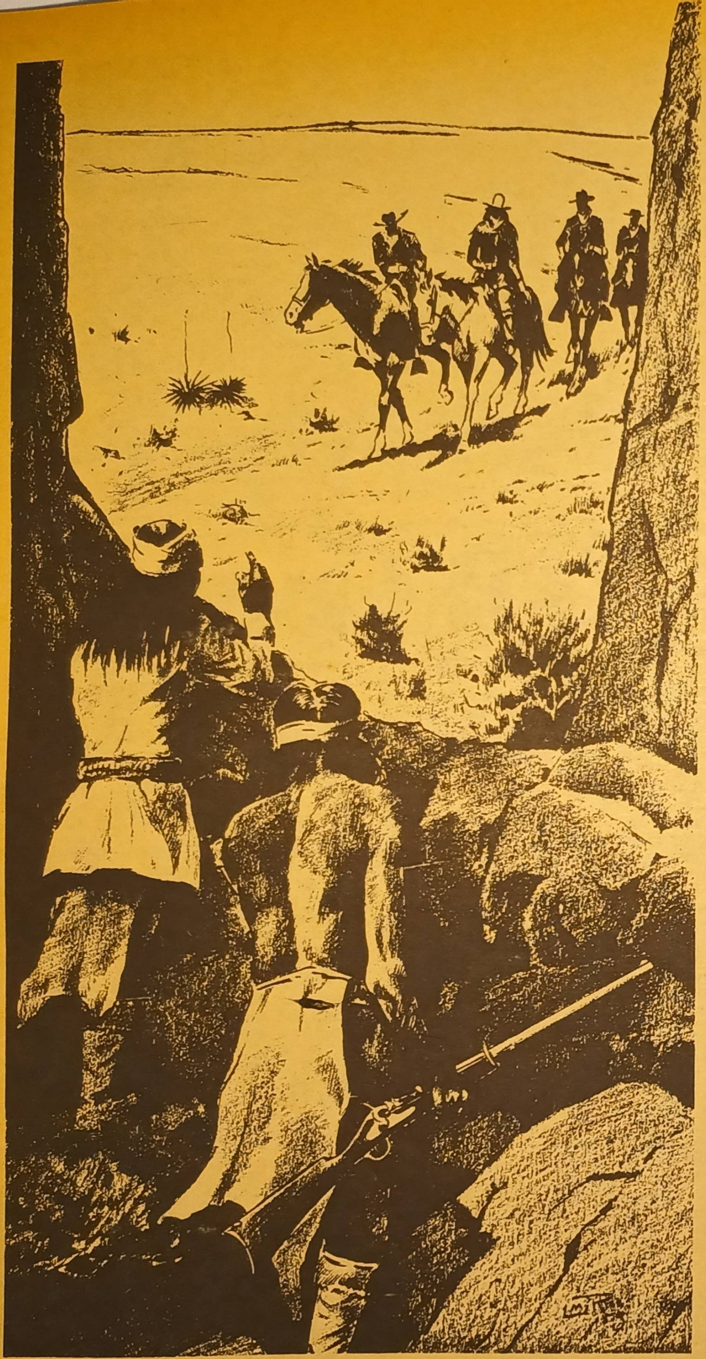


From hiding points among the boulders, their black eyes pin-pointed the group of soldiers approaching.

Illustrated by Lee M. Rice

No Peace for Conquerors

Because of a raided corn patch, Pauline Weaver, scout and trapper, lost the friendship of all Apaches—except for the slender girl, Aha-sa-ya-mo.

by FERRIS WEDDLE

ONE MOMENT there was peace in the little Apache Indian camp on the Hassayampa River, Arizona Territory. The next moment the blast of a rifle scattered lithe, agile redmen like the wave of a magic wand. From hiding points among the boulders and scrubbery, their black eyes focused on the group of soldiers approaching. They ignored the upraised hand of the troop's leader. A rifle in the hands of one of the braves sang out. A soldier toppled from his mount.

"Hunt cover!" the sergeant in charge yelled. He dived from his horse for the protection of a boulder.

A furious exchange of fire; a scream from a wounded Apache; curses and the acrid smell of gunpowder; then, peace again. The Indians had melted into the timber, taking their wounded companion, knowing that this time they could not match the powerful rifles of the soldiers. But there would be another time; there would be times when they could strike from ambush, in great numbers; there were more lonely ranches and outposts to harrass, to send up in flames.

Through all this action one man had stayed to one side, his face registering shock, anger gathering in his black eyes like the thunderclouds which gathered over the desert. Pauline Weaver, trapper, hunter, guide and scout, saw in this incident his long-time friendship with the Apache Indians wafting away, like the smoke from the rifles. And, in a way, it was his fault.

"Sergeant, you've just done a terrible thing," Weaver said, his huge frame shaking with anger.

The sergeant looked at the big trapper in his buckskin shirt and trousers, the present of some Apache chieftain, and a half-sneer came to his lips. His eyes flashed with hatred; hatred of a god-forsaken country; hatred of the Apache Indian.

"We came peacefully, Weaver, and they didn't want it that way," he said bitterly. "The only language these devils understand is bullets."

"You should have let me talk to them alone, instead of firing that first shot just to show your authority!"

"They've got to learn they can't buck the United States Army!" the sergeant lashed out. "If I had my way, we'd go out and hunt every one of them down and gut-shoot them—men, women and children!"

Pauline Weaver shook his shaggy dark head, sadly following the Sergeant's gaze to the wounded soldier.

"It's men like you who keep trouble brewing," he said slowly. "You forget that these Indians are human. They're fighting for their country. You'd do the same thing, in their position. There's no peace for conquerors, or for the conquered."

"Oh, hell, Weaver! I've heard you talk before! I'm still not convinced. What can a bunch of savages offer civilization? If they had any sense, they'd accept the white man's way of life, instead of living like a pack of wolves!"

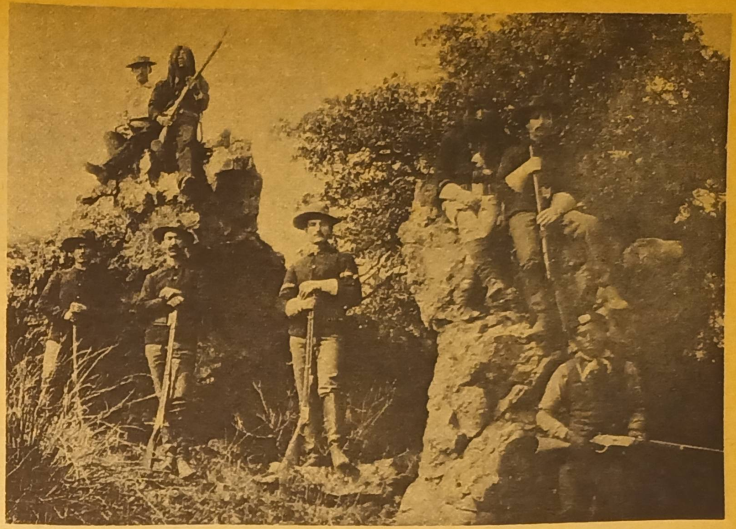
Slowly, Pauline Weaver's eyes went to the line of trees. His expression softened at the memory of hundreds of Indian campfires; memories of peace and quiet, free of the confusion and frustration that dogged the footsteps of the white man.

"You'd better grab your stuff and come to Fort Whipple with us, Weaver, or that black scalp of yours will be hanging from some Apache's charm belt." The sergeant prepared to mount. "I don't think the redskins are going to like you too well after this." He turned to leave. "That should tell you something about them, Weaver. Today, they're your friend; tomorrow they'll split your skull with a tomahawk."

Weaver nodded, wordlessly. He watched the soldiers leave, hearing their light laughter. The tragedy that had just occurred had been forgotten. For life on the frontier was always dangerous and it did not pay to dwell upon it.

The trapper walked slowly in the direction of his cabin, built on the Hassayampa River by his own rough hands. He knew that he was finished with the Apaches. In their mind, he was now a traitor. A friendship that had begun as early as 1830 had terminated this day, because he had asked the commanding officer at Fort Whipple to reprimand the chief of the Mojave-Apaches about the mischievous forays some Apache boys had made on his little corn patch. Now, he realized that it had been a mistake, but he had been angry when the chief laughed at him and at the depreciation that had seemed small to the redman.

PAULINE Weaver was not young any more and he had wanted to settle down in the peaceful valley of the Hassayampa. For nearly sixty years he had been a hunter, trapper and scout. When a young boy, he had left his Tennessee home to become a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company. He had drifted south later and helped Lt. Colonel Cooke break the first wagon road across Arizona in 1846; he had discovered the placer mines at La Paz and at Weaver Diggings. He had spent many long months in making friends with the wily Apache, and they had finally accepted him, for Weaver himself, was half Cherokee Indian.



Cavalry troops and scouts in Arizona Apache country. Note variety of rifles. The troopers have Sharps-Borchard rifles, the white scout at upper left an 1873 Springfield, the Apache scout next to him a Civil War Springfield altered to breech-loader, the Apache lower right an 1873 Winchester.

That night, in his lonely log cabin, he knew that the friendship had ended over a patch of corn. As he broiled a venison steak over the flame in the fireplace, he realized, too, that the Apache would come for him soon. He would be safe for a while, for they wouldn't expect him to come back to his cabin. The smoke, rising from his chimney, would tell them differently.

A slight noise outside the heavy door brought him to his feet. He reached for his new repeating rifle, waiting tensely.

There was a light scratch at the door.

"Who is it?" he asked softly.

"It is I—Aha-sa-ya-mo," a girl's hushed voice said in Apache.

Weaver sighed with relief and slowly pushed the heavy bar on the door aside to admit the girl.

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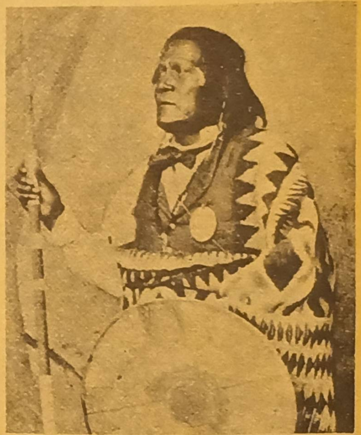
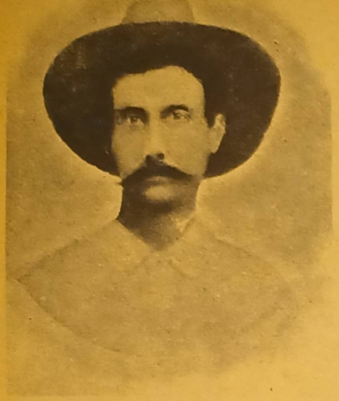


San Juan, well-known Mescalero Apache war chief. All photos from the Rose Collection.

An unusual photo of an Apache Indian camp in Arizona Territory in 1886.



Bass Outlaw at Realitos, Texas, in 1887.

BASS OUTLAW -- The Little Wolf

He was a bad-tempered, grudge-holding, quarrelsome little Texas Ranger who finally picked one too many rows.

By EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

Photos from Frontier Pix
Drawings by B. D. Titsworth

THIS is the story of an insignificant looking little man whom the Texas Rangers aren't a bit proud to remember as an ex-Ranger—Bass Outlaw, of Captain Jones' company.

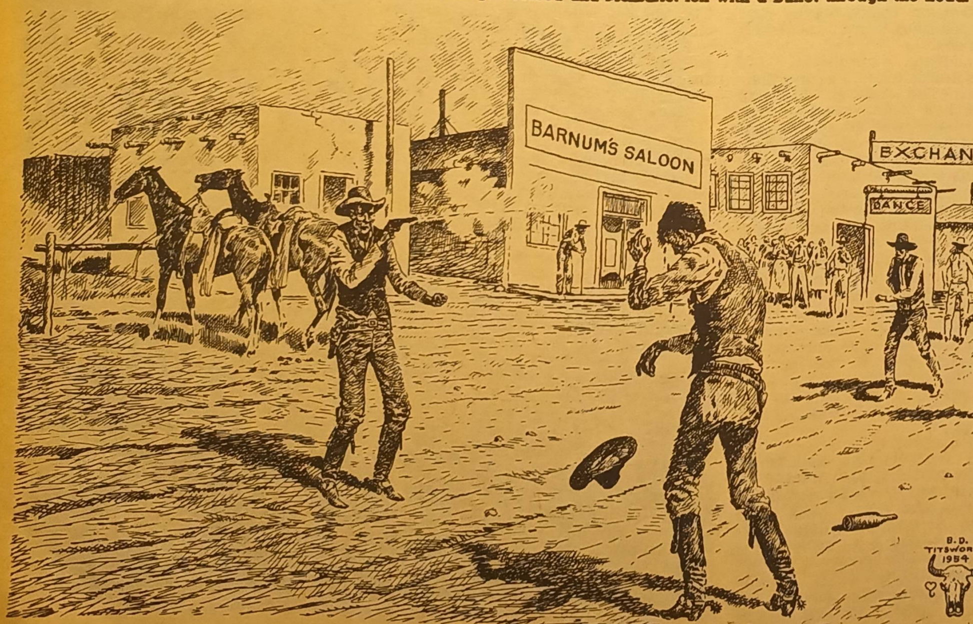
They say that in bravery he was a match for anybody. He could whip out a Colt so fast you could hardly see the movement. And he was an amazingly good shot.

But he was a bad-tempered, grudge-holding little man, always quarreling with those around him. If Bass Outlaw were sent to protect a ranch, he was sure to end up rowing with the people who owned it.

He was a native of Georgia and enlisted in E Company of the Rangers in '85. Two years later he joined D Company. He was appointed corporal in April, 1890, and advanced to sergeant when Sergeant Fusselman died with his boots on in the Franklin Mountains near El Paso, in a battle with Mexican horse thieves.

Considered in the light of Bass Outlaw's reputation as a gunman, his picture is disappointing. His pale blue-gray eyes, his receding chin, seemed indexes to an insignificance that certainly was not the keynote of this suspicious Little Wolf's character.

"You want something, do you?" he snarled. The gun roared and McKidrict fell with a bullet through the head.



The manner in which he left the highest rank (sergeant) he ever attained in the Rangers must have soured him.

Captain Frank Jones commanded D Company at the time. Bass Outlaw was senior non-commissioned officer. So, when Captain Jones left the Rangers' camp at Alpine to come to El Paso on business, Outlaw was acting commanding officer. He left the camp and rode into Alpine, to begin the drinking that Captain Jones, nor any other Ranger captain, would not permit. He came to the Buckhorn Saloon and there found an old Ranger out of N. O. Reynolds' famous company, Abe Anglin, then out of the service. Anglin and Outlaw got into a card game. As the night wore on, Outlaw lost steadily, drank steadily, too.

Near midnight, checks and money on the table were all on Anglin's side. Bass Outlaw was virtually "clean."

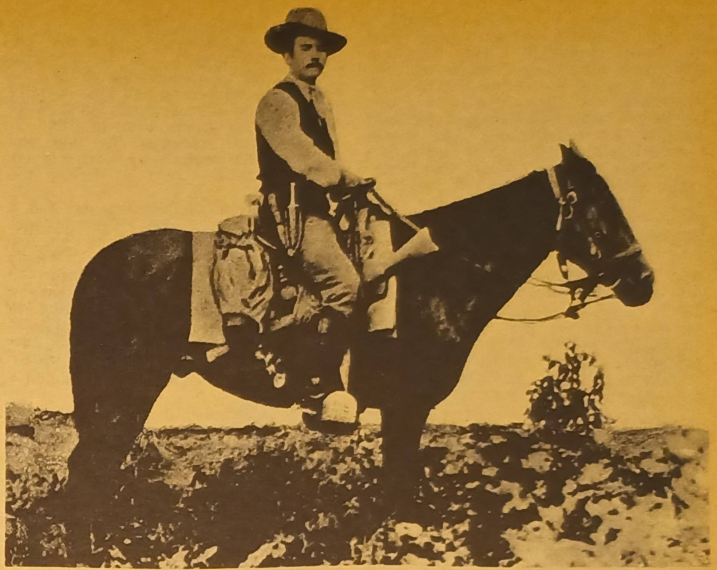
When Anglin reached to draw his winnings to him, Outlaw reached for money and checks with his left hand. His right dropped to the butt of his pistol. Anglin, in shirt-sleeves, unarmed, was in no position to argue. Nevertheless, he did. Outlaw snarled that he had been robbed. Anglin, the old Ranger of the Indian-fighting days, was not one to be intimidated. The quarrel got hot. The bartender of the Buckhorn sent a hurry call for Sheriff Jim Gillett, whose home was no more than a hundred yards from the saloon.

When the sheriff came through the door, Outlaw and Anglin still argued heatedly. Gillett hurried back to them. He caught Outlaw by the shoulder with his left hand, leaving his right free for gunplay. He worked him toward the door and into the street.

Some of the men at the bar followed them outside. Here was Bass Outlaw, not alone in his opinion that he was a ring-tailed whizzer with a six-shooter, and here was Sheriff Gillett, with a record six years long as a Ranger, supplemented by his record as captain of the guards for the Santa Fe, and as city marshal of that wide-open, hell-roaring border town, El Paso. He was no pistoleer, but a highly efficient officer who could handle his Colt just as dazzlingly as the badmen, when necessary.

IN THE yard, Gillett upbraided the sullen Outlaw for starting a row in the saloon. He reminded him that he was commanding officer of the whole Ranger company during Captain Jones' absence.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" the sheriff told him. "Now, you get on your horse and go back to camp."



Jim Gillett in 1879, who was then a Captain in the Texas Rangers. Original picture was taken on tin-type—which made it appear backwards. It is here reversed to show gun and pistol on his right side, as he actually wore them.

Outlaw was drunk enough to be in an ugly humor, but not quite drunk enough to want an argument with this particular sheriff. "All right, I'll go back to camp," he agreed. "But we'll all go back and have a drink before I go."

He led the way into the Buckhorn. Gillett, who never drank, stood watching to see that Outlaw kept his promise to go back to camp. Outlaw lined up the saloon's patrons at the bar. He rammed a hand into his pocket and brought out silver. A quarter-dollar dropped to the floor and automatically Bass Outlaw moved as if to recover it. But he only began the move. His head jerked to the sheriff, who stood watching him grimly.

There are those who watched who tell me that they could not see how both these men could live until morning. Outlaw was always dangerous and, when half-drunk, more dangerous than usual. He had boasted, time and time again, that no man could cross him and live. As for Gillett, the man who could for two years police Old El Paso, neither killing a man nor taking a step backward from such as Dallas Stoudemire, the brothers Manning, "Old John" Selman, Ben Thompson's hardcase brother, Billy, "Mysterious Dave" Mather—well, *he* was not a man to outface, not when he stood behind the Law!

Bass Outlaw kicked the quarter.

"I don't want that money!" he remarked and looked at Gillett again.

His meaning was plain to everyone. He was a suspicious Little Wolf! He distrusted everybody. Now, he distrusted the sheriff. If he bent, so his thought ran, Gillett would take advantage of the move and kill him.

When Captain Jones returned to Alpine, he heard the tale from a prominent citizen, not from Gillett nor Outlaw. He called Outlaw on the carpet. The reputation of the little sergeant meant nothing at all to Jones.

"I told you not long ago that the next time you drank on duty you'd be finished!" he said flatly. "Now, sit down at that table and write out your resignation from the Ranger service."

There was a battle of eyes for a brief moment. But Captain Jones looked the little badman down. Sullenly, Outlaw did as he was ordered. He received a voucher for the pay due him. When he went out, he was furious. Not at Jones, who had kicked him out, but at Jim Gillett, whom he believed had reported his misconduct.

J. D. JACKSON conducted a mercantile store in Alpine at that time. Outlaw professed friendship for Jackson; owed him money. He came into the store and threw down the voucher.

"Cash it for me," he said with an oath. "Take out what I owe you. That's the last payday. Jones just kicked me out."

"I heard you were going to quit," Jackson remarked cautiously.

"Quit," cried Outlaw. "That old devil looked me in the eyes and told me to write a resignation. You bet I quit! I didn't want any trouble with Jones. But I'm going to kill Gillett before I'm done. He's the man who told Jones."

Jackson argued with him that Gillett had done no such thing. Finally, bent on preventing a shooting or, at least, giving Gillett warning, he proposed that he go to Gillett and ask the sheriff point-blank if he had been responsible for Outlaw's discharge. Unwillingly, Outlaw consented.

Gillett came hurrying to find Outlaw. As he remarked, it would be a sweet thing if he were to be bluffed by Bass Outlaw, right in the county seat of his own county! Outlaw admitted his error and so probably saved his own life. With equal probability, the sheriff was spared to a long and useful career. For they might very well have killed each other, had it come to a showdown.

(Continued on next page)

After Outlaw's enforced resignation, he hung around town awhile, then went to Gillett, seemingly having forgotten their past difficulties. Outlaw told the sheriff that he was going out of town on a little trip. He wanted to borrow a saddle-gun since he had sold his own weapons for eating-money. The sheriff loaned him one of his chief treasures—an 1873 model, .44 caliber, Winchester carbine, Number 13401, which had been at the time Gillett bought it, the finest saddle-gun in the world. Gillett had carried it during his Ranger career.

It wasn't long before Gillett knew what was buzzing in Outlaw's bonnet. In the early 90's, a passenger train on the G. H. & S. A. was held up at the horseshoe curve, east of Sanderson, Texas. The robbers looted the express car of some silver and lit a shuck. Rumor in that country put the amount of their haul at fifty to sixty thousand.

Captain Jones and a squad of Rangers, including Outlaw, had picked up the robbers' trail and followed it southwest from the railroad toward the Rio Grande. It was rough country, and trailing was slow work. The robbers scattered. When the trail vanished, Captain Jones abandoned the chase for the time.

Gillett, as sheriff, was working on the case and believed that he knew the identity of the robbers. He went with Captain Jones on several scouts after the men, but without success.

On another scout, Captain Jones located the robbers in camp on the Rio Grande, some hundred miles south of Marathon. Texas. But the robbers saw the Rangers, set fire to the camp, and rode off. Nobody had come upon the money out of the express car, so the rumor was current that they had buried the loot in a canebrake, close to this camp in which Jones found them.

They were chased by Captain Jones and overtaken between the Pecos River and the town of Ozona. In a running fight, the leader was shot. He rode into a thicket. He wrote a brief will and put a pistol muzzle to his head. He was found by the pursuers. The others of his gang, three in all were captured. They were using Wells-Fargo money sacks to hold their coffee and sugar, but they had little or no money on them.

This, then, was the secret which pulled Bass Outlaw out of Alpine on his long horseback trips. He would come back and loaf around a while; then, thought of that buried silver—fifty to sixty thousand—pulled him into the saddle again. But he found nothing in the canebrake, after more and harder work than he had done in years.

He looked around for a job, and Dick Ware hired him.

WARE was that famous ex-Ranger of E Company who killed Sam Bass, the train robber, at Round Rock—in spite of George Harold's "admission" that he did the killing. He had become a United States Marshal, and he appointed Bass Outlaw as deputy. Bass also became a special Ranger, attached to D Company, after the murder of Captain Jones and the succession of Sergeant John R. Hughes to the captaincy.

On April 4, 1894, Dick Ware went to El Paso to attend court. He brought Bass Outlaw with him and also another deputy marshal, "Bufe" Cline. Bass was in a bad humor. There had been a great deal of work to the building up of certain cases which Ware was to present at this term of court, and it had fallen to Bufe Cline to do the long and tedious job. Consequently, when the cases were worked up and time came to serve subpoenas and other papers, Ware turned these papers over to Cline. It was the usual procedure. The man who had done the preliminary work was entitled to the fees paid for serving the papers.

Bass Outlaw decided that he had a grievance against Dick Ware because he had been given none of the fee-bearing summons in the cases. Ware's explanations in no way soothed the little gunman. He walked away like a sulky child. Ware paid no attention to him. He was not the sort of man to be worried by the peevishness of Bass Outlaw, or any other man, no matter what his record might be as a gunfighter.

On the street, later, Outlaw met an acquaintance and unburdened his grievances. This man, Frank Collinson, with another named Ernest Bridges, saw that Outlaw was on the prod. He was snarling about Dick Ware's "favoritism" to Bufe Cline. Bass seemed on the verge of going into court to shoot it out with Ware. Collinson and Bridges tried to talk him out of his ugly mood. They suggested that he go to his room, and that seemed to remind Bass of his favorite girl, down at Tillie Howard's joint on Utah Street.

He said that he was going down to the sporting district, and wanted them to go with him. Bridges objected. Outlaw looked at him with hand on gun. He said that Bridges was going down to Tillie Howard's whether he wanted to or not. Bridges went.

At the door of the Bank Saloon, Collinson and Bridges saw Old John Selman, the famous killer who in the next year was to shoot John Wesley Hardin in the back of the head. They were much relieved to see the constable. Outlaw and Bridges set out for Utah Street, and Selman trailed with Collinson to see that Outlaw's savage humor resulted in no damage to the reluctant young Bridges.

WHEN they got to Tillie Howard's, Bass asked the Madam for his favorite of what the old newspapers used to call "the fair Cyprians." She, it seemed, was busy with a client, and Till refused to permit Bass to interrupt. Snarling, he went around the house, leaving the others in the parlor. Almost immediately, a pistol shot sounded.

"Don't worry about saving face! That's not what they're shooting at!"

"I reckon Bass must've dropped his pistol," Constable Selman remarked. But he got up and moved toward the back door.

Tillie Howard knew Bass and his ways when drinking. She came running as the three men moved toward the rear of the house. She was not monkeying with Bass! She had her police whistle out and she was blowing it. Selman got into the back yard just as Ranger Private Joe McKidrict and Constable Chavez jumped the fence to investigate the pistol shot and the blasts of the police whistle.

McKidrict had come up from Ysleta, D Company's station, to attend court. He was in the neighborhood of Utah Street only by chance. He knew Bass Outlaw as a special ranger attached to his own, Captain Hughes' company, also as a deputy of Dick Ware. It may be that he knew Outlaw's propensity for getting a cargo of drinks aboard and then starting out to shoot things up. For the tale of Bass's enforced resignation had traveled widely.

At any rate, he faced Outlaw without alarm. When he saw that Outlaw was half-drunk and had obviously been shooting his pistol aimlessly, he counseled the little gunman to go sleep off his jag and not disturb the peace again. Outlaw was in no humor for orders or suggestions.

"You want something, do you?" he snarled.

The gun roared, McKidrict fell with a bullet through the head. With thin face contorted, Bass fired another bullet into the boy's body as it swayed.

Nobody there knew how much further his homicidal rage would take him. All of the little group were aghast at this senseless murder of the unsuspecting McKidrict. Old John Selman, veteran of many such scenes, was the first to whip out of his near-stupor. He went for his gun. Outlaw, catching the movement from the corner of an eye, turned a little and fired at Selman mechanically. It bored through Selman's right leg; his second bullet (he must have been firing as fast as he could jerk back the hammer and release it) also struck the old constable in that leg.

Selman got his gun out and shot Outlaw through the body, the slug going just above the heart. Outlaw ran to the fence and jumped over it into the alley. He'd gotten a block away when another Ranger from Captain Hughes' D Company, McMahan, arrested him.

McMahan saw that Outlaw was seriously, if not fatally, wounded. He helped the man into the back room of Barnum's Saloon at Utah and Overland Streets. According to the old-timers who crowded around to watch the curtain sliding down on the last act of the little murderer's life, he lifted himself to an elbow.

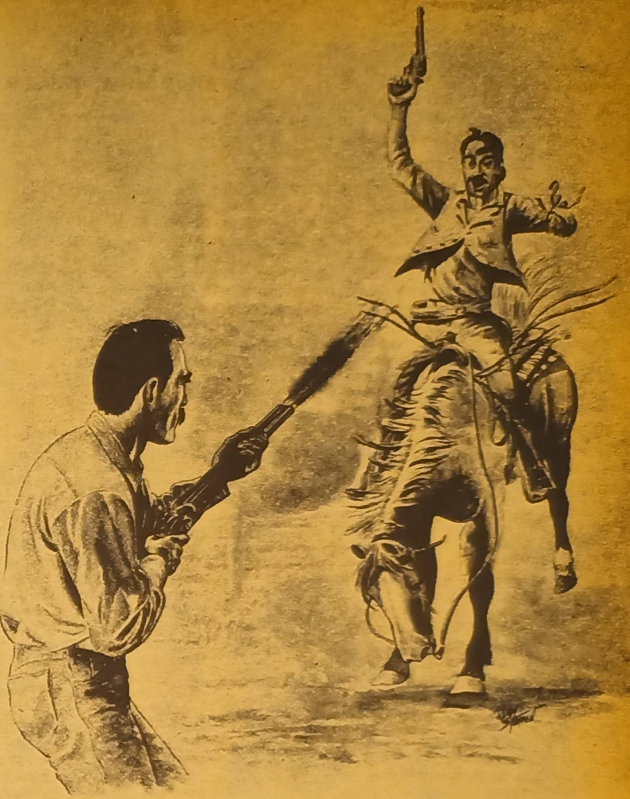
"Go gather my friends around me, for I know that I must die!" he said.

That sounds like a couplet from one of the old cowboy songs. But that is no reason to doubt its credibility. They were often a most sentimental lot, those old killers.

At any rate, Bass Outlaw's diagnosis of his wounds was correct. The first shot, that of braggadocio, had been fired a little after five o'clock in the evening. By nine o'clock, Bass Outlaw lay dead in the dreary backroom of Barnum's Saloon.

When Jim Winters helped one-armed Johnny Curry off the back of that hard-pitching Circle C bronc with a heavy load of buckshot, he aimed for Johnny to get

No Re-Ride



By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

I'VE heard it said when I was a button back on the old Circle C ranch in Montana, that one-armed Johnny Curry, brother of the notorious outlaw Kid Curry, and one of the Wild Bunch, was as good a bronc rider as you'd find riding any outfit's rough string. I never saw Johnny ride, so I can't claim to know for certain; but this is the yarn they tell back in the Little Rockies country concerning the last time Johnny Curry forked a big salty Circle C bronc called Pilot.

Some say Johnny had been drinking that day. It don't matter much one way or another. Johnny had had trouble with Jim Winters who had squatted on what Johnny claimed was his homestead, only he hadn't been staying on the place according to law. Jim Winters, some claim, moved onto the homestead while Johnny was riding the rough string on the Circle C round-up. Some claim Johnny was riding the outlaw trail while Jim Winters did his squatting.

Johnny had saddled up the Pilot bronc without telling his intentions to anybody there at Landusky, where he'd had his spurs let out to the town-hole for a few days, dragging them across the floors of Landusky's several saloons.

Johnny must have figured that the sign was right for him to have a talk with Jim Winters. And the cow country knew that the only common language Winters and Johnny Curry could use on one another was gun talk.

As Johnny rode up to the homestead ranch, he saw Winters coming from the barn on his way to the cabin. He hollered to Winters to fill his hand with a gun and commenced shooting. Winters had left his six-shooter at the cabin and headed for the cabin door on a high run. Johnny's first shot missed, and the sound of the gunfire broke the bronc apart. He sunk his head and pitched high, wide and handsome, bucking straight towards the cabin where Winters had just jumped inside.

Johnny, having only one arm, needed it to handle his gun. His bridle reins were dropped over the saddle horn. He was on a horse that would bother any bronc peeler to set, and as the big roan squealed and twisted, each jump took Johnny closer to the open doorway of the log cabin.

Jim Winters had a sawed-off shotgun in his hands as he stepped out the door and cut loose just as the big bronc, with Johnny Curry riding the hurricane deck, landed.

There was big-sized buckshot in both loads of the sawed-off scatter gun. The range was point blank, and Winters didn't shoot to miss that day.

When the big roan bronc swapped ends and headed the other direction, he left Johnny Curry behind. One-armed Johnny Curry had made his last ride.

JOHNNY RICH, who got out a newspaper in the Little Rockies when he was in the notion, owned the only Bible in that part of the country and, having more education than the other citizens, was picked to preach the funeral sermon. It was a job nobody, even the coldest nerved man in the cow country, wanted. Because there in the crowd was Kid Curry and all of Johnny's friends. Likewise present were plenty of friends backing Jim Winters.

Johnny Rich fortified himself with Landusky's pet brand of forty-rod, oiled up his six-shooter, and picked for his funeral text a passage that dealt with When Fools go Forth to Fight. And preached it. He did a good job of it, to boot, because he lived to tell about it.

The Kid and Johnny's friends, with Johnny's demised remains in a pine box which they put in a buckboard, headed for the homestead. The grave was dug on a knoll behind the cabin, up in the scrub pines, within six-shooter range of where Johnny quit his saddle for the last time.

It was a ten-mile journey from Landusky to the Johnny Curry place. The Kid and the others were on horseback, with one man driving the half-broke team hooked to the buckboard.

Somewhere along the road the team spooked and ran away. No corpse ever had a wilder, faster ride to his grave than one-armed Johnny Curry. Johnny and his box were thrown out once or twice, and it was sundown when they finally lowered that wild bronc-riding outlaw in his grave.

That night the wolves left tracks around the mound of boulders that marked the resting place of Johnny Curry and howled his requiem to the stars.

Which, I reckon, is the way wild Johnny Curry would have ordered it.

Lucky Bill Gets The Noose

(Continued from page 25)

Genoa, Nevada, as it looks today. In 1858 it was the hideout of an organized gang of robbers, horse-thieves, roadagents, gamblers and murderers. Their leader was Lucky Bill.
Photo courtesy of Title Insurance & Trust Co., Los Angeles.

aged from coming so far to attempt a rescue. Also, the ranch was in a wide clearing with good visibility on all sides.

With Mullen out of the country, Lucky Bill in irons, and all the petty fry securely tied, only one desperado was still at large. Bill Edwards. The Vigilantes finally promised Lucky Bill that Jerome's life would be spared if the seventeen-year-old would follow their directions to the letter.

"Jerome," they told the boy, "you go to Edwards' camp in the hills and tell him the vigilantes have come to town, and for him to meet Lucky Bill at river cabin and they'll escape together."

At sunset the boy left for the hills to find Edwards. At the same time, twelve vigilantes spurred horses towards Lucky Bill's river ranch, six miles from Genoa, where Martha and her baby lived. It was still dark when they arrived, and stationed themselves inside the house and all around it.

SHORTLY after midnight, Jerome and Edwards arrived. The latter, sensing a trap, had a revolver handily stuck in the front of his shirt and both barrels of his shotgun cocked. The two men cautiously approached the cabin, and knocked. A voice rang out, "Who's there?"

"A friend," sang out Edwards.

The door was thrown open, and Jerome entered, followed by Edwards. A club and a shotgun descended on his head, knocking him down and breaking both barrels of the gun. He was seized, tied, his head wound dressed, and he was thrown on the bed. He stared at his captors. "I deserve it, boys," was all he said.

When daylight came, his guards cleaned out his pockets, started counting his money. Suddenly, Edwards, who had freed himself from the ropes, jumped up, rushed to the door and down to the nearby slough. Some of the guards fired, but missed. Now it was a free-for-all foot race, with Elliott finally diving into the water on top of Edwards.

Within the hour, the vigilantes were on their horses, headed towards Genoa, where the blacksmith, G. W. Hepperly, put him in irons made from a discarded iron skillet.

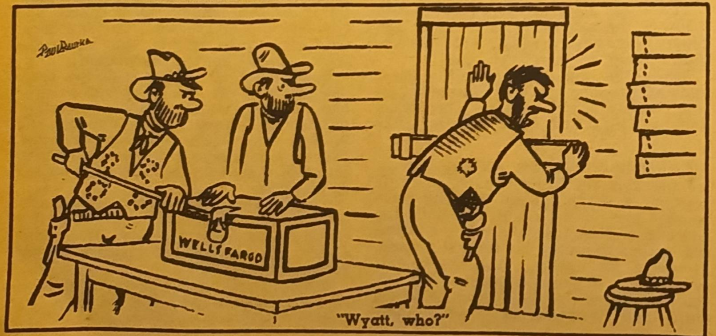
The whole valley was in a fever of excitement when the trial began, Tuesday, June 15, in a barn on Clear Creek Ranch. There was a duly appointed judge, two associate judges, a defender, a prosecutor, and eighteen jurors, all heavily armed with guns and revolvers. First, the lesser criminals were tried and freed on payment of big fines, which defrayed the expenses of the trial.

Lucky Bill's trial began on Thursday morning.But he was already foredoomed. He had confessed too much to Elliott. Besides, Edwards, hoping to escape the noose, had disclosed Thorrington's part in the murder of Henry Gordier.

On Saturday morning the jury brought in the verdict. "Guilty of planning the murder of Gordier, and also guilty of harboring thieves, desperados, and murderers." He was sentenced to be hanged that same afternoon. Edwards was also found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Honey Lake, across the mountain ridge from Carson Valley.

Lucky Bill's wife, who for years had been "slightly teched" because of her husband's philanderings—was brought in to see him. Even in spite of all the sorrow and troubles he had heaped upon her, she wept at parting. Then the girl, Martha Lamb, was brought in. Still young, in her early twenties, she begged the vigilantes to spare his life, "for the sake of her child." She embraced him fondly, kissed him again and again, and collapsed when they finally tore her away. Nothing more was ever heard of Martha or her baby. But right after the hanging, Mrs. Thorrington became violently insane, was sent to the asylum at Stockton, where she died a few years later.

Lucky Bill was most moved at parting with his son, Jerome. Tears stood in his eyes as he clasped the boy's hand. "Let gambling and whiskey alone, Son. Those are the things that brought me to this. Take good care of your mother. After I'm gone and she can quit worrying about me, she'll recover her mind. She needs you, look after her like a man."



"Wyatt, who?"

But Jerome's path in life had already been plotted. He became a gambler, drunkard, and no-good. His early training proved too strong.

A gallows had been erected a mile from Clear Creek Ranch—two heavy poles with a bar across the top. Lucky Bill was made to stand in the back of a wagon. A former sailor tied the knot. Bill slipped the noose down over his own neck. "If they want to hang me, I'm no hog," he said, referring to the fact that it was customary to hang desperados on the slaughter gallows used for killing hogs.

Lawrence Frey was in the driver's seat. "All right, Frey."

He started the team. But before the back end of the wagon reached the gallows, Lucky Bill, not wanting his neck broken, swung out in a wide arc. He kicked, hung there, his body swaying in the breeze. The vigilantes cut down his body, hauled it to Genoa, buried it in an unmarked grave.

THE following day, the Honey Lakers, taking Edwards along, decided to return to their homes. On the third afternoon they stopped at Breed Ranch, dug Edwards' grave close to the butchers' gallows near the Breed cabin. With the noose around his neck, he made a speech. "I deserve what I'm getting . . . I helped kill Gordier . . . But don't bury me away from all my friends. Plant me in the upper valley, somewhere between Streshly's cabin and mine . . ."

The men refused. Orlando Streshly stepped forward. "All right, Edwards, I'll see that you're buried there . . . in the upper valley."

Curious visitors can still see his grave, on the west side of the road, one mile south of the old Richmond schoolhouse.

By this time, the Honey Lakers had been gone from home for several weeks, fighting Indians, rounding up desperados, trailing bandits. They were eager to return to their families. But they had done their work well. They had broken up Lucky Bill and his gang, and word of their deeds spread quickly throughout California and Nevada. "Lucky Bill's luck ran out on him at last. Poor Bill," muttered his friends, as they climbed into their saddles and high-tailed it for greener pastures.

THE PASSING OF CLOUD DANCER

by JEFF ADAMS

Illustrated by Keith Soward

Editor's Note: This story from TRUE WEST No. 5 (August-September, 1954), is reprinted as it originally appeared. Wherever the term, "Pa Sapa," appears, the correct Sioux spelling, "Paha Sapa," should be substituted.

Of what worth is white man's food and protection? The Lakota Nation is defeated. *Pa Sapa* is being destroyed. *Pte* is gone. Now the fire burns low and in the gathering shadows come those who will spirit a life-long dweller on the prairies into the land of *Wakon Tonka*.

SUNSET gilded the western ridges as the Black Robe missionary priest, Father Carey, rode up to the lonely lodge of Cloud Dancer. Since the surrender of Crazy Horse and most of the defeated Teton Sioux at Fort Robinson in May, 1877, the aged medicine man had lived alone for two months in his red-painted *tipi* at the deserted camping place near Beaver Creek. He made no trouble; the soldiers left him alone. Yet Father Carey—disturbed by reports that the old man was fasting in preparation for death—had ridden out from the Fort to try to persuade him to come live "on the white man's island."

The young priest found Cloud Dancer squatted cross-legged in his lodge, gazing fixedly into a tiny fire. The white-haired medicine man was immaculately dressed in ceremonial robes of quilled and beaded white buckskin; the long, feathered calumet hung in its elaborately decorated fawnskin case from his left shoulder. Sweetgrass burned slowly at the edges of the fire; its aromatic fumes filled the lodge.

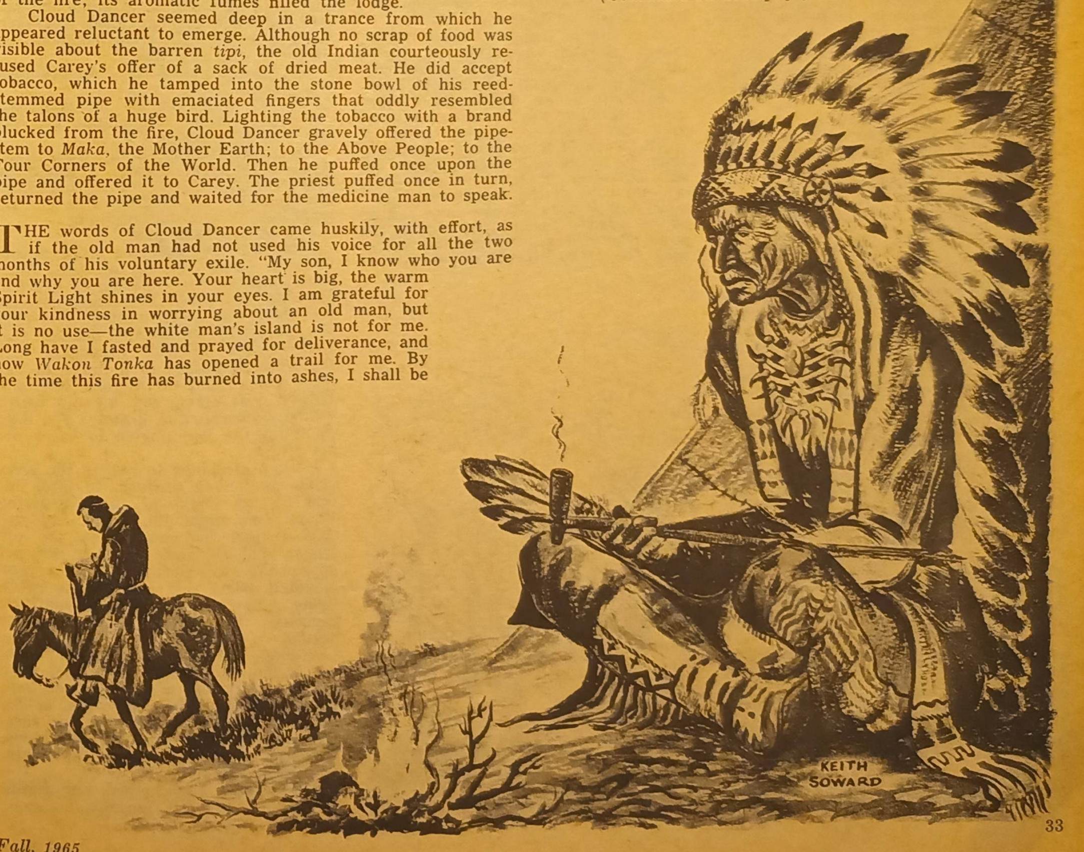
Cloud Dancer seemed deep in a trance from which he appeared reluctant to emerge. Although no scrap of food was visible about the barren *tipi*, the old Indian courteously refused Carey's offer of a sack of dried meat. He did accept tobacco, which he tamped into the stone bowl of his reed-stemmed pipe with emaciated fingers that oddly resembled the talons of a huge bird. Lighting the tobacco with a brand plucked from the fire, Cloud Dancer gravely offered the pipestem to *Maka*, the Mother Earth; to the Above People; to the Four Corners of the World. Then he puffed once upon the pipe and offered it to Carey. The priest puffed once in turn, returned the pipe and waited for the medicine man to speak.

THE words of Cloud Dancer came huskily, with effort, as if the old man had not used his voice for all the two months of his voluntary exile. "My son, I know who you are and why you are here. Your heart is big, the warm Spirit Light shines in your eyes. I am grateful for your kindness in worrying about an old man, but it is no use—the white man's island is not for me. Long have I fasted and prayed for deliverance, and now *Wakon Tonka* has opened a trail for me. By the time this fire has burned into ashes, I shall be in the Spirit Land with all the great warriors of my tribe who have gone before me."

Father Carey replied in Sioux, choosing his words carefully: "My friend, life and death are in the hands of God; no man is privileged to will his own death. A way will be found for you to live out the rest of your life among the white men. Come in to the Fort with me and I will arrange it."

Cloud Dancer turned his eagle-plumed head and looked full at the priest. The white man was startled at the sudden fire that blazed in the black eyes deep-sunk in the masklike bronze face.

(Continued on next page)



The Passing of Cloud Dancer

(Continued from preceding page)

"Listen, Black Robe! Long ago a great prophet of my people foretold the coming of the white men, the disappearance of the buffalo and the defeat and disgrace of the Lakotah Nation. The prophecy is now fulfilled; I have no desire to live in the bad days to follow. These bad days I have seen clearly in a vision; there is no place in them for me. The strange and terrible ways of the *Wasichus* can never be mine. I have lived seventy snows within sight of *Pa Sapa*, the sacred Black Hills of my people. Often have I gone into its secret valleys to fast and pray. Now white men tear up *Pa Sapa's* beloved earth to find the yellow metal that drives them mad. Once *Pte*, the Buffalo, covered all the surrounding prairie in a flood of living flesh; providing enough food for everybody. Now *Pte's* bones rot in piles where the white hide-hunters have left them. Once Lakotah rode these Plains a free and mighty nation, taking from the Buffalo People only enough to satisfy their needs; now they crouch like whipped dogs and wait for the white man to throw them scraps of food! They are fools who do not know that it is better to die as a Lakotah than to live as a white man's Indian at the Fort."

THE young priest laid his hand gently on the red man's thin shoulder. "Do not speak of dying. Live with me at the Mission—I will see that you have decent food to eat, tobacco to smoke and warm clothes to wear in winter."

The venerable medicine man chuckled unexpectedly; a dry, ghostly sound like the whisper of winter wind through the jackpines in the Moon of Deep Cold. His bony fingers touched his splendid robe in expressive irony. "What would you do with an old Indian—a lifelong Dweller on the Prairie? Dress him up in white man's clothes; take away his fine buckskin robe and elk-tooth necklace and give him a woolen shirt and a shiny tin medal? Have him become stupid and silly trying to follow the white man's road in his old age? Teach him to forget his Great Spirit and pray to the white man's God? . . . No, my son, such foolishness can never be for Cloud Dancer!"

Outside the lodge, long blue shadows crept across the narrow valley. High on the rimrock a coyote wailed—first soloist in the nightly concert soon to begin.

Father Carey shivered. Mysterious forces vibrated in the smoky, fragrant dimness of the *tipi;* suddenly the young priest was unsure after all that he knew what was best for this ancient, barbaric mystic who spoke so calmly and certainly of dying within the hour.

"I—I suppose you're right; living at the mission *would* be a great change for you. But this talk of dying is all pagan nonsense! I will leave this sack of jerky with you—all you need is a belly-full of meat and you'll feel fine again. I'll bring more next week..."

Cloud Dancer smiled. "Do not waste your meat—give it to my hungry people at the Fort. Go now, my son. I grow weak; the fire burns low; the spirits draw near. Tell my nephew, Wolf Robe, to come tomorrow to prepare my shroud and build my funeral scaffold. Go *now*..."

Father Carey did not speak: there were no words in the white man's harsh tongue to express his deep pity, his genuine regret. A proud nation, an entire way of life poignantly symbolized in this courtly old man, was living out its last tragic moments before his eyes.

Silently the missionary arose and clasped the claw-like hand held out to him, pressed it firmly and turned away.

No Peace For Conquerors

(Continued from page 27)

"Greetings, my good little friend," he murmured in Apache. "What brings you out this night?"

The slender girl glanced back over her shoulder, a touch of fear in her large, brown eyes.

"My people are coming to kill you. The brave your soldiers shot today died, and my people say that you were with the soldiers. You must leave for the fort at once."

Although she spoke calmly and emotionlessly, Weaver knew enough of the Apache character to recognize the urgency behind her words. He knew, too, that she had risked her life to warn him. Hurriedly, he pulled on his heavy coat.

"You shouldn't have come Aha-sa-ya-mo," he said quickly. "Your people will be angry."

"You have been a good friend," she answered softly. "I know you are not to blame for what has happened. The Great Spirit be with you."

"And may *he* travel with you, too, my friend," Weaver said. The girl slipped out the door, a slight smile on her face, a fleeting shadow in the half-darkness.

As silent as an Indian, the trapper moved through the dense woods, hugging the shadows, pausing often to listen, thankful for a night lit only by stars. He could hear their signals—the soft whoo-oo-o of the owl; the sharp staccato bark of the coyote; they were near. But Pauline Weaver was skillful as the Apache; and he was nearing the point where he would leave the timber, when the arrow hissed through the air, piercing his shoulder with liquid fire. He broke into a run, zig-zagging, knowing that he had passed the ambuscade. The arrow he carried in his shoulder was to plague him the rest of his life; and in a way Weaver always thought it was a crude sort of justice for the wrong he had unintentionally committed.

"That's much better. You're not bouncing as far!"

THE commanding officer at Fort Whipple welcomed Weaver, for there was no better scout in the southwest.

But Weaver was not happy. He missed his Indian friends; he disapproved of Army methods in dealing with the redmen. The soldiers had become just as ruthless as the Indians. It was a battle to the death—the survival of the strongest. Weaver could see the end of the redman's reign and it saddened him that the end had to be so violent, so final. For he understood the trapped, desperate feeling of the Indian, who was being inevitably pushed into the desert wastelands, his empire trampled beneath the foot of the white man.

A few days after his narrow escape, a group of soldiers raided an Apache camp, killing all the men, and taking the women and children captive. It was Aha-sa-ya-mo's camp and an anger that Weaver had never experienced before leaped through his veins.

He watched the soldiers herd the group into a small cabin. Later, he managed to have a few words with Aha-sa-ya-mo through the small window in the back of the cabin. She was scratched and bleeding from the wounds she had received when she had tried to escape, but her brown eyes were defiantly joyful when she saw him.

"I'll get you out of here," he promised her.

"Do not make trouble for yourself," she urged him. "Somehow, we will find a way to escape."

Four nights later, all the women and children escaped, despite a guard on duty. No one knew how it had been accomplished. If Pauline Weaver was suspected, no one said anything.

A debt had been paid.

From Fort Whipple the trapper-scout went to Camp Lincoln on the Verde River, still in the capacity of a scout. Through him much bloodshed between the races had been averted. The next five years after the original incident that had severed Weaver's friendship with the Apaches passed in a flurry of violence which shook the Arizona Territory. Weaver was aging and his old arrow wound bothered him greatly. For days at a time he was unable to carry out his duties.

He had disdained to live in the army camp, preferring, instead, to pitch his tent on the banks of the whispering Verde. One night the guard reported that a light had burned in the old scout's tent all night. Weaver did not appear the next morning, and the commanding officer sent a soldier to investigate. A new Apache outbreak had been reported; the scout's services were needed.

A single set of tracks, made by slender, dainty moccasins, led to and from the tent. Inside the neatly arranged tent, Pauline Weaver lay, unmoving in his blankets, a clean towel over his face. When the soldier removed the towel, Weaver's dark face smiled up at him calmly, unseeing.

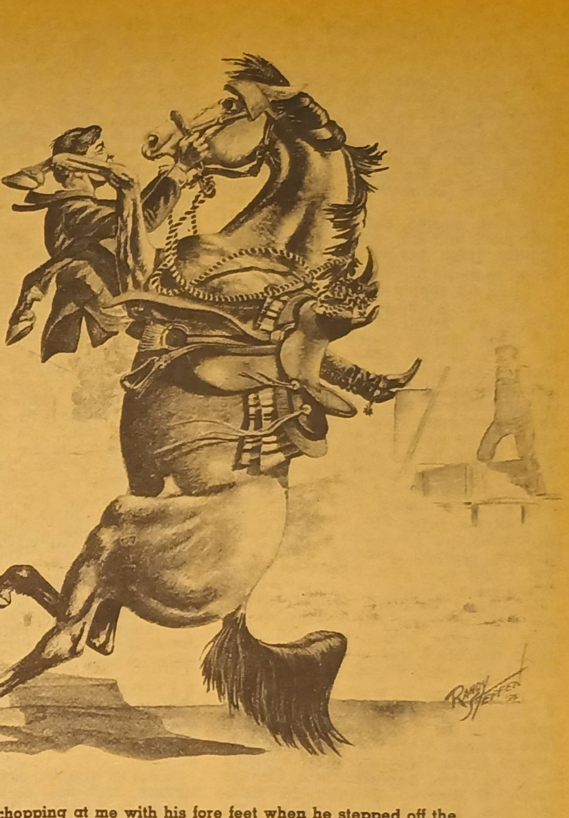
Aha-sa-ya-mo had helped her friend prepare for his last journey . . .

Anybody who leans to the opinion that cowboy life is just one continuous round of guitar-picking and making saddle love in the moonlight might ought to read this piece about

COWBOYS and HORSES

By FAY WARD

Illustrated by Randy Steffen



"He was chopping at me with his fore feet when he stepped off the curb and went over backwards."

THE life of a cowboy, some folks seem to think, is one continuous round of pleasure. They are not aware that it is a hazardous occupation, that often a rider's life is endangered. Plenty cowboys can relate experiences that seem unbelievable, although true.

Frank Fleming is one. Frank, better known in his neck of the woods as "The Wild Irishman," one time held the reputation of being the saltiest brush-hand in his part of the country. It was claimed that he stopped at nothing he could force his horse over, through, or under. When he jumped a wild critter in the roughs, he thought he ought to catch it or kill a horse trying.

In the spring of 1913, Frank rode for Horace Hooker's outfit on Blue Creek, in the Mogollan mountain country of New Mexico. While out range-branding with Hooker one day, he became separated from his boss. The Wild Irishman rode a big powerful horse that had been roped from only a few times. This horse was the sort to throw a fit and shed his pack any time he thought he could get away with it.

The Irishman topped out a small mesa and jumped a big calf. This calf was plenty wild. Taking down his rope, the Irishman ran out a loop and built to that high-tailing vealer. Just as he was about to make his throw, his horse planted both feet in a big rat bed, which caved in. Horse and rider fell so hard that they rolled over twice. Frank was thrown clear and came to his feet at the same time his horse did. But the horse, discovering that he was loose, snorted and high-tailed it.

Being left afoot was bad enough, but worse was to come. The Wild Irishman was a tie-hard man and didn't discover he was standing with one foot in the spilled loop of his rope till suddenly he was jerked down. Here went the horse, dragging the Irishman over rocks and through cactus beds.

The rider made a desperate attempt to get his foot out of the boot the rope had encircled, but no luck. They were travelling too fast. He next tried to get a hand in his pocket, aiming to cut the rope with his pocketknife, but his chaps were in the way.

About then, the horse half-circled to the right, dragging the Irishman into a large yucca. His foot forked the yucca's base with enough impact to snap his leg and double it back.

The jerk brought the horse to a halt. Now the horse whirled to face the load on the rope and started backing, keeping the rope tight. The Irishman had been training him for roping, and this was about all the fool horse had learned up to now. The Irishman could talk and beg and swear at the horse, but all any of this did was make the horse back tighter against the rope.

Sweating and swearing and hurting, the Wild Irishman made another try for his pocketknife, and got it. Hooker, who'd witnessed the mishap from a distance, came spurring up in time to see the Irishman cut himself free.

HOOKER'S son, Ralph, got into an even worse jam, one that cost him his life. He rode out alone, astride a top-notch cowhorse. When he failed to return that evening, a searching party was formed to scour the country. Three days later, they found Ralph, lying flat of his back near a lone pinion tree that stood on top of a small mesa. His horse still wearing saddle and bridle, grazed nearby.

By doing some close sign-reading, the searching party finally figured out what happened. Ralph had made a run at a calf, aiming to rope it. The calf had headed for this one tree, got close, and darted to the off side. Ralph's horse, evidently right on the calf's heels, had tried to swing with the calf, but crashed into the tree instead, driving a splintered branch stub through Ralph's heart. Ralph had lived long enough after he hit the ground to draw the broken branch from his heart, then died. The blood-stained weapon lay beside his hand.

There was only one tree on top of that wide mesa, but the calf had led Ralph there, to his death.

In 1913, I took on the job of breaking out several head of green broncs for a man by the name of Art Allen, who operated a livery stable in Pueblo, Colorado. There was a corral to the back of the stable where I handled the horses. But when I left the corral with one, the only place I could go was out in the streets. I didn't like it; there was too much traffic there and young broncs scare easy. But it was the only place I had.

(Continued on page 38)

First Blood

(Continued from page 23)

The slave dropped to his knees. Estevan's teeth gleamed, his feet pranced the rhythm born in his bones as he chanted "Great is my magic." In the same sing-song voice, aping the padres saying mass, he continued, "By this sign, go! You are protected; I say it." Majestically he made the sign of the cross.

Estevan veered east, and his heart beat hard and fast with the hope that another ridge beyond this one would reveal outposts of Cibola.

"I will fill gopher holes with the gold I cannot carry," he promised the purple hills ahead. "I will be rich, as now I am free." He danced to hear the tinkle of the bells on his ankle. Playfully he lowered his big skull and charged an Opatas woman like the bulls of old Spain. She squealed as he lifted her high and his great laugh rang out. "Patience, woman! Now we march to find the seven cities. Come to me when dark covers the trail and we may no longer travel."

The next morning a second cross was dispatched southward to Friar Marcos.

"They will come, first the padre, then the viceroy with his slaves and soldiers," Estevan reasoned, pushing steadily on, "but I will have first choice and keep always beyond them."

He looked over his retinue, larger now than when he left Vacapa. *Indios* along the way bowed low and some joined this black god who laughed, and danced, and whipped not often.

THE MONTH of May was half gone before that dreamed of ridge was topped, and the first pueblo of the seven cities gleamed in the noon sun. "Go thee forward faster," he instructed a young Pima lad, "and prepare them for the coming of Estevan—Estevan the medicine man. Estevan the *katchina*." He placed in the man's hands the gourd tied with two feathers, a red one and a white one. Marked on the side with white clay of the country was a sign of his magic, a cross. The gourd of the *Indio* medicine man and the magic of the white man.

Greedily, he watched the runner depart, then decked himself with his finest plumes, feathers of the parrot, turquoise, bells and rattles. Thus would he impress them with his importance. He rubbed his scantily-bearded chin, and wished for the full beard of old de Vaca. Ten thousand curses on that man! De Vaca, who would have perished but for the aid of Estevan the slave. De Vaca, who could grow such a glorious beard! "He who knows not the eagle finds the rooster fierce," Estevan told himself consolingly.

"The Zuni are proud, a fighting people," a Papago told him, "and it may well be that in ignorance they greet us not."

"My magic takes the string from any bow," Estevan answered him. "Hast thou not seen it?"

The sun sent back dazzling lights from the tall houses of the Zuni at this pueblo called Hawaikuh. Estevan wanted to run, to fill great hides with golden bricks of the buildings. Disappointment filled him as they drew close and saw that the sun but threw back the false gleam of mica in the mud instead of gold. There would be gold here, had not all the *Indios* in the Arizona lands so told him. And many women. The pulse in his throat throbbed. Girls. Gold. Freedom. Slaves of his own. Power!

Strange these houses he observed as he strode through the low gramma grass. No doors. No windows. Terraced, one story upon another and each terrace filled with people.

Shoulders back arrogantly, bells tinkling, rattles clacking, he swung into the plaza and scowled. The people had prepared no welcome as befits a *katchina*. They looked down from the terraces as the hideous heathen gods carved on the temples in Mexico.

"Stupid *tontos!* Fools!" he roared. "Must I show thee?" A subdued murmur, more a growl than approbation, hung in the evening air.

"*Oye!* Pino!" he called, knowing that soon the menacing tone must change to adulation. "Bring the coyote."

Three days before they had snared a young coyote, unhurt. Pino came and knelt before the master. "Tell them in their tongue," Estevan commanded, "that my magic will stop the running coyote—or man."

Pino stood and his voice rang out in the apricot sunset. "Loose the beast," Estevan ordered. "They must see."

Pino cut the thongs that held the coyote's feet. The animal staggered, confused, then loped toward the *kiva*. Estevan raised his gun and fired. The coyote dropped, kicking.

A low wail of mixed awe and fear slid from the throat of one to the mouth of another in the ranks of watchers. Estevan handed the gun to Pino and sat down. He could wait. That he had long since learned.

WHEN the sun's last spears were lost in mauve and rose of western clouds, he spread his hands. In the sign language that all knew he demanded food.

A ladder was let down from the first terrace, and five *caciques* descended. Slowly they walked, these chiefs of the Indios, and impassively Estevan waited. Silently, they seated themselves in a half circle facing him.

Women came and placed before him *ollas* of food. Roasted corn, pinon nuts, dried meat of deer, stewed saddle of the great humped cow. Estevan ate. The *caciques* watched.

There was a difference in the feel of this place, uneasily, for a brief moment, Estevan felt the memory of the fear he had known when the Spaniards had captured him on the shores of Morocco. He dismissed the tinge quickly. He was tired of the women in his retinue. The serving maid was comely. What Estevan wanted, Estevan took. The girl did not struggle. Scornfully he swung her over his shoulder and carried her to his rugs. He knew how to handle *Indios!* She was a dead sheep in his arms and in an hour he tired of her and cast her aside.

His own slaves guarding him, he slept. It was an uneasy sleep, fraught with nebulous dreams. He heard again the beat of surf on the coast of Texas after the storm that wrecked their ship.

With the dawn light Estevan woke. In a half circle around his blankets were the crippled and sick. Long ago Estevan had ceased to wonder why his hands so often cured the Indios; why they were useless at healing the Spaniard. "Faith will make thee whole," Friar Marcos had said. He knew that he, Estevan, could heal many of the Indios.

Quickly he broke his fast and juggled the three painted balls of clay. When they marveled at his flying hands, and the healthy crowded respectfully around, he went to the sick.

Skillfully he picked his patients, did his routine, ending with the magic sign of the cross. If they were not well, they believed they were, which was just as good.

The *caciques* were stolid as he signed that he would now take gifts. Stoically they piled gifts before him. Some he took—turquoise and furs, others he disdained. Covertly he watched them walk around the coyote, looking, but not touching.

By nightfall, treading cannily and carefully, he had convinced the pueblo that he was a Black Katchina. That he felt. And it was the first day.

MORNING brought runners from the other pueblos. Carefully Estevan questioned. Never did he ask a man his name, but rather the name of the one behind him and the dwelling of the one before. Vague tales they told him and his anger mounted.

"Bring the metal of the sun! Hide it not from the eye of the Katchina Negro—lest he touch thee with the thundering death," he warned. They cringed, but they brought it not. It must be yet farther north he decided, and lashed out with the long bull whip in his disappointment. He had healed, and they refused him his just due.

Frustration rocked him, and the bitter taste foamed on his serrated tongue. The cottonwood drums of the slaves beat—beat—beat. He yelled for quiet but all around him, under him, over him, pounding, beating, they tore at his newly found estate.

They wouldn't dare resist him! He was Estevan, unconquerable. They must fear him! He had the gun and the sword of steel as the Spaniards had had to subdue the Toltec.

"The drums call the other peoples," Papagos told him uneasily.

The *kiva* poured out dancers, the long ceremonial pole, tipped with eagle feathers, dipped, fanned a copper brow, raised.

Were they dancing to honor him—or strange new fear—did they plot against him? Never let them see fear. Proudly he snapped his whip and strode between the lines of dancing, decked out *Indios*. His curling beard, his giant black frame, his cracking biting whip were enough.

Too late he saw that here the difference was deeper. The drums beat, louder, louder—faster—faster! He faced the stern *cacique* of Hawaikuh. At the *cacique's* side was the maiden he had raped the night before, hair untidy, mourning. Anger flooded him, and courage. He lifted his whip and the first arrow loosed from a terrace, pierced his lung. He staggered and coughed, and more arrows swarmed like angry hornets.

Unbelievingly he fell. They would not dare! None would dare molest his sacred black body! The popping eyes rolled. Weakly he raised his hand to make the magic sign of the cross. Where had he lost its invincible power?

The pole dipped low and the eagle feathers caressed his face and stayed. The drums faded. Only one beat now—the one in his chest, painfully, chokingly. His great jaw dropped. It was peaceful and quiet here in the dark. The drum in his chest ceased too. Slave and black god shared the last breath.

First European blood had been spilled on the path destined to be known as the Trail of the Padres.

BRONC TO DINNER

By C. M. BLASINGAME

ROLLERS got his name from the rolling noise he made in his nostrils. He was a mean horse. His gray hide covered 1100 pounds of hard bone and muscle; he showed the whites of his eyes a lot. He bucked like a scalded hound at the least excuse and was hard to set.

The Matador cow outfit was camped on No Mouth Creek, Cheyenne River Indian Reservation in South Dakota, where this natural irrigator stream spreads out into a vast flat before seeping on to join the Missouri. It came Roller's turn to go under the saddle. And since everyone there knew that the reckless bucker cared little where he went when trying to throw a rider, a man on a horse was needed to haze him away from the cook tent and bed wagon.

Those were the days when a cowboy saddled and rode a rough horse right out in open country, for there were few corrals, other than the rope corral the cow outfit used to pen the remuda in while changing mounts. If a bronc was too salty to saddle without considerable trouble, he was roped and snaked out of the corral, where a good stout hand would get a twist on the bad one's ears while the rigging was buckled on. Twisted ears usually kept a wild horse's attention away from the saddler. Likewise, with his mind on his ears, a bronc could be mounted easier. There was danger in all of it, for such horses would kick, paw and often bite, but the men took it in stride.

It produced horsemen who could contend with a savage mount's cussedness and still do his share of stockwork. If the horse broke in two several times a day, and at unexpected moments, he didn't usually unseat his rider. Most cowboys were good riders. They had to be. To get unloaded could mean a fifteen mile walk, if not injury or worse. Certainly no one doubted that Rollers would come off second-best in a bucking bout with the Matador cowboy who had him in his string and was preparing to ride him that day in late Spring, 1905.

"I'll pilot him out of camp for you, Ike," offered the Frenchman, Ambrose.

"Suits me," the bronc rider answered, easing the humped-up-ready-to-explode Rollers around, facing the big flat before mounting him.

Walker Krump was cook. Dinner was over and Walker, as was his custom after the cowboys had finished eating, was allowing some Indian visitors to clean up the grub left in the kettles. At the time there was about ten old blanketed bucks squatting around in the tent, stuffing their bellies—a deal they went for, big.

AS usual, Rollers squatted half on his belly, rolled his nose-rollers with a hell of a racket, as the roughstring rider got hold of his ear and swung up. With a swish and a roar, the bronc left the ground. He came down on one foot, swapped ends, bawled and hard-bucked straight for the roundup tent, with Ambrose close-riding his side, supposedly to turn him away.

Among those who knew the pranking Ambrose, there was a sneaking suspicion that he did a little bit more to haze Rollers toward the tent, than away from it. Bucking his damndest, Rollers hit the back of the tent. His forefeet caught the guy rope as he went over. The pin pulled up, the tent flopped to the middle, flattening out, but for bumpy spots of scrambling Indians underneath, and Rollers bucked his 1100 pounds of hell-raisin' right up onto it.

With every lunge skyward he'd hit the ground hard, stiff-legged and bounce right up again. He'd swap ends, "up in the East, down in the West," tromping hell out of everything a half dozen times right in the center of the canvas, before he bolted on past the wagon. And on all sides there were black heads and braids and beads and grunts and a howl or two busting out from under the tent sidewalls—Injuns, making their getaway! Walker Krump had dived under the wagon when he heard pounding hoofs at his back door.

In spite of doing his worst, Rollers was ridden and spurred until he was ready to pull up his head, forget his temper and help with the work—at least until the next saddling.

Back at camp, no one could figure howcome Rollers missed the feasters, but he only landed on one Injun foot, mashing it up good in his moccasin. Another got his hand in the way, and Rollers nearly tore his thumb off and left his knuckles squashed and painful.

The cowboys doctored the injured Indians as well as possible, gave the whole bunch a chunk of beef for a feast, some tobacco and prunes, which fixed things up fine—all but the cook tent, and it sure was a tangled up mess.

After that fracas, the Matadors outlawed Rollers and another horse, Danger, as saddle horses. They were broken to harness, teamed up together, and eventually made a good work team.

GLINTS in the GRAVEL

By HAL McCLURE

PERHAPS the strangest duel ever fought in those rough and tumble Gold Rush days in California took place outside Sonora on September 20, 1859.

The fight was between a Colonel E. Estabrook and his junior in grade, a Major William H. Knight. The exact cause of the fight is not known, but the pair had been arguing heatedly about the outcome of yet another duel fought between two other principals.

So it was an affair of honor and had to be settled on Cannon Hill, a favorite location for those wishing to resolve their differences by the code duello.

The sun, a huge round, steaming September ball, came over the eastern Sierra, and the men were ready. Incidentally, among the spectators were the town's entire medical profession.

The more observing spectators noticed Colonel Estabrook was perspiring while his opponent seemed calm and even somewhat relaxed. This in itself was odd because of the excellent reputation the good colonel had with the duelling pistols.

At last all was ready. The two took their positions some 15 paces apart and raised their weapons. At the cry of "one," Colonel Estabrook pulled the trigger. At the same time Major Knight snapped his own trigger, but the pistol misfired.

He stood there with shock written on his tanned countenance, then he fell forward on his face to lie still upon the dusty ground.

The colonel looked contemptuously down at his victim, blew the smoke from the pistol barrel and walked casually away with his admiring seconds. The felled major was carefully placed on a mattress in the back of a wagon and unceremoniously hauled away.

Spectators gazing after the departing "dead man" suddenly saw him raise to a sitting position and let out a giant roar of laughter. He was joined by his seconds and their mirth reverberated through the hills.

The duelling pistols that September morn had been loaded with cork bullets.

They said Colonel Estabrook never really got over the joke they played on him. He soon departed for more gentlemanly surroundings.

IT WAS a cold, stormy night back in December, 1855, when a stranger knocked on the door of the one room shack belonging to Jim Gillis.

After yelling to come on in, Jim saw the newcomer was a sorry looking specimen even for California Mother Lode country. The stranger apologized for the intrusion, and explained that he was combing the Southern Mines for story material. "I'm a writer and have already sold a few stories in the East."

So affable Jim Gillis made the writer at home at his diggin's there on Jackass Hill near Sonora. When the writer was ready to leave, Gillis gave him a letter of introduction to his brother who worked on the Golden Era in San Francisco.

As the goodbyes were being said, Gillis asked shrewdly: "How much money do you have on ya?"

"Only $2.52," mourned the stranger.

So Gillis forked over a $20 gold piece and pushed him out the door.

Legend has it that Jim Gillis was visiting San Francisco some time later and ran into the young man he had befriended. He ran up to him, said hello and extended his hand.

The young man, impeccably dressed in the latest fashion of the day, looked at the ill-garbed mining man with disdain and pointedly refused the proffered hand. Adjusting his monocle the writer drawled, "Aw, really, me dear fellah, you must be mistaken."

Gillis' mouth dropped open, then he snapped back:

"That's possible. But if you pungle over that $20 I gave you on Jackass Hill, I'll be damned glad to forget you, too."

So red faced and embarrassed, Bret Harte, fresh from his literary triumphs of "Luck of the Roaring Camp" and others, pungled up the long standing loan.

Cowboys and Horses

(Continued from page 35)

One day I was on my way back to the corral, riding a snaky little sorrel. We were traveling on a newly-paved street. A car, traveling fast, approached us from the front. As he passed, it looked like the driver tried to see how close he could shave the horse without hitting him. He wanted to jump the bronc with me, I guess, just for the hell of it.

SURE enough, the bronc jumped. He went to one side so fast he lost his footing and piled up on his right side. I did some scrambling to get loose from him and lost my hackamore reins and hung a spur in them. The bronc came to his feet and there I was—hanging head-down on his right side. When the bronc saw the fix I was in, he went to work on me, kicking at me, like I was a mountain lion, instead of a man. Guess it made no difference to him.

I covered my head with both arms and went to hollering for help. The horse cut across the street with me, heading into a gas station driveway, where he almost collided with the office structure. He wheeled to avoid it, slinging me around in front of him, as he slipped to his knees. That's when I made a grab for the hackamore nose band and got it, with both hands. I held on so tight you couldn't have cut me loose with an axe. And it was a good thing, because when the bronc saw me there in front of him, he went to buck-jumping backwards and chopping at me with his fore feet. As he stepped off the curb, it over-balanced him, and he fell over backwards, still fighting to shed me.

Since I'd got my hold on the hackamore nose band, I'd been trying to talk this bronc out of his scare, only I might as well have been talking to a tornado. Now, though, this fall had addled him. When he came to his feet, he just stood, glass-eyed and shaking all over, as scared as I was.

I kept right on talking to him. My voice was shaky, but I kept it quiet, and the talk seemed to help some. Anyhow, he stood quiet till a couple of men eased out of the group of people that had surrounded us. The men closed in and got hold of him. One held him, while the other lifted me free of that coil of rope my spur had hung in. I made sure, though, that I had both feet planted solidly on the ground before I turned loose my grip on that hackamore.

That lucky turn saved me. Or maybe it was the Almighty answering my call for help. *Quien sabe!*

Old Buttermilk

(Continued from page 21)

I jerked on my boots and hit for my picketed horse on the run. I passed the dying campfire and remember yet how comical the boss looked, with his boots on the wrong feet and struggling to drag both suspender straps over one shoulder.

But he was giving the orders and giving them straight. He hollered at me: "Shorty, you get to the east side and circle in. Try to turn them back, if you can, but for God's sake, kid, don't get in front of them."

I did what he told me, but Lord, it was dark out there, and them cattle were sure scared. I could see sparks flying from their horns and the noise they made was like no sound I'd ever heard before in my life. I spurred up to the point of a run and tried to swing them, but I couldn't. All they knew was just one thing, to run straight ahead.

My horse crashed through a stand of thorn apple bushes and a thorn drove into my foot. The pain nearly took my breath, but there was nothing I could do about it. The run-crazed cattle were pushing in on me now, and I had to get clear of them.

The run lasted for better than an hour before it slowed and I managed to turn the leaders.

When the boss and Jack Russell came in from the other side, it was nearly daybreak. The boss said: "Boys, that's one race I don't want to run again . . . Where's Slim?"

I said I didn't know, wasn't Slim with them? And the boss said yes, for awhile, but we lost him.

I wasn't concerned about Slim right then. I was hurting too bad. I got down and worked my boot off, knowing my foot was ruined. I was certain that thorn had run clear through it. As it turned out, however, the thorn had just punched through the leather of my boot and into the big toe, just barely piercing the skin. I wasn't really hurt at all.

RUSSELL and the boss left me to worry about my toe and to round up the stragglers, while they rode off to search for Slim. And when they found him, it was where his horse had stepped into a badger hole and gone down.

The fall had snapped Slim's neck. His horse had to be shot on account of a broken front leg.

We sent to Lewistown for Dr. Hedges. But all he could do when he got there was to tell us what we already knew. He took one look at Slim and said: "Boys, it's all over."

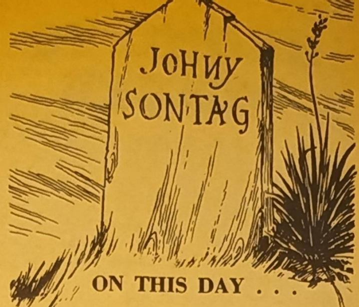
We buried Slim on the prairie in what was later to become the Philbrook cemetery. This is on the north side of the Great Falls-Lewistown stage road, near Philbrook. Then we drove the herd on to Billings, where we loaded, and road the train to Chicago, just as we'd planned.

Only, it didn't turn out to be much of a trip. Not without Slim.

I think even he would have agreed that those Chicago girls weren't any prettier than Montana girls.

There was just more of them.

SHOK-FENCE
CAUTION!
KEEP OFF
ELECTRIFIED
FENCE



ON THIS DAY . . .

by W. C. Carter

1892, June 8—Killed: Ford, Robert (Bob); killer of Jesse James, by Edward O. Kelly or Edward O'Kelly, in Creede, Colorado.

1892, Oct. 5—Killed: Bob and Grat Dalton (brothers), Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers, in a two-bank robbery attempt at Coffeyville, Kansas.

1896, April 5—Killed: Selman, John, Sr.; killer of Wes Hardin, by George Scarborough, ex-lawman, in El Paso, Texas.

1896, July 30—Hanged: Wilson, George; last man to be hanged on Ft. Smith, Arkansas, gallows. For murder and robbery.

1896, Nov. 17—Died: Parker, Isaac; the Hanging Judge. A total of seventy-nine men were hanged on his orders.

1897, Oct. 1—Train robbery: Rock Island, by Al and Frank Jennings, brothers, fifty miles from El Reno, Oklahoma. Haul: about $8,000.00.

1898, April 7—Killed: Little Dick West; outlaw, resisting arrest, by lawman Bill Tilghman and Heck Thomas, near Guthrie, Oklahoma.

1899, June 2—Train robbery: Union Pacific, by Butch Cassidy (George L. Parker) and his Hole-In-The-Wall Gang, near Wilcox, Wyoming. Haul: $8,000.00.

1902, Oct. 4—Killed: O'Neal, train engineer, Northern Pacific #2, during one-man train robbery at Bearmouth, Montana.

1902, Oct. 19—Suicide: Younger, James (Jim); brother of Bob and Cole Younger. In St. Paul, Minnesota.

1902, Nov. 21—Hanged: Chacon, Augustin; mixed-blood Apache outlaw, robber and murderer, near Bisbee, Arizona.

1904, Jan. 13—Killed: Kelly, Edward O. or Edward O'Kelly (killer of Robert Bob Ford who killed Jesse James); by Joe Burdette, policeman, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

1913, Dec. 1—Killed: Montague, Horace E.; during a one-man robbery of Southern Pacific train # 9, near El Monte, California.

1915, Jan. 15—Hanged: Farriss, Ralph; for murder of Southern Pacific traveling passanger agent. H. E. Montague, during a train robbery December 1, 1913.

1917, Jan. 10—Died: Cody, William F. (Buffalo Bill); at Denver, Colorado. Buried on Lookout Mountain near Denver.

1921, Feb. 18—Killed: Starr, Henry; bank robber and outlaw, by bank cashier William J. Myers, during a bank robbery at Harrison, Arkansas.

1921, Oct. 7—Died: Masterson, Bat; lawman, gambler and newspaper man, of a heart attack, age sixty-eight, in New York.

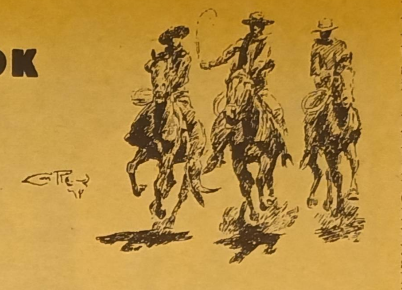
1933, Feb. 18—Killed: Powers, George C.; attempting one-man train robbery of Southern Pacific Sunset Limited, by train conductor J. G. Caster, near Ontario, California. Caster, shot by Powers, died a few hours later.

1944, July 6—Died: James, Ann Ralston; widow of Frank James (former Missouri outlaw and brother of Jesse James), at age ninety-one. Buried beside Frank James in Kansas City, Missouri.

1835, Dec. 7—Killed: Milam, Ben; Texas patriot, by a Mexican sniper, during street fighting in San Antonio de Bexar, Texas.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



RANGE LIFE

Life in the Saddle (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) is Frank Collinson's own story as edited and arranged by Mary Whatley Clarke. Mrs. Clarke wrote an informative introduction and the reminiscences of the old Texas cowboy are further enhanced by twenty-five drawings by Harold Bugbee. As a seventeen-year-old English lad, fresh from a boarding school, Frank got his first riding job at the Noonan ranch near Castroville, Texas, in 1872. From that time on he didn't miss much that happened on the Texas frontier—he met Big Foot Wallace and King Fisher; went on a trail drive; was a hidehunter briefly; knew John Chisum and met Billy the Kid; bossed a trail drive from the Pecos across the Llano Estacado to the rolling red plains below the Caprock; prospected in the Big Bend; and ranched on the Colorado, in Brewster County and in King County. It is a fascinating saga and Frank is a good story teller. This is Volume 21 in THE WESTERN FRONTIER LIBRARY and a real bargain.

The New World Looks at Its History (University of Texas Press, $4) is the proceedings of the Second International Congress of Historians of the United States and Mexico as edited by Archibald R. Lewis and Thomas F. McGann of the history faculty at the University of Texas. Westerners will find this volume particularly informative—the paper by Charles Julian Bishko of the University of Virginia, "The Castilian as Plainsman: The Medieval Ranching Frontier in La Marcha and Extremadura" is alone worth the modest price of the book. Professor Bishko points out that it was this medieval pastoral-plains society, based on stock raising, that the Castilian eventually transplanted to Mexico, Texas, the Orinocan Llanos, the Chilean Central Valley and the limitless pampas of the Rio de la Plata. Part Three covers three papers on "The Frontier and Ranching in the United States and Mexico" by Ray Allen Billington (Northwestern University), Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes and Francois Chevalier (Institut Francais d'Ameriqu Latine) with comments by William R. Hogan (Tulane University). The historians of United States and Mexico were joined by such noted scholars as Guillermo Céspedes del Castillo of the Universidad de Sevilla; Sir Keith Hancock of the Australian National University; A. R. M. Lower, Queen's University, Ontario; Jose Honorio Rodrigues, Arquivo Nacional, Rio de Janeiro; Claudia Sanchez-Albornoz of the Universidad de Buenos Aires and Philippe Wolff of the Université de Toulouse. It was a session of diverse views, frank comments, and good fellowship. Highly recommended and a bargain.

The Ladder of Rivers (Sage Books, $6) by Harry E. Chrisman is the story of the Olive clan and particularly I. P. (Print) Olive. For one, this reviewer is glad that the author calls this a "story" rather than a biography—there is rather too much interpretation of thoughts and words and far too much created dialogue for this to be considered the historical account of a man's life. In addition, the author has apparently tried to tell the whole of the range cattle industry story using Print Olive as the central character. This doesn't quite come off but the picture of Print Olive is rather clear. J. Frank Dobie is said to have referred to Print as "a tough cowman from Texas who got tougher in Nebraska." Trouble certainly dogged the Olive clan and there are enough killings and violence in this book for a dozen "Westerns." It is a terrific yarn—a gripper. And thinking back, Chrisman may have been pretty close to right on the forces that motivated Olive in some of the more sensational incidents. He did have much help with source material from the Olive family and many of the photos in the book came from the various Olive albums.

Texas Thirties (Naylor, $5.95) is the story of the adventures of a Houston newspaper woman, Wilhelmina Beane, while gathering material for her column during the Depression. The reporter was from Maine but she just naturally gravitated to the larger South Texas spreads in her search. The Medina Hereford Ranch near San Antonio; LH7 Ranch at Barker; the Joe D. Hughes Ranches (TF, Coon, Clear Creek) at Alta Loma; Landrum Angora Goat Ranch at Laguna; the J. D. Hudgins Ranch at Hungerford; and Premier Ranch at Mason are among those visited by Mrs. Beane and each rates a chapter or more in her book. The Houston Fat Stock Show made Mrs. Beane a director for services rendered and she didn't miss much that happened in South Texas during the Thirties. Her style is informal and her book entertaining. Some of the photos did not reproduce well and more of them would certainly be in order.

The long delayed account of range and livestock management on the U. S. National Forests has been written by Paul H. Roberts, for thirty-seven years a distinguished employee of the U. S. Forest Service. *Hoof Prints on the Forest Ranges* (Naylor, $6) relates the strategic history of the romantic era which ended the fundamental pioneering and exploitation period and began an age of reflection and budding conservation.

Roberts fittingly begins his book with a brief review of U. S. livestock history and describes a number of the ranchers who were affected by the formation of the National Forests. The year, 1900, was a crucial time for grass. Cattlemen battled each other for it, and they ganged sheepmen for moving across deadlines into cow country.

Formation of National Forests, which were largely grazing lands, finally settled the range wars after some rough incidents that cost a few lives. At first, ranchmen pawed like thirsty bulls at a dried up waterhole when they learned the U. S. Government would tell them where and how many animals they could run on their grazing lands. The tough early years were made easier because of the sound head work of Forest Service range leaders, Albert Potter and Will Barnes, both of whom had been western cattle ranchers.

Roberts wisely limits his book to early Forest Service range experiences. There is much more for others to tell, in fact Paul's autobiography would make a commendable book if he told of his varied assignments on several National Forests and especially his backbreaking job of launching Roosevelt's Great Plains Shelterbelt program. His current book will appeal to range men and other conservationists and should be in all conservation and agricultural libraries.

The Matador Land and Cattle Company (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by W. M. Pearce covers the history of a unique ranching experiment controlled by cautious stockholders several thousand miles away in Scotland. In the 1880s, lure of quick profits to be made from free-grass ranching enticed hosts of frugal Scots to invest in the cattle business on the American Great Plains. Eventually, many of the cattle companies suffered severe financial losses and none of them survived until the middle of the 20th Century except the Matador Land and Cattle Company. It became a progressive business enterprise successfully operated from its founding in 1882, until liquidated in the 1950s.

When organized, Matador property consisted of "about 100,000 acres of land held in fee simple and situated in Motley, Cottle and Dickens County, Texas . . . all range and other rights and privileges in or over 1,500,000 acres . . . 40,000 head of cattle, 14 yoke of oxen, 265 horses and improvements." Company representatives placed a valuation of $1,340,525 on the properties. When liquidation of the Matador was started in 1951, the property was valued at $19,000,000.

Matador's real strength developed after 1890 when Murdo MacKenzie became manager. MacKenzie, one of America's greatest pioneer cattlemen, was born in Scotland and had formerly managed the famous Prairie Cattle Company with headquarters in Trinidad, Colorado. Some of his first instructions at Matador restricted former privileges and fringe benefits, which made the ranch hands fighting mad. No employee was allowed to run cattle of his own and the foremen were ordered to fire any man who played cards or drank. Murdo was fair and the men soon learned to like him.

Under an aggressive expansion program, new Matador ranches were started in Hartley and Oldham Counties, Texas; South Dakota; Montana; and Canada. Wherever its V brand and cowboys were found, the Matador was respected. Murdo MacKenzie became a dominant figure in the development of the American cattle industry. We recommend this fine book to the hosts of collectors and librarians interested in western Americana.

A Texan Hits The Pampas

(Continued from page 11)

traveling at the same rate of speed a short distance behind. The night was clear, the stars were out, but there was no moon. The first thing I thought of was that I was seeing my ghost, and I didn't lose any time getting back to the ranch. I learned that this phenomenon is caused by electricity in the air. They call it phosphorus.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do" is an old saying. This I tried hard to do, copying the ways of the good people of South America to the best of my ability. I became quite an artist with the *bolos*, of which there were two styles. One is made for boleadoring wild horses and is made of rawhide, with two balls about the size of apples on the far end. The one you held in your hand was somewhat smaller.

I got so I could ride full speed after a wild horse, lean over the neck of my running horse, throw the balls around my head forcibly three or four times, then aiming my hand at the hocks of the fleeing wild horse, just turn the ball in my hand loose, not throwing it. When the *bolos* hit the horse's hind legs, he would kick, wrapping the *bolos* around his legs. The procedure then was to rope the wild horse and "neck it" to a gentle horse, and the gentle horse would take the wild one to the ranch without any trouble.

The *bolos* cannot be used on cattle, but it was lots of fun using the smaller *bolos* on the big wild ostriches that ran in droves of hundreds. You really had to have a fast horse to *boleadora* these.

I also mastered the art of using the big knives that were used by the Gauchos. These knives were about twelve to sixteen inches long and were carried in a leather holster fastened right in the middle of the back to a wide belt. Most of the belts were trimmed in real silver or gold and the Gauchos were very proud of them. They used the knives for eating, and sometimes for fighting and they were never without them.

WE arrived at the ranch at Santa Rosa in February, 1914. The ranch crew took over the herd and placed all of the steers in the big pasture, then each Gaucho hurried off to his home and family. Mr. Casey was not there, but he had left word for me to come to his headquarters house at Rawson by train.

Mr. Drake met me at the station and we rode out to the ranch together. Mr. Casey made me welcome and I was very enthusiastic about the train trip down to Las Heras and the cattle drive back up to the Santa Rosa. We talked about many things during dinner and when we were through eating, Mr. Casey remembered that he had some mail for me, letters and a cablegram.

I opened the cable first and it was from Col. Zack Miller at Ponca City, Oklahoma. It said: "I want you to answer my letters and I want you to meet me in New York City on April 1. Going to London. Must have you and Pickett."

The letter was from my dear mother, worried because she had not heard from me for a long time. There was also a third letter from Harry Smith (Sterling), wanting me to join him and Ed Bowman and try the rodeos. He said he would split all winnings with me and we could make good money.

I knew that I would go to London with the Miller Show, but the fastest boat to New York would take from twenty-two to twenty-three days. Could I get there in time to go to London? I was really worried.

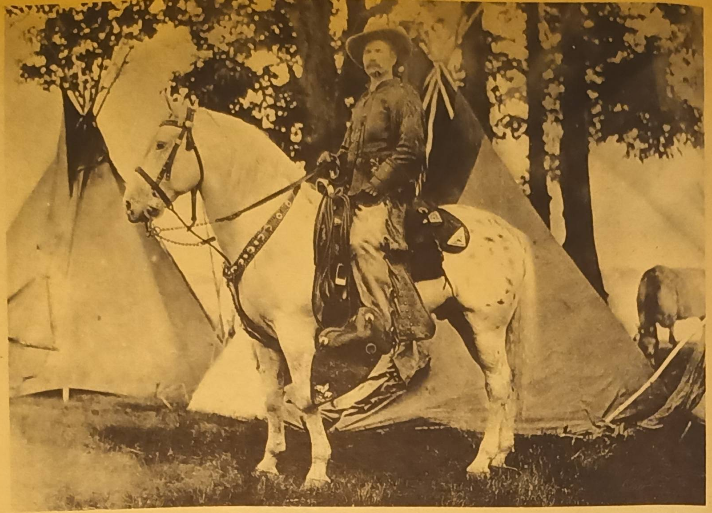


Photo Courtesy Blanche Lovern

Colonel Joe Miller, one of the three brothers who owned the 101 Ranch at Bliss, Oklahoma, on his Arabian stallion, "Ben Hur."

That same day, Mr. Casey informed me that he would set me up in ranching, on a fifty-fifty basis, if I would stay in Argentina. That was a hard decision for me to make. I felt that I would be a fool not to stay with Mr. Casey, but I had never reneged on a deal with the Miller Brothers, and I just couldn't do it now.

Yet after a lot of worrying, I chose Argentina and so made plans with the bookkeeper, Mr. Drake, to stay for a while. Mr. Casey was to go to England and return as soon as possible. Why I made this move, I will never know, for I should have realized I could never really settle down to ranch life for good.

Mr. Drake complimented me for bringing so many head of cattle through safely, and then told me to have the men turn their horses in the pasture and take a week off, and for me to do the same thing. I made a trip to Buenos Aires and each afternoon I took in the races at the Sportivia, where they were racing every day in the year. And every night I went to the show at the Casino and had a big time.

I had a definite reason for going to the Sportivia, for I wanted to see if my old friends still worked there. It had been in the winter of 1908 and 1909 (November and December in 1908 and January and February in 1909) when I made my first trip to South America, along with a group of the greatest ropers and riders known to the rodeo world. The show was promoted by Mr. P. Matalley, a South American promoter, who had made a deal with J. Ellison Carroll to bring a group of American cowboys to South America.

In that group was Joe Gardner, one of the old-time steer ropers; Henry Grammer, a man who feared neither man nor beast and was a great bronc rider and steer roper; and the wildest cowboy who ever lived, the great Clay McGonigal, bronc rider and steer roper, who in later years became a bank robber. Then there was Buck Molton, bronc rider, steer roper and bulldogger. Incidentally, Clay McGonigal and Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid had been very good friends before Butch left the States for South America, so Butch showed up often at the Sportivia.

I, too, considered Butch Cassidy as a friend. He robbed banks, trains, but it is known he never took a life in doing so. May his soul rest in peace.

I MET the boat on which Mr. Casey returned from England, and went back to the ranch at Rawson with him.

About a week later, Mr. Casey took six of his best riders and me and we all went to Mendosa, in the Big Wine Country, to witness and take part in a big boleadoring and riding contest. He entered all of us in the contest and I rode in native costume, using the native saddle also, since I had become accustomed to riding it by this time. Well, I was awarded first prize in the riding contest and it was here that the title of "South American Kid" was hung on me. After that, everyone called me The South American Kid.

One morning, not too long after his return from England, Mr. Casey called me into his office and told me that he had just received word that Tex Rickard had sailed for the States, having sold his interest to the company he worked for.

While in South America, Tex had made his headquarters in Buenos Aires, and he and Mr. Casey were pretty good friends. It was one evening when Mr. Casey and I were having dinner at one of the big night clubs, that Mr. Casey received information from Tex that he was leaving and tried to persuade me to go into the cattle business on a large scale.

Now that Tex had sailed for the States, Mr. Casey said that Tex had left plenty of cheap land that could be bought, also that it was all good cattle country, and that the price of that land would be high just as soon as the railroad, which Tex had gotten started before he left, was finished.

I wondered what all this was going to lead up to and it didn't take me long to find out. Mr. Casey wanted to know if I would be interested in running an outfit over there if he staked me to the land and the cattle.

Of course, I said, "Sure I would." So a few days later, Mr. Casey, Mr. Drake, a representative from the land company and I all left Buenos Aires for the northern part of Argentina, Bolivia and Paraguay, to look over the land.

After alighting from the train, we had to travel by trail for three days and two nights. We had to cross the mountains, and after three days of riding mules, we reached our destination safely.

During the trip across the mountains, we had met several llama trains, packed with gold ore. To me this was a very interesting sight. I noticed that in this country there were no horses at all, but instead they used mules and llamas.

Finally we arrived at the place Mr. Casey intended to buy. It was located at the foot of a big mountain in a really beautiful country. The ranchman who was living on the place got fresh mules for us and after changing mounts, we rode over the land, looking at the range and the cattle.

I liked the land and I noticed that the cattle were all Brahman stock. No other breed of cattle could live in this country because of the insects. They were terrible, and the mosquitoes were so bad they sometimes had to build smoke fires at night to keep the stock from being eaten up.

The natives were Chaco Indians and very dark. The only clothes they wore were squares of cloth wrapped around their hips. They went barefooted, wore no hats, and always slept during the heat of the day.

It was after taking everything into consideration that I told Mr. Casey that I didn't think I would like to live in this country, for there were three things I didn't like. First, lazy people; second, sheep; and third, a damn mule. So the next day found us on our way back to Buenos Aires.

AT about noon on the second day of our trip by mule, back over the mountains to the railroad, we came around a narrow trail on the side of the mountain. I brought my mule to a sudden stop, for there right ahead of us was a pack train of llamas and the attendants were backed up against the side of the mountain with their hands in the air. I could see that it was a hold-up for there were five or six men with black masks on, standing with rifles pointed at the attendants. Two other men were going through the packs.

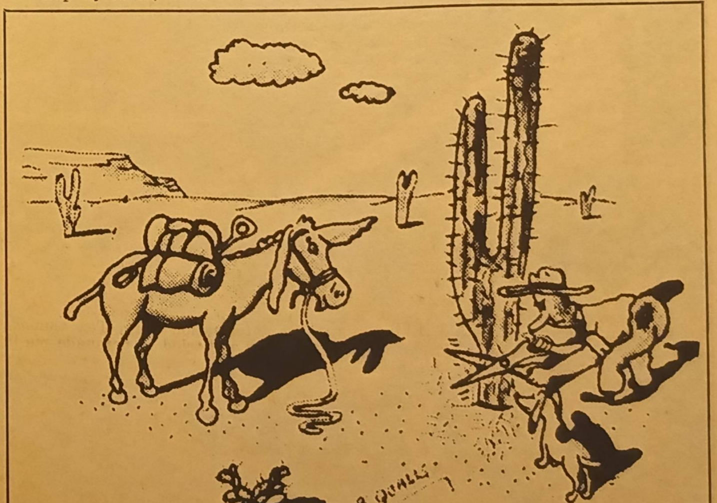
Just about this time, one of the robbers saw us and fired a volley of shots toward us. My mule immediately began to show his disposition, became unruly, took the bits in his mouth and started to take "French leave" with me on his back. I stepped off the mule and dropped behind a large boulder while Mr. Casey and his two companions beat a hasty retreat.

I didn't have my rifle with me and I was out of range with my six-shooter, so there wasn't anything I could do but watch the hold-up proceed. The robbers were really cool about their work, and when they had finished ransacking everything, one of them held guns on the pack crew, while the rest, with their pack mules loaded with the loot, headed up the trail in the direction that Mr. Casey and the other two men had gone.

The outlaws had to pass right by me, and I knew I was likely to be seen, for the boulder I was behind was not over two feet high. When they came within fifty feet of me, one of those ornery mules they were riding spied me, emitted a loud snort and backed up, refusing to go ahead. It just happened that I was on the upside of the hill, and the robbers had not yet seen me, for I was sure staying close to the ground, as still as I could be.

After a lot of urging, the men got the hardheaded mule to proceed up the trail and when they got past me, so that I was in plain view of them, I decided that I'd better change my position to the other side of the boulder. Just as I raised up to make the change, the leader of the men turned around and saw me. At a command from him, the whole bunch lit out, just as fast as they could go.

Well, instead of that fellow going on with the others and tending to the business of leading his mule, he decided to greet me with a round of shots. It all happened so quick that before I could get to the other side of the boulder, one of the shots struck me in the groin, inflicting a very painful wound.



I thought I would give him a receipt for his shot, and I opened fire on him. One of my bullets hit the pack mule right behind the ear and the poor animal fell to his knees, rolled over the embankment and landed about fifteen feet below, dead.

Just about that time, the outlaw who had been left behind holding the guns on the llama train attendants, came dashing up the trail to join his companions. I shot at him twice, but I didn't know if I hit him or not, for his mule "took the bits" and sure did high-tail it down the trail.

WELL, there I was, shot in the groin and bleeding like a stuck hog. Looking down the trail, I saw the hold-up victims still standing where the robbery had taken place, and I decided I would try to get to them. I finally made it, and after explaining what had happened to me, one of the men doctored my wound. They didn't seem to be the least bit surprised at seeing me.

After getting the wound dressed, I led them back to where the outlaws' pack mule had gone over the embankment. Several of the men went down where it lay, and when they opened the pack, they found the gold ore that had been stolen from them. Well, that sure was a happy bunch.

Returning to the road once more, they packed another mule and I decided I would go with them that night, so we pitched camp on the banks of the great Paraguay River. It wasn't long until Mr. Casey, Mr. Drake and the land company man came riding up. They had turned off the trail and hid in the mountains, so they had not been molested by the outlaws.

Three days later we got off the train in Buenos Aires, and you have no idea how glad I was to be back in Rawson at the Casey Ranch. I didn't give a damn about Paraguay or Bolivia, or the mosquitoes or the insects or the outlaws, either. I was satisfied to be back in the Argentine, entertaining Mr. Casey and his friends with my riding and roping.

A short time later, though, I began to think about home and my people and so I decided that I would return to the States. I told Mr. Casey my intentions and that someday I hoped to return to Argentina. I got his permission to let my horses run on his range, then packed my trunks.

A farewell party and dance was arranged for me and the prominent ranchers and Gauchos from all over the country came to wish me luck on my trip home, which was in March, 1914.

Mr. Casey had Mr. Drake make reservations for me on the Lamport and Holt Line, the *S.S. Vestris*, for which Mr. Casey paid. He also pressed two one-hundred dollar bills in my hand. Came sailing time, I was the last to go up the gangplank. I sure did hate to leave the many good friends I had made.

They have a custom in South America that is very different from ours. When greeting or telling one goodbye, instead of shaking hands, they hug you. So my parting from them put me in mind of a hugging contest, and before they got

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Blacksmiths And Goldbugs—

(Continued from page 15)

of force when he was grinding samples.

A smelting oven stood in the corner and a shelf held small cups with samples of every description. They were made of bone so the intense heat of the smelter would not melt them. No nuggets were found here and all the ore had to be smelted to recover the gold or copper.

A large bunkhouse provided shelter for most of the seventy-five miners employed at the three mines, as there were only about four or five women and a few children at Kirwin. The most impressive home was owned by the superintendent of the Shoshoni Mining Company. Upstairs were the bedrooms and the downstairs boasted four rooms and a bath—quite a luxury in those days. I don't know if it had fixtures or whether they just kept the washtub in there for bathing. The living and dining rooms were quite elegant with their covering of green burlap held in place by brass tacks.

All of these buildings were on the east side of the river along with the large barn and blacksmith shop. One of the later companies built a large shaft into the side of the mountain just below the superintendent's house. It had an upright lift which brought ore out of the mine and it also housed a smelter.

On the west side of the river just a short distance below the main camp was the Tookesbury Mine and camp. His mine shaft was in plain sight up on the steep mountain. Tookesbury also had a large two-story building with the same functions as Schnitzel's. Charlie Erickson and his wife lived downstairs and boarded a young Italian miner who slept upstairs. The winter after I left, in the early part of 1907, tragedy struck the camp.

MRS. ERICKSON was sitting in her rocking chair, peacefully reading a magazine. Charlie probably was putting wood on the fire and banking it for the night. In the upstairs room the Italian was preparing for bed. His faithful dog was with him. It was about 10 o'clock and the world outside was moonlit and crisp. In that mountain valley so close to the stars it was silent except for an occasional log popping as it twisted in the cold air.

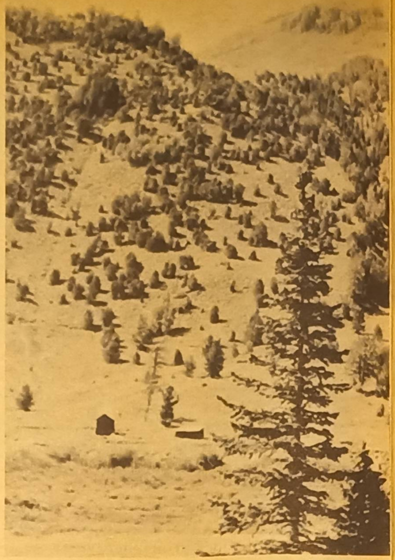
Then came a rumbling sound like the roll of distant thunder. Charlie probably left his fire to look out the window as the roar increased to a trembling in the floor beneath him. But before he could check another window a massive force of white suffocation hit him.

Residents in the other camp rushed to their windows in time to see the Tookesbury building swept toward the river by an unrelenting avalanche. Immediately a search party was formed. They found Charlie down near the river; his wife was closer to the site of the house. She was jackknifed over in her rocking chair with the magazine still clutched in her hand. As they fanned out to search for the Italian boy, the mountain again rumbled ominously, and everyone raced for the other side of the river.

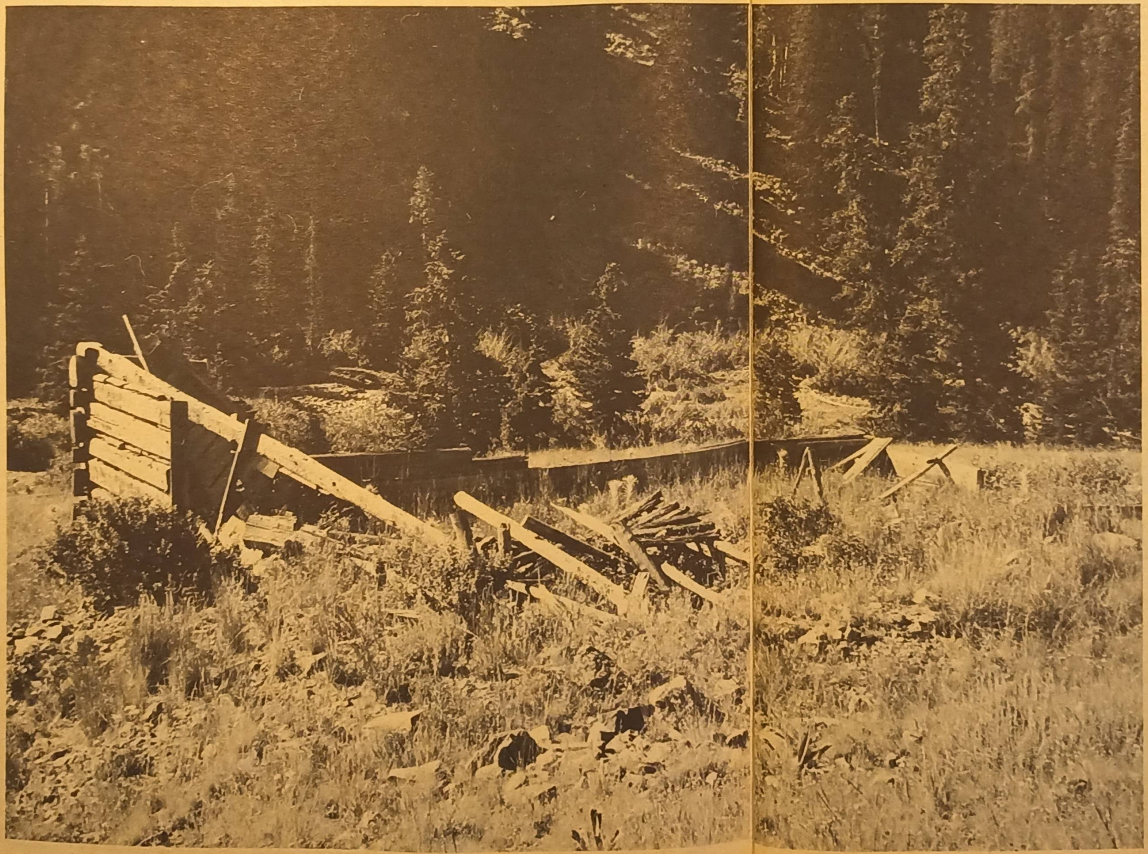
All night they kept a suspenseful watch, but no more avalanches hurtled down. A brilliant dawn found the searchers drawn by the sound of a dog whining. At one corner of the demolished building, the Italian's faithful dog was whining and digging frantically in the snow. Carefully clearing the snow away, they found the boy buried five feet beneath the surface. I don't know what became of the dog. That was the only avalanche, but there were slides.

It was about forty miles to the nearest town—Meeteetse. For some ten miles Wood River ran between steep mountains, and in one spot cut a narrow pass through the valley floor then spread out to form boggy meadows, which even today are grazing grounds for moose. Several landslides obliterated the road in the pass and dammed the water until it backed up into the meadows. Fortunately, no one was ever caught in them and eventually the road was built higher up on the mountain to eliminate this nuisance.

Meeteetse was a fair-sized town in 1906. There was a hotel, several rooming houses, two groceries, seven saloons and a Masonic hall. The post office was in the stage station. Seventy-five miles away was Cody, and everything had to be freighted from that point south and east through the Big Horn Basin. From Cody a top-notch freighter could make it to Kirwin in six to eight days providing he had good weather. When there were storms or bad roads it usually took two weeks, and supplies got mighty scarce while we waited for the freight to come in.



At right, view of the mountainside that trembled under an avalanche in 1907. Pictured below is all that's left of Mr. and Mrs. Milek's unusual duplex.



One fellow got through the canyon to the meadows, then a storm set in and blocked the roads solid on in to camp. Although it was only about five miles from the meadows to Kirwin, he couldn't make it. As the days wore by he ate up all of his supplies, and the two horses and two mules ate all the hay and oats. When the weather broke, the man was forced to retreat to Meeteetse for fresh supplies and another try at reaching Kirwin.

Meeteetse is surrounded by ranching country. I became acquainted with Jack Joyce, a rancher, who had a homestead in the canyon far below the meadows. The spread wasn't big, but it was pretty country with plenty of grazing. For some reason he decided to sell the ranch, and got $1,200 for it. He had a few drinks to celebrate the sale, and as was so common in those days, ended up on a big drinking and gambling spree and was soon flat broke again. After sobering up and realizing what he had done, Jack became very depressed.

Shortly afterward he was visiting with Dutch Sypes and me at Kirwin. Jack asked Dutch to load a rifle. Dutch obliged; then handing the gun to Jack, he asked, "What're you going to hunt?"

Jack replied, "I'm going to shoot myself!"

Laughingly Dutch quipped, "Go ahead, but wait until we are outside."

Outside we looked at each other quizzically, wondering what to do about him. Suddenly we heard several rapid blasts from the gun. Waiting until the gun had been emptied we sadly walked back into the cabin expecting to find our friend lying dead in a pool of blood. No such a thing—he shot the lamp, the oven in the stove, one leg off the stove, the roof and everything but himself. We kidded him about the incident and promptly forgot it.

About two weeks later a rider came in to camp and told us that Jack finally got the job done. At one of the toughest bars in Meeteetse he put a pistol to his head and killed himself.

The cabin that Joyce shot up belonged to a fellow named Emery. He had made a pile of money in Nevada and told us he had been a state senator from there. Many fellows came to Kirwin from Lead and then when things slowed, drifted on to other strikes. Tom Roach and Mont Allen were among those who hit the trail for New Rochester, Nevada.

A fellow named Joe Ninzel whom I had known in Lead also landed there. Tom wrote saying it was rumored that Joe had struck it rich. The story went that he was offered $3,000,000 for his claim and finally sold part of it for $1,000,000. He supposedly went kind of haywire—bought a tall silk hat, hired a Negro chauffeur, and rode around in a fancy Cadillac. I never heard anymore about him so he might still be driving that Cadillac, but if he went the way of most fellows who struck it rich, he was probably broke before the year was out. The gold bug didn't get me because I saw too many of those guys blow up. I enjoyed blacksmithing and I still planned to get a homestead.

ABOUT the first of July, Dutch Sypes, Johnny Wickstrom and I decided to ride over to Lander and see about filing claims. None of us had been that far south, but we saddled up our horses, packed up another and headed out. We traveled across some of the most rugged and beautiful country in Wyoming. Much of it is still inaccessible by road, and the only inhabitants are deer, elk and mountain sheep. That was a great trip. We were in no hurry and would travel twenty or twenty-five miles a day. We could always catch a swell batch of rainbow trout for our meals or supplement them with sage chicken that we blasted with our pistols.

Lander was a booming town. I thought maybe it would be an ideal location for a shop if I could homestead nearby. The one shop in town was owned by Charlie Swans. I went down and he offered to put me to work for $4 a day. After the first day he fired the other two fellows who were working for him because they worked all day to do what I did in an hour.

I decided to get a house and send for Kit. The only thing available rented for $12 a month. The landlord had set up a tent with a small stove in it in his backyard. Next door was the shipping yard and alongside the tent sat a chicken coop. I told the fellow I wasn't about to live with the chickens in anybody's backyard—not even if he gave it to me. The hotel where I was staying charged $2.00 a day with each meal 35¢ extra. At that rate I was just barely making enough to sleep and eat, so I quit. And when we found that the rumor about the first claim's being worth $25,000 was a lot of bunk, we decided to take a gander at the little town of Dubois northwest of Lander.

There was one blacksmith shop there which rented for $10 a month, but it wasn't much of a business, as nearly everyone shod their own horses. So I headed back to Kirwin, but Dutch and Johnny decided to stay and look into a few prospects.

The situation didn't look too stable at Kirwin; Schnitzel was getting pretty discouraged with the mine. There was plenty of ore: gold, copper and silver. Some of it assayed as high as 95%. Lack of ore was not the problem, but transportation and smelting were. Schnitzel had a coal mine up river from Meeteetse which he planned to mine for smelting coal, but the crazy ore wouldn't process out. No method yet devised was capable of processing it. He told me the stockholders had around $3,000,000 tied up in the mines. What a discouraging situation it was—all that ore and no way to handle it.

At any rate, I could see the place wasn't going to run much longer, so I decided to pull up stakes. On my trip to Rawlins I had stopped at Thermopolis, home of "The World's Largest Mineral Hot Springs." I figured it was a growing town and had good prospects for the future. That's where I headed, and that's where I've been for over fifty years.

After Schnitzel died, his wife sold her interests to a fellow from Lander who did a lot of placer mining at Kirwin with no luck. He in turn sold them to Carl Dunrude. In 1935 Carl decided to re-open the mines and moved in modern equipment to work the claims. Again the ore defied attempts to process it and finally Dunrude sold out to another fellow. When we visited the area this summer, the gates were locked and no prospecting of any kind was allowed. A Denver firm is probing the area now and has done some work at the old Shoshoni Mine.

In a way, I hope the country continues to defy man. It is a gorgeous wild place and I hate to see it ruined by any more civilizing factors. I still remember those days in Kirwin as the happiest six months of my life. The beautiful mountain scenery, the friendly people, abundant game, the freedom to ride wherever you wanted, and a lovely new wife. What more could a man want?

$200,000 Cache?

(Continued from page 19)

brother brought out from Chicago?" I asked.

"Yes," I was told.

Shortly after this trip, I went back to Hollywood. On my next trip out to Death Valley, I did not stop at the Castle but drove direct to the Dry Lake with water and food enough to last about a month.

I searched the rocks, not only for something buried among them but for anything that might be heavy. I crawled around on my hands and knees looking and feeling for soft ground. Not a clue.

This was one of many trips I made out there in search of what was in those bags—if they really were what was in the back of the truck—but I never found anything. Yet I still think the gold coins are near the rocks, well hidden. Had Mr. Johnson or anyone else turned $200,000 in gold coins in to the Government, there certainly would have been something in the papers about it.

I am too old to go out there now, so I write this hoping some younger person will try his luck, perhaps with one of the modern mineral detectors. He might be lucky enough to walk over some ground that I missed, where the rains have uncovered the hidden gold.

A Texan Hits The Pampas

(Continued from page 41)

through with me, I felt like they had hugged me all out of shape. I think I must have had about ten pounds squeezed off and the last one to bid me goodbye was Mr. Casey. I remember his parting words very distinctly, "Goodbye and good luck, Milt, and don't forget your name, The South American Kid."

My return trip to the States was a very pleasant one and I had a nice bankroll which I had given to the purser for safekeeping. During the voyage, I had plenty of time to think about what I would do when I got home, and I finally decided that I would buy and put on a small Wild West show. Having reached this decision, I devoted the rest of the trip to enjoyment.

To say that I was happy when the ship came within sight of the Statue of Liberty is putting it mildly. I was overjoyed.

I went to the purser to get my money and, when I handed him my "purser check," he said, "Here is a package that was left in my care for you, Mr. Hinkle, with instructions to give it to you just before we docked."

Upon opening the package, I was very much surprised to find that it contained $500 in gold and a small card that read, "With compliments of the Bradford Mining Company, Ltd."

I had to think for a while before I remembered that the Bradford Mining Company was the same that had the consignment of gold packed on the llama train that had been held up, and which I unknowingly and accidentally saved by shooting the mule that was packing the gold.

We docked okay and after Customs gave both me and my luggage the once over, I paid the duty on the extra things I had brought back, and then made arrangements for my baggage to be transferred to a boat bound for England. I wanted to be with the IOI Wild West Show and to beat them there if possible. I phoned the shipping company that was taking the IOI to England—London to be exact—and was told that they would not sail for three days. I was glad that I could surprise Zack Miller and the others at the London dock—besides, there was that little girl in Paris, who would be overjoyed to see me. Or would she, after I had refused to accept the "fortune" she had attempted to give me? Anyway, I wanted to see her again.

UPON landing in London, the first thing I did was buy a newspaper. In it I read where the Great IOI Ranch Real Wild West Show was booked to be the featured attraction of the Anglo-American Exposition being held to celebrate one hundred years of peace between the English-speaking peoples. It was officially opened in Shepherd's Bush Stadium, on May 14, 1914.

I got a room at the Savoy Hotel and after I had rested for awhile and found the show would not dock until April 29, three whole days away, I decided to cable Peggy in Paris, and tell her I was in London at the Savoy. Well, it sure didn't take her long to get there, and for the next three days we did London in a big way.

When the big ship that transported the IOI Ranch docked, we were there to meet it, as were thousands of others. What a sight to see Col. Miller, with his cowboys, cowgirls, forty Indians and others come down the gangplank. I walked over to Zack and he immediately gave me orders what to do.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the "Tea Man," sent his automobile and chauffeur with an invitation for Zack to spend the night on his private yacht. The reason for this invitation was that in 1911 when the IOI Ranch Wild West Show was making moving pictures in Santa Monica, California, Sir Thomas had visited the lot and Col. Joe Miller, one of Zack's older brothers, had entertained him and shown him all around. Now the compliment was being returned.

Zack was extremely busy overseeing the unloading of the show, but he sent word to Sir Thomas that he would be happy to accept the invitation and would be there that night. He asked if it would inconvenience Sir Thomas if he brought along one of his good friends who was one of his top performers. Of course, this wish was granted.

Sir Thomas was a man who entertained in a big way—champagne enough to float a small boat, and food, the best and plenty of it. I enjoyed the food, but the drinks were not for me, because I didn't drink; but what really amazed both Zack and me were the entertainers—some of the prettiest actresses in London and two to a man. For a couple of cowhands from Oklahoma and Texas, we were sure traveling in high grass at that party.

That night we had the pleasure of meeting the Earl of Lonsdale known as the biggest "sport" in all England. Every one addressed the Earl as "Your Lordship," but that didn't set too well with Zack so he just called him Lonsdale. This was quite shocking to everyone except the Earl, himself. He seemed to like it.

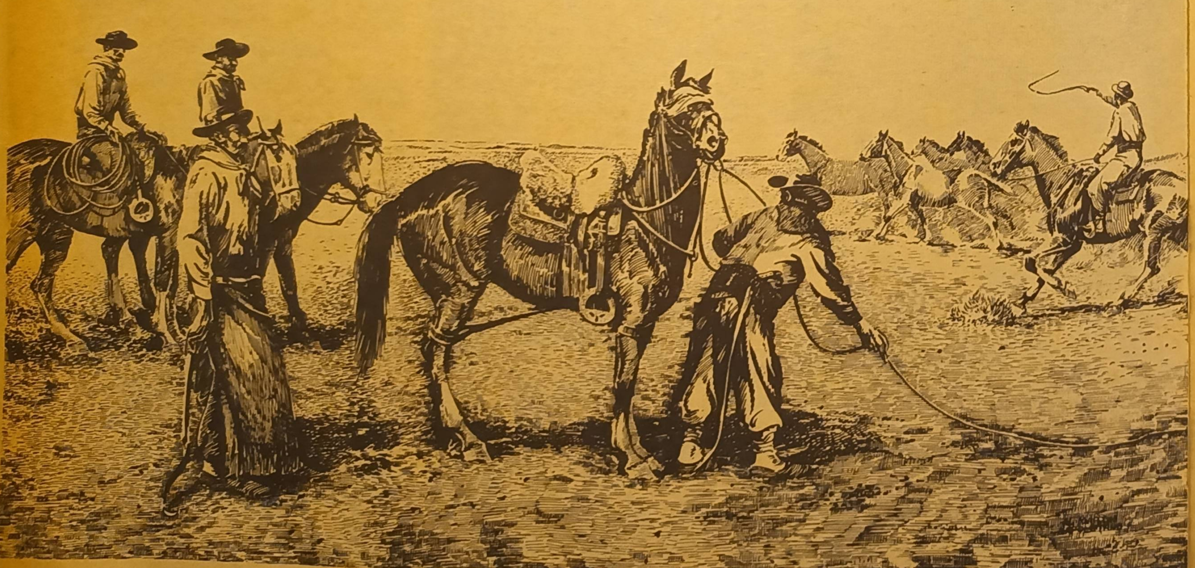
Lonsdale told Zack that he was managing a horse show and that he had just received disappointing news. He had engaged five of the most wonderful Cossack riders to perform during the Exhibition but the Cossacks would be unable to fill the engagement.

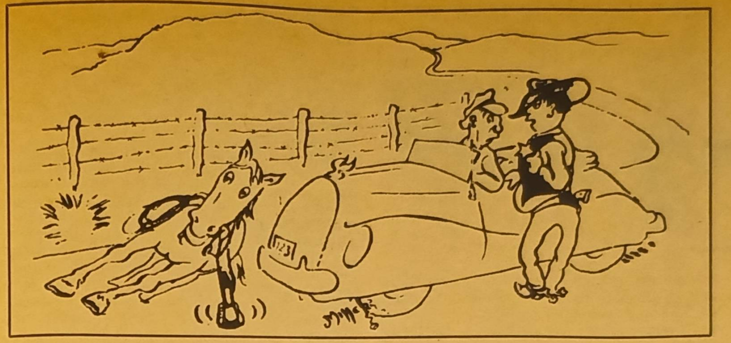
Zack was feeling pretty rosy, what with a little too much champagne under his belt and the pretty girls to chat with, so he offered to help out.

"I've got five Cossacks on my show that you can use," he said. "If they are not better in every way than yours, then yours would have to be supermen."

Lonsdale immediately accepted Zack's offer, so on the night of the horse show, Zack sent his five Cossacks to perform. He knew they would go over big because they were plenty wild—but good—riders, with fast horses and they knew lots of tricks.

Illustration by Al. M. Napoletano





"Where's the fire?"

THE IOI Ranch Show was good. The British particularly liked the Indians, also the trick roping done by Sam Garrett and Chet Byers. But, as usual, the Humane Societies starting kicking up a row. They thought the bulldogging, as done by Bill Pickett and me, was cruel, as they did not like the way the steers were twisted down. The newspaper stories made good publicity, for the people would read the papers then hurry to buy tickets to witness the savage event and shudder some more. With this aid from the British Humane Societies, the IOI Ranch Wild West Show enjoyed a good business.

Finally Bill Pickett was arrested, charged with "cruelty to animals." Zack paid Bill out and learned that the fine was only $25, American money. Zack then made an agreement with the proper authorities to pay this $25 fine once a week, and let Bill go ahead with the bulldogging. Zack didn't want to lose the publicity the Humane Society was getting for the show.

Since he intended to be in London for quite some time, Zack rented a house at 68 Holland Road, from the wife of an English doctor who had just died. With it came a cook, a butler and a governess for Zack's seven-year-old daughter, Virginia.

George, the butler, had been with that household since he was a small boy. When trouble started brewing over the bulldogging, it seemed that nearly every morning there would be police calling on Zack, so George would go up the stairs to Zack's room, shocked to death, saying, "Sir! There is a warrant for you, Sir."

Zack would reply, "Just a couple of Bobby cops, collecting $25 for the Humane Society," and then he'd hand George some money.

Zack couldn't see any reason for the police to come to his house every Sunday to collect the fine, however, and he couldn't see any reason, either, why the British Government demanded that the IOI install one toilet (consisting of a commode and a shower bath) for every eight people living on the show grounds in tents or tepees.

We had forty Indians with the Show, and Zack tried to explain that you couldn't blindfold and back any Indian under one of those showers, but the authorities were firm in their demand. So Zack installed the toilets. The Indians kept right on going behind a high wall to relieve themselves, and to do what little washing they considered necessary, which consisted mostly of removing their "war paint" in a standard size washtub. Some of them did get up nerve enough to reach in and flush a commode or two, dodging back to safety, like the darn thing had sprung a bear trap. They got a bigger kick though, listening to the roar of water pouring through the wash basins. All of these Indians were right off the reservation in South Dakota. They were all "long haired" Indians and ranging up to eighty years of age; this plumbing was all new to them.

A few days later, Lord Lonsdale quite surprised us by saying, "I would like to have you prepare and put on a show for King George V, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandria and the Empress Marie of Russia, who will be my guests." He explained that special feature acts would be required since it wasn't customary for Royalty to see a show from beginning to end.

Zack and I got our heads together and lined up a program of the outstanding acts, plus a Push Ball Game between the cowboys and Indians, with players riding horseback. Then there was trick roping by Sam Garrett and the Burns brothers, Fred and Ed. Then came the Cossack riding, followed by me riding Old Scarback and St. Louis, two real good bucking horses and, of course, Bill Pickett, to bulldog steers.

The show proved a real thriller for the Royal group. They sat there in the specially fixed box seats, and patted each other's hands back and forth. Regular hand-clapping was only for common people. The special feature acts over, Zack called a halt to give the King and his party a chance to leave, but they requested that the show go on. This certainly pleased all of us and, for the balance of the show, everyone did the best he could possibly do. Zack had given orders to make the rest of the show wild and fast.

Zack's little daughter, Virginia, got the thrill of her life at this point of the performance. She was all prettied up to present flowers to the Queen, and while she was making the presentation, King George got so excited watching me ride Scarback that the whole presentation was upset. Old Scarback had a habit of bucking and falling on his left shoulder, then he would get up and, if he hadn't thrown his rider, he would start to buck again and go through the same procedure of falling and getting up. I was making the ride of my life, and the King became so excited that he clapped his hands like a commoner, whereupon the Queen caught his hands and slapped them to stop him.

Virginia came away from the Royal Box with her mouth wide open and her eyes as round as saucers and said to Zack, "Daddy, I didn't think that *anyone* would slap a King."

The Royal Party stayed until the last stunt was pulled, then the Earl of Lonsdale sent word to Zack asking him to line up the performers at the gate. The Royal Party wanted to shake hands with them and express their appreciation for a night of enjoyment.

Zack asked me to pass the word to the best dressed and best performers and then for me to come and stand by his side. We watched Royalty bowing, smiling and saying. "What a wonderful performance," over and over, as the performers filed by.

Lonsdale told us it was the first time he had ever seen the King and the Royal Party sit through an entire performance. Talking to me about the ride I made on that terrible horse, Empress Marie laughingly complimented me saying, "You ride almost as well as the Cossacks."

A SHORT time after this great night, four soldiers with two Bobby cops walked up to Zack. They greeted him with official dignity and then one of the officers served him with a "Warrant" which said that no more $25 fines would be needed for the act of bulldogging steers.

It was a Royal Decree which read: "National Emergency. Impressment Orders under Section 115 of the Army Act. To: Zack T. Miller. Manager of the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, 68 Holland Road W. HIS MAJESTY THE KING, having declared that a national emergency has arisen, the horses and vehicles of the 101 Ranch Show are to be impressed for public services. If found fit in accordance with section 114 of the Army Act, will be paid for on the spot at market value to be settled by the purchasing officer. You. Zack Miller, must not hinder the delivery of horses and vehicles, etc."

I read it and Zack said, "What do you think, Milt?"

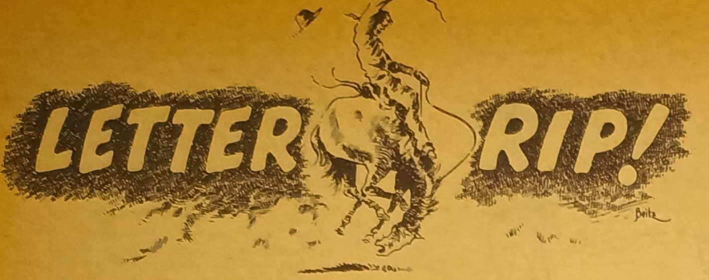
"Are you kidding?" I replied. "It means we are done for, and we'd better get back to the States as soon as we can. A war is on."

This exclamation from me made Zack pretty angry but I knew I was right and I knew. too, that he was going to have to make up his mind to do just exactly what that warrant declared.

I went to my room in the hotel and told Peggy that I was going to leave for the States right away. I hired a wagon and went to the stadium to get my trunks and saddles, then I tried to book passage on a boat, but everyone else was trying to do the same thing.

The steamship offices were jammed with people trying to book quick passage. Peggy told me her father owned some stock in the French Line and that she knew some of the officials, so I asked her to try to arrange for a ticket for me at once. Within three hours' time, she was back at the hotel with a First Class ticket for me to sail that very night and she left me saying, "I will see you again soon. I am going back to Paris to

(Continued on page 48)



LETTER RIP!

Hi, Hosstail:
The new TRUE WEST is just as great as all the past issues of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES have been. And now headed down, or rather UP, the same trail, is OLD WEST.

I have collected TW and FT since the very first and I'd durn near kill a passenger pigeon if one appeared and tried to steal a single copy of one of my "Hosstail rags!"—Johnny Cash, Box 44, Casitas Springs, California.

Dear Editor:
I am a constant reader of all three of your excellent publications. But why in the cat hair don't you combine 'em all into one instead of having three just alike, about?—O. B. Junkins, P. O. Box 228, Fresno, California 93708.

The editor's not to blame! It's old Hosstail hisself! So I was asked to answer. Well, if we did combine all three, we'd have a magazine with 240 pages, selling for $1.20 per issue, and it would come out roughly every 23 days! Even a publisher with an oil well in each hip pocket would go broke that way. In short, for business reasons purely. It would take half the magazine to explain and some of these skunk-dodgers would rather have good articles of the Old West than me explaining for fifty pages, believe it or not!

The biggest reason is that it gives each magazine a longer time to stay on the newsstands, effecting a higher sale. Man's got to do everything up to highway robbery to stay in the magazine business these days!—Joe.

Dear Sir:
My grandfather came across the Plains with Brigham Young in the 1800s. He loved to talk and told many interesting tales. The following story of his opinion of mules came to mind as I was reading Fred Gipson's "Mule Talk" in the Summer issue.

"The mule is half hoss and half jackass and then comes to a full stop, nature discovering her mistake. They weigh more according to their heft than any other creature, except a crowbar. They can't hear any quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enough for snowshoes. You can trust them with anyone whose life ain't worth any more than the mule's. They haven't got any friends and will live on huckleberry brush with an occasional chance at Canada thistles. They are a modern invention; I don't think the Bible alludes to them at all. They sell for more money than any other domestic animal. You can't tell their age by looking into their mouths any more than you could a Mexican cannon. They never have no disease that a good club won't heal. They are like some men, very corrupt at heart; I've known them to be good mules for six months just to get a good chance to kick somebody. I never owned one nor never mean to unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. The only reason why they are patient is because they are ashamed of themselves. I have seen educated mules in a circus. They could kick and bite tremendous. I would not say what I am forced to say against the mule if his birth wasn't an outrage and man wasn't to blame for it. Any man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislature. They are the strongest creatures on earth. I heard tell of one who fell off from the tow path on the Erie Canal and sank as soon as he touched bottom but he kept right on towing the boat to the next station breathing through his ears which stuck out of the water about two feet six inches. I didn't see this done but an auctioneer told me of it and I never knew an auctioneer to lie unless it was absolutely convenient."—Georgia Shiner, Leadore, Idaho.

Hi, Hoss!
Now I'd be the last one to holler about anybody having a swig out of the old jug once in awhile. But when you nice fellers start having that swig while you're putting my magazines together—well, I just HAVE to holler! The last issue I got had the first twelve pages completely gone and two sets of pages 13-25. How in the devil am I supposed to read my favorite magazines when all the stories ain't there? Somebody goofed bad!—Bill Manning, 5120 Skyline Drive, Mission, Kansas.

Podner, we're responsible for most of the things we're accused of and probably even a few extras. But this time we're innocent as newborn babes. It's them fellers down at the printing shop. They tell me, "This is a case where the operator of the binding machine picked up a wrong stack of sections and put them in the wrong hopper." We really never did quite understand how this works since we ain't so smart, but it sounds real probable and we don't argue none.

However, when this happens only about twenty-five of these copies are turned loose on the world since that's the average lift. Since we print over a thousand jack-loads of each rag now, it would take nineteen people twenty-one days to check each magazine before mailing out to you critters. We're running this letter in all three magazines since we don't put out spooked copies on purpose, and we want all you folks to know what's happened around here. Besides, we don't make enough money to keep our screaming younguns in milk, much less buying that vile whusky to make mistakes with.

So, when you folks get a copy that isn't all put together right and proper, just stick it in an envelope and fire it back down our way. We'll send you a copy that is pretty and clean and fresh as a spring morning on the Colorado River.—Hoss.

Gentlemen:
The story, "Battle of The Butte," took me right back to my old stomping grounds. Erlanson arrived on the Tongue River a couple of years before I left that country. The Flying V which he mentioned was a new outfit running their first cattle in 1911, if my memory serves me correctly.

It was a real pleasure to see the picture of John Stands in Timber. He had aged some and I would not have recognized him without the notation. John was very intelligent with a pleasing personality and no one could help but like him. He sure has gone Hollywood with that fancy shirt, bridle and martingale along with a mount much larger than the old cow pony. His rig is the same as we used to ride single cinch—three-quarter or Spanish. Barbed wire sure made a lot of changes in that country.

John Stands in Timber will have an article in the *American Heritage Magazine*, February, 1966, issue. The topic of the material is the Little Big Horn.—Frank D. McGrath, 1006 South Ninth Avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa 50158.

Dear Mr. Small:
In your OLD WEST magazine (the story on the life of Jack Hays), there is an incident written in 1897 by A. K. Perry about the narrow escape of Rufus Perry and Kit Ackland.

Cicero Rufus Perry was born August 23, 1823, in Alabama and died on October 7, 1898, in Johnson City, Texas. It is possible that the last year of his life be became bitter about being left on the Nueces as dead but this was not always true. A short biography of Captain C. R. Perry in the Galveston *Daily News*, September 24, 1883, given to a correspondent of the Blanco *Star* by Perry himself, gives a full account of the battle.

At no time did Perry make out as cowards the two Rangers, Jim Dunn and John Carlton, Nor did he make such a hero out of Ackland. Each man in his own way was fighting overwhelming odds—four Rangers against about thirty Indians! The state of confusion in so much underbrush is understandable. Perry definitely states, "The fate of my comrades I knew not. I had not seen Ackland since the first attack at camp."

I have gathered a considerable amount of information on the life of Rufe Perry. I find William Marshall Perry, veteran of San Jacinto, Texas Ranger, and Indian fighter, the father of Rufe, Asa, William, and Elizabeth, quite fascinating. And don't forget their wonderful mother, Mary Indiana Shropshire Perry.

I would like to see a book on "The Fighting Perrys of Texas" written some day.

I quote from a writing of July 26, 1956: "It is a duty Texas owes to such men as Perry and Ackland, and similar worthies, that their services should not be forgotten, that their deeds should be commemorated. They were noble and true to her in her perilous ordeals, when she was battling against treacherous and savage foes for her very existence. They never deserted her as long as there was a danger to combat. Now, when she is rich and powerful—when she is a bright star in the galaxy of states which compose our glorious Union—she should not forget her faithful servants who stood by her in troubled times. She should not cease to remember gratefully the arms upon which she leaned for support and protection when she was an infant."

I enjoy reading anything I can find on the early history of our country. So TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, as well as OLD WEST, are musts on my list. —Mrs. C. E. Mulholland, Route 5, Box 84A, Austin, Texas.

Dear Sir:
Could you publish this request in your letters column? It is a bit unusual, I'll admit.

I'd like to correspond with folks who live in wilderness, desert, or otherwise very isolated areas—even Arctic or Antarctic—just so long as they're off the beaten track and their way of life is not too modern. Also, would like to hear from some people interested in Indian lore, artifacts, rocks and fossils. And last, but not least, those who are engaged in mission work among today's Indians—anywhere—please write to me.

I have been a reader of your magazines for a few years and look forward to every issue, especially the rare books which give such vivid and authentic firsthand accounts. Keep them coming. —Mrs. Reta LeBlanc, R. R. 6, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Sir:
I have taken your magazines for a long time. However, I always loan them out and never get them back.

I lived in La Junta, Colorado, from the time I was eight until I was sixteen. I was in nearly every mine in Colorado and rode in some of the carts drawn by donkeys way in the bottom of the mines.

My father was a barber. He went to work at Montrose. The Dalton boys came to the shop. One hid in the doorway and two stood on the edge of the walk. Dad said he didn't see the one in the door and he was hit by a sandbag in the back of the head. They took his pocketbook and $20 of his money, then tried to get the ring off his finger. They cut into the bone but the ring wouldn't loosen so they didn't get it. You probably won't believe this but it is true.

We moved to Denver when I was sixteen and I worked at the Colorado Tent and Awning Company owned by Mr. Gutshall. I walked halfway up Pike's Peak but my brother was younger than me and wouldn't go up any farther. I also lived on the Colorado prairies for quite a few years. My aunt and family lived in an adobe house with one room on top and one underground.

I am now 79 years old and my writing isn't too good. I still love the West.—Myrtle R. Hughes, RFD 2, Tioga, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor Wagner:
I had a most unusual experience while living in the Ozark Moutains in Stone County, Missouri. Our house was a three-room shack made of clapboards which are the first and last slabs sawed from each log with the bark still on. My father was working for a sawmill company out of Springfield, Missouri, and their camp was between two mountains—miles to any town or grocery store. About once a month dad hitched the mules to the wagon and drove the twelve miles to Reeds, Missouri, for supplies. Garber was closer but it had only one general store, a post office and a blacksmith shop. Between the trips my father made we would run short of things, so Bob, my brother, and I would climb mountains and go through huckleberry patches and brush to the railroad track and on into Garber for the needed supplies.

It seemed to be a year that snakes were every place. There were many of them along the railroad track but we felt safe since we could see them first. And, besides, Mother never knew we walked across those long high bridges.

A small stream of water ran down past the camp which was especially inviting to moccasins and other water snakes. There were many copperheads around the piles of lumber and the logs that had been rolled down the mountainsides. We even had them in the house. Once my brother threw a shoe at one hanging by its tail ready to drop onto a bed. It drew back and disappeared.

Mother lived in terror the summer we were there. Her fright at seeing a snake would last for hours. So it was no surprise that she became hysterical the day she saw a snake crawling through the door into the house. I was afraid, too, but I knew I had to do something and quick. I was only twelve but the oldest of four children, and Mother was expecting again.

It was about 11 o'clock in the morning of an early summer day. All the men were working at the sawmill about a quarter of a mile away. The snake kept crawling along the floor near a wall until it came to an old metal trunk in one corner of the room. There it stopped! Then it crawled behind the trunk and coiled up! The trunk top was shaped like a barrel lying on its side and I realized I had to get on top of it in order to do anything. I mounted the trunk, my bare feet only a few inches above the snake's ugly head.

I told mother to stop screaming, get the children out of the way, and bring me the iron kettle of water that was boiling on the wood fire. The kettle was heavy and I couldn't balance very well on the rounded trunk top. As I poured the stream of scalding water onto the snake, its thrashing against the trunk was so violent it almost shook me off. Finally, for good measure, I dashed the coffee left from breakfast (grounds and all) into the corner. After much commotion it gave up and I dragged it outside with a long stick. After everyone had calmed down a bit, I began to feel remorse for being so cruel. My father looked very serious when he said it was a timber rattlesnake and it was a good thing my feet hadn't slipped.

I claim the doubtful honor of being the only person ever to scald a large rattlesnake to death. My sister asked me recently if I remembered scalding the rattler? How could I ever forget the smell that poured into my face from the mixture of hot coffee and venom?—Ruth Griggs, Route 1, Box 139A, Catoosa, Oklahoma 74015.

Dear Sir:
Have just received my first two issues of OLD WEST. Boy! What a treasure for collectors of history of the West.

I am pleased to see that your second issue has room for letters from readers. I think that both you and the readers will agree that letters help keep the book in circulation.

You reproduce the front cover on the back for framing. Sorry! The book is much too good for taking apart. Can you offer a supplementary picture in the magazine every month for framing so that the book itself may be kept intact and suitable for binding?

Could you get an agent over here in England to print copies so that we could get them easier and quicker?

Good luck and keep the presses going.—Fred Christmas, 10, Westbury Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7., England.

We have received so many letters wanting separate prints on OLD WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, and TRUE WEST that we are simply going to have to work something out on it. It is rather an expensive process but we are going to print the best covers of all three magazines on heavy paper, suitable for framing. These will be offered for sale at a very reasonable price in future issues of all three magazines.

I wish we could print the covers on the inside of the magazines but this process of separate printing in four colors and inserting on heavy, enamel paper is so costly you wouldn't believe it. We believe it because we have quotations from the printer! At any rate, I think the other method will be more satisfactory because we can leave a much wider border which is just about a necessity for proper framing.

We have had inquiries about editions in your country from a number of people. It's quite a job but maybe we can do something about that, too!—Joe.

Dear Sirs:
I have just finished reading your new magazine, OLD WEST, and found it very interesting and well written. Being a descendent of one of the oldest families in the United States, I am intensely interested in all history about this country—especially the West.

It was "The Life of Big Foot Wallace" that prodded me into writing this letter. It seems that his family and mine are remotely connected.

My ancesters originated in Scotland and England and migrated to this country in 1639. This was the family of Nicholls—my mother's people. I have a complete history of this family as far back as 1548 and King Robert Bruce is definitely part of our family tree.

Francis Nicholls, Sr., an Englishman, married Margret Bruce, daughter of Sir George Bruce of Carnock. His son migrated to America and settled the land where Stratford, Connecticut, now stands.

Oren Beers Nichols (they dropped one of the l's from the name somewhere along the line), my mother's father, migrated to the West in 1900 and homesteaded in Oregon where I was born.

I started out prospecting with my father (who has forty years experience mining and prospecting) in 1929 at the age of eleven. The depression was just getting a good start and Dad decided to head for the gold country and see what he could do. We prospected and mined all over southern Oregon and northern California and managed to do fairly well simply because the old boy was a good miner. We spent time on several occasions looking for the Lost Frenchman Mine. We finally came to the conclusion that it is covered up by a slide and impossible to locate. There are some, however, who haven't given up yet and still think it can be located.

My partner and I packed eighty-five pounds apiece into the Chetco and back through the Josephine Creek and the Babyfoot country. It took three months of prospecting through some of the roughest and wildest mountain country in the U.S. to convince us that it wasn't worth it! This was in 1936 and my legs still get tired when I think about it.

There is plenty of gold, silver and platinum to be found in Southern Oregon and I still go prospecting in my spare time. The "gold bug" is hard to get rid of!

Well I know you people are busy, so I'll sign off. It was a pleasure to write this letter.—David P. Berrow, P. O. Box 84, Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

A Texan Hits The Pampas

(Continued from page 45)

get my passport and will join you in the United States.

ZACK MILLER was a very hard-headed man and not afraid of anything, but I had already told him what we were going to have to do, and that we couldn't whip the whole British Army, so it was best to follow their instructions and then get out as quickly as possible.

I felt that I was very lucky, for I got out with both my South American saddle and my old U.S.A. saddle too. The trip to New York was all right, but the boat was real overloaded. Thanks to Peggy, I was taken care of in fine style. I hated to leave her behind, and I hated to walk away from the IOI Show, too, but with God's help, I had always been able to take care of myself.

I worried some about the folks over there who were not as lucky as I was, but I'm happy to be able to report that all of them got home before the bombs began to fall on London.

Entering New York Harbor, I threw a big kiss to the Statue of Liberty. That dear lady right then seemed to be the most beautiful and most glorious sight on earth.

After the boat docked and I cleared Customs, I took a cab to the Cadillac Hotel at 43rd and Broadway, facing Times Square, and that night I crossed the street and went to a show at the Paramount Theater. On my way back to the hotel after the show, I picked up a *Billboard*, and the first thing I saw was that the Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill Wild West Show would be in Chicago soon. The next day found me on a train bound for Chicago, to see about a job. I got the job all right, but I only stayed two weeks, for I learned that my good friend, Charlie Tompkins, was out with an overland Wild West Wagon Show playing the New England States.

I wired Charlie, and his reply was, "Join at once." They were to be in Danbury, Connecticut, during the next four days.

So once again I was traveling—a long train ride back east. I was really adding up quite a score of miles, traveled by horseback, ships and trains, and now trains again, and I was glad when I got to Danbury and found that Charlie had a nice little show.

He had some good bucking horses and some good clean show people. There was Lafe Lewman, Jim Pitcock, Belle Lynch, Dixie Devere, Augie Gomez, Ed Bowman, the friend I had left in South America with Harry Walters, and also Frank Scott, a colored boy who was an excellent trick rider. We had Mabel Hackney, the wife of Charlie Tompkins, six real Indians and a ten-piece band. There was a Negro animal trainer who was exceptionally good. He had charge of the one lion owned by the show, and it was this man who entered the cage and put on an act with "The Wildest Man-eater in Captivity."

The trainer would enter the cage and fight the big lion during the "after-show" which is called the Concert. One night the trainer was ill, and since the big lion act was the important part of the show, I told Charlie I would go in and fight that mean old lion.

The wagon had a safety part where you first entered, and the door closed behind you. Then you entered a second door, into the main cage where the lion was. With this door closed, you were face to face with the animal with only a pistol loaded with blanks in one hand, and a chair in the other hand. A whip was carried in the "pistol" hand too.

Charlie advised me to keep to the middle of the cage, and everything would go fine, but somehow I hated to get too far away from the door, so I stood close to the side, completely ignoring Charlie's advice.

The first thing that huge beast did was to run over and knock me completely off my feet. Then he tore around the cage like he was trying to win some kind of a race. Each time I had just about gotten to my feet, bang! He'd hit me, knock me down again, and then run over me. This continued until he had made several wild runs, but I finally got to my feet and scrambled out the door to safety.

I was completely winded and mad as hell. Everyone was roaring with laughter and you can just bet I'm not a person who likes to be laughed at. Then I heard Charlie calling to me that he had "plumb forgot to tell me that the big bad fighting lion was blind."

I sulked for a while, but soon it struck me funny, and I laughed at the joke with the rest of the people. One thing is sure, I shall never again try to be a big important lion fighter. A brute as big as that animal is surely not something to be fooled with. Blind or not, he had long sharp teeth, and I could feel his hot breath in my face every time he jumped over me.

Getting back to the performers on the show, I was real glad to see Dixie De-Vere. She was a good looker and a real good cowgirl. We had been sweethearts back in Kansas City some years before, so we became good friends on the show. We played all the New England States during the rest of the season, before cold weather set in. Then we headed south.

WHILE showing that fall in North Carolina, we played "day and date" with Ben Holmes' Wild West Show. Ben had a good little bucking horse called Gus, and I rode it in a rope ring, just for the fun of it, while I was visiting the show. That was when I met a girl bucking horse rider named Sara Glosser, but she was Ben Holmes' girl then.

It was the same thing all over again. The show moved, rain or shine, and it was a rugged life, yes, a hard life, but even with all the hardships, I'm sure that every performer enjoyed it. Just something about a circus or a Wild West Show holds one's love for it and its people.

It took plenty of sure enough grit to belong; courage, too, not to mention a strong body kept clean and free of dissipation. There is no such thing as drunken circus performers, for they realize they would either get killed or fired within two days. They dare not weaken their hands or bodies with alcohol because their very lives depend on keeping a clear head and every ounce of strength that nature has given them.

When I joined up with M. L. Clark's circus, Sara Glosser went with me. I was one of the men who rode the parade, keeping the wagons in line and helping the farmers with their teams, for this was in the horse and buggy days and a runaway could disrupt any parade.

I remember while playing in LaCompte, Louisiana, a farmer came to see the parade driving a spry team hooked to a farm wagon loaded with his wife and kids.

I rode up to him and said, "Mister, watch your horses. The elephants are coming."

He answered, "Young feller, you jist watch your elephants. I'll take keer of my horses an' don't ye fergit it."

Well, along came old Babe, Mena, and Ned. Ned put out his long trunk, just being friendly with the horses, and the man's team turned square around backward, breaking out the wagon tongue. But the doubletree stayed hooked to the wagon, turning the bed upside down with all the kids and the two grown up folks under it.

The last I saw, the team was running down the road with the running gear stirring up so much dust you could not see anything else. Nobody was hurt at all, but that farmer was so mad he wanted to whip me and all the rest of that "consarned show parade."

I said very gently, "You told me to watch my elephants and you'd take care of your horses. I'll go get somebody to help you catch them, mister," and I did.

The other showmen helped right the wagon and I gave the farmer passes to the big show, thereby winning friends and not enemies. These passes were unexpected, because they could not afford to see the show, the man told me, but only the parade. I felt good to see how happy the kids were—and the parents, too.

About this time I got to thinking of the girl in far away Paris. She seemed to be so close to me that I could feel her presence, so I got the fool idea of writing her a letter. I told her to pack and take the first boat, and to cable me and I would meet her.

The cable never came, but a letter arrived addressed to 417 Aldine Court, Kansas City, Missouri, saying "Please forward." The address was my mother's home. It was forwarded to me in care of M. L. Clark's Circus, Alexandria, Louisiana. The letter was from Peggy's father.

This is the message I read, that poured into my stunned brain; "Mr. Hinkle, the cablegram was never sent you. The letter you wrote seemed to trouble her deeply. With this letter in her hands, she ran weeping from the house, got in our automobile and rapidly drove out of sight, and your life and ours.

"For in less than an hour, we got the terrible news that the auto had crashed into a tree by the roadside and she was dead, when they found her. And the letter you wrote her she tightly held in her hands. Yes, Mr. Hinkle the letter went with her to the grave. She wanted it this way or she would not have held it so tight."

The letter was signed "A sorrowful father." I have wondered all these days if she deliberately wrecked that auto and killed herself. I pray not.

I might as well add that I could have joined the IOI Ranch Wild West Show that was headed by Col. Joe Miller that was still showing in the States, but not doing too well financially, and did close early the fall of 1914. Everything was put in winter quarters just where they closed, excepting the stock, which was shipped back to Bliss, Oklahoma, the home of the Miller Brothers and the IOI Ranch. The show opened its 1915 season in Hot Springs, Arkansas. All of this happened from November 1, 1913 to November 1, 1914—only twelve months. Amen!

LIFE Among The PIUTES:

THEIR WRONGS AND CLAIMS

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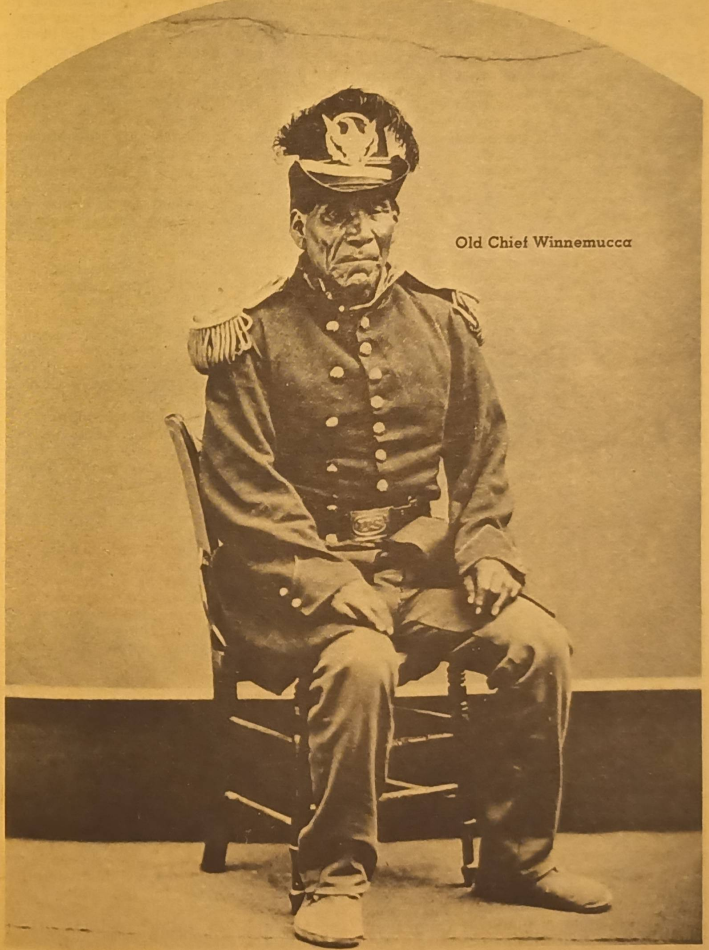
HOPKINS

By SARAH WINNEMUCCA HOPKINS



Old Chief Winnemucca

$30
BOOK
BONUS

COMPLETE
in this
ISSUE!

Editor's Note: We are indebted to Mrs. Edith V. A. Murphey for suggesting this book for OLD WEST. Mrs. Murphey, who served with the U. S. Indian Service, had this to say in her recommendation: "In 1944, I followed the trail over which Sarah brought back old Chief Winnemucca and about seventy tribesmen from the Bannock army. When I got to Quinn River Crossing (Nevada), I took a Government truck and sat with the driver. When we approached a bluff—a rattlesnakes' den—he said, 'Now watch when the trail men arrive at 4 p.m. The snakes will be waiting for them.' When the men came, they commenced shooting with revolvers and they were reckless about approaching the bluff.

"The next day would be a Saturday, and I asked the driver if he knew how to use 20 per cent (dynamite). He said he did. The men would not be working on Saturday so I met him the next morning and we laid fuses. When we set them off, you never saw so many pieces of rock and snakes fly up in the air and come down rattling. Maybe we saved some men from being killed. It was country like this through which Sarah Winnemucca often went alone."

The mind will accept betrayal before the heart will. But one's body can starve and one's body can freeze while the mind is saying, "Kill!" and the heart is saying, "Wait!" This is a chronicle of bitterness and indecision as told by an Indian girl who risked her life to try to bring peace before it was too late . . .

I WAS born somewhere near 1844, but am not sure of the precise time. I was a very small child when the first white people came into our country. They came like a lion, yes, like a roaring lion, and have continued so ever since, and I have never forgotten their first coming. My people were scattered at that time over nearly all the territory now known as Nevada. My grandfather was chief of the entire Piute nation, and was camped near Humboldt Lake with a small portion of his tribe when a party traveling eastward from California was seen coming. When the news was brought to my grandfather, he asked what they looked like.

When told that they had hair on their faces and were white, he jumped up and clasped his hands together, and cried aloud, "My white brothers—my long-looked-for white brothers have come at last!"

He immediately gathered some of his leading men, and went to the place where the party had gone into camp. Arriving near them, he was commanded to halt in a manner that was readily understood without an interpreter. Grandpa at once made signs of friendship by throwing down his robe and throwing up his arms to show them he had no weapons; but in vain—they kept him at a distance. He knew not what to do. He had expected so much pleasure in welcoming his white brothers to the best in the land, that after looking at them sorrowfully for a little while, he came away quite unhappy. But he would not give them up so easily. He took some of his most trustworthy men and followed them day after day, camping near them at night, and traveling in sight of them by day, hoping in this way to gain their confidence. But he was disappointed, poor dear old soul!

I can imagine his feelings, for I have drunk deeply from the same cup. When I think of my past life, and the bitter trials I have endured, I can scarcely believe I live, and yet I do; and, with the help of Him who notes the sparrow's fall, I mean to fight for my downtrodden race while life lasts.

Seeing they would not trust him, my grandfather left them, saying, "Perhaps they will come again next year."

Then he summoned his whole people, and told them this tradition:

"In the beginning of the world there were only four, two girls and two boys. Our forefather and mother were only two, and we are their children. You all know that a great while ago there was a happy family in this world. One girl and one boy were dark and the others were white. For a time they got along together without quarreling, but soon they disagreed, and there was trouble. They were cross to one another and fought, and our parents were very much grieved. They prayed that their children might learn better, but it did not do any good; and afterwards the whole household was made so unhappy that the father and mother saw that they must separate their children; and then our father took the dark boy and girl, and the white boy and girl, and asked them, 'Why are you so cruel to each other?'

"They hung down their heads, and would not speak. They were ashamed. He said to them, 'Have I not been kind to you all, and given you everything your hearts wished for? You do not have to hunt and kill your own game to live upon. You see, my dear children, I have power to call whatsoever kind of game we want to eat; and I also have the power to separate my dear children if they are not good to each other.'

"So he separated his children by a word. He said, 'Depart from each other, you cruel children—go across the mighty ocean and do not seek each other's lives.'

"So the light girl and boy disappeared by that one word, and their parents saw them no more, and they were grieved . . . And by-and-by the dark children grew into a large nation; and we believe it is the one we belong to, and that the nation that sprang from the white children will sometime send someone to meet us and heal all the old trouble.

"Now, the white people we saw a few days ago must certainly be our white brothers, and I wanted to welcome them. I wanted to love them as I love all of you. But they would not let me; they were afraid. But they will come again, and I want you one and all to promise that, should I not live to welcome them myself, you will not hurt a hair on their heads, but welcome them as I tried to do."

HOW GOOD of him to try and heal the wound, and how vain were his efforts! My people had never seen a white man, and yet they existed, and were a strong race. The people promised as he wished, and they all went back to their work.

The next year came a great emigration that camped near Humboldt Lake. The name of the man in charge of the trains was Captain Johnson, and they stayed three days to rest their horses, as they had a long journey before them without water. During their stay, my grandfather and some of his people called upon them, and they all shook hands, and when our white brothers were going away they gave my grandfather a white tin plate.

Oh, what a time they had over that beautiful gift,—it was so bright! They say that after they left, my grandfather called for all his people to come together, and he then showed them the beautiful gift which he had received from his white brothers. Everybody was so pleased; nothing like it was ever seen in our country before. My grandfather thought so much of it that he bored holes in it and fastened it on his head, and wore it as a hat. He held it in as much admiration as my white sisters hold their diamond rings or a sealskin jacket. So that winter they talked of nothing but their white brothers.

The following spring there came great news down the Humboldt River, saying that there were some more of the white brothers coming, and there was something among them that was burning all in a blaze. My grandfather asked them what it was like. They told him it looked like a man; it had legs and hands and a head, but the head was burning, and it was left quite black. There was the greatest excitement among my people everywhere about the men in a blazing fire. They were excited because they did not know there were any people in the world but the two—that is, the Indians and the whites. They thought that was all of us in the beginning of the world, and, of course, we did not know where the others had come from, and we don't know yet. Ha! ha! oh, what a laughable thing that was! It was two Negroes wearing red shirts!

The third year more emigrants came, and that summer Captain Fremont, who is now General Fremont. My grandfather met him, and they were soon friends. They met just where the railroad crossed Truckee River, now called Wadsworth, Nevada. Captain Fremont gave my grandfather the name of Captain Truckee, and he also called the river after him. Truckee is an Indian word, it means "all right," or "very well."

A party of twelve of my people (including Grandfather) went to California with Captain Fremont (to fight Mexicans). I do not know just how long they were gone. . . . When he came back he told the people what a beautiful country California was. Only eleven returned, one having died on the way back.

They spoke to their people in the English language, which was very strange to them all. Captain Truckee, my grandfather, was very proud of it, indeed. They all brought guns with them. My grandfather would sit down with us for hours, and would say over and over again, "Goodee gun, goodee, goodee gun, heap shoot."

They also brought some of the soldiers' clothes with all their brass buttons, and my people were very much astonished to see the clothes, and all that time they were peaceable toward their white brothers. They had learned to love them, and they hoped more of them would come. Then my people were less barbarous than they are nowadays.

THAT same fall, after my grandfather came home, he told my father to take charge of his people and hold the tribe, as he was going back to California with as many of his people as he could get to go with him. So my father took his place as Chief of the Piutes, and had it as long as he lived.

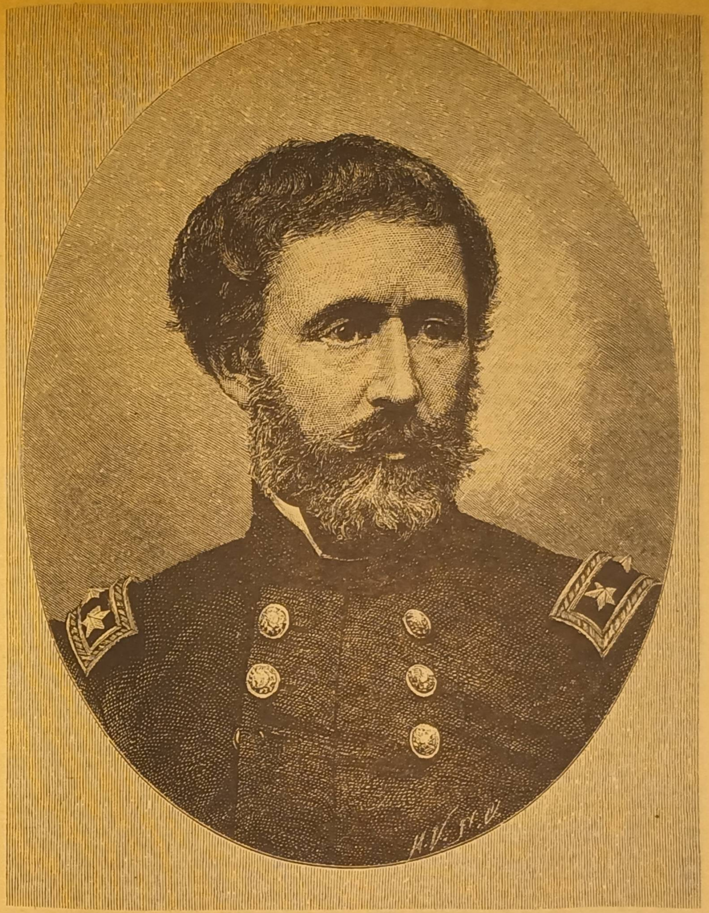
Then my grandfather started back to California again with about thirty families. That same fall, very late, the emigrants kept coming. It was this time that our white brothers first came amongst us. They could not get over the mountains, so they had to live with us. It was on Carson River, where the great Carson City stands now.

You call my people bloodseeking. My people did not seek to kill them, nor did they steal their horses—no, no, far from it. During the winter my people helped them. They gave them such as they had to eat. They did not hold out their hands and say: "You can't have anything to eat unless you pay me."

No, no such word was used by us savages at that time; and the persons I am speaking of are living yet; they could speak for us if they chose to do so.

The following spring, before my grandfather returned home, there was a great excitement among my people on account of fearful news coming from different tribes that the people whom they called their white brothers were killing everybody that came in their way, and all the Indian tribes had gone into the mountains to save their lives.

Father told all his people to go into the mountains and hunt and lay up food for the coming winter. Then we all went into the mountains. There was a fearful story they told us children. Our mothers told us that the whites were killing everybody and eating them. So we were all afraid of them. Every dust that we could see blowing in the valleys we would say it was the white people. In the late fall my father told his people to go to the rivers and fish, and we all went to Humboldt River, and the women went to work gathering wild seed, which they grind between the rocks. The stones are round, big enough to hold in the hands. . . . When the women had gathered all they could, they put it in one place and covered it with grass, and then over the grass, mud. After it is covered, it looks like an Indian wigwam.



General John C. Fremont. As Captain Fremont, "The Pathfinder," he became a warm friend of Sarah's grandfather, naming him "Captain Truckee."

What a fright we all got one morning to hear some white people were coming. Every one ran as best he could. My poor mother was left with my little sister and me. I never can forget it. My poor mother was carrying my little sister on her back, and trying to make me run; but I was so frightened I could not move my feet, and while my poor mother was trying to get me along, my aunt overtook us and she said to my mother: "Let us bury our girls, or we shall all be killed and eaten up."

So they went to work and buried us, and told us if we heard any noise not to cry out, for if we did, they would surely kill us. Our mothers buried me and my cousin, planted sage bushes over our faces to keep the sun from burning them, and there we were left all day.

Can anyone imagine my feelings buried alive, thinking every minute that I was to be eaten up by the people that my grandfather loved so much? With my heart throbbing, and not daring to breathe, we lay there all day. It seemed that the night would never come. Thanks be to God! the night came at last. . . .

At last we heard some whispering. We did not dare to whisper to each other, so we lay still. I could hear their footsteps coming nearer and nearer. I thought my heart was coming right out of my mouth. Then I heard my mother say, "Tis right here!" My cousin and I were once more happy in our mothers' and fathers' care, and we were taken to where all the rest were.

I was once buried alive; but my second burial shall be forever, where no father or mother will come and dig me up. It shall not be with throbbing heart that I shall listen for coming footsteps. I shall be in the sweet rest of peace—I, the chieftain's weary daughter.

WHILE we were in the mountains hiding, the people that my grandfather called our white brothers came along to where our winter supplies were. They set everything we had left on fire. It was a fearful sight. It was all we had for the winter, and it was all burnt during that night. My father took some of his men to try and save some of it, but they could not; it had burnt down before they got there.

These were the last white men that came along that fall. My people talked fearfully that winter about those they called our white brothers. My people said they had something like awful thunder and lightning, and with that they killed everything that came in their way.

This whole band of white people perished in the mountains, for it was too late to cross. We could have saved them, only my people were afraid of them. We never knew who they were, or where they came from. So, poor things, they must have suffered fearfully, for they all starved there. The snow was too deep.

Early in the following spring, my father told all his people to go to the mountains, for there would be a great emigration that summer. He told them he had had a wonderful dream, and wanted to tell them all about it.

He said, "Within ten days come together at the Sink of Carson, and I will tell you."

The sub-chiefs went everywhere to tell their people what my father had told them to say; and when the time came, we all went to the Sink of Carson.

Just about noon, while we were on the way, a great many of our men came to meet us, all on their horses. What a beautiful song they sang for my father as they came near us! As we came near to the encampment, every man, woman, and child were out looking for us. They had a place all ready for us. One could hear laughter everywhere, and songs were sung by happy women and children.

My father stood up and told his people to be merry and happy for five days. It is a rule among our people always to have five days to settle anything. My father told them to dance at night, and that the men should hunt rabbits and fish, and some were to have games of football, or any kind of sport or playthings they wished, and the women could do the same, as they had nothing else to do. My people were so happy during the five days. The women ran races, and the men ran races on foot and on horses.

Father got up very early one morning, and told his people the time had come—that we could no longer be happy as of old, as the white people had brought a great trouble and sorrow among us already.

He went on and said, "These white people must be a great nation, as they have houses that move. It is wonderful to see them move along. I fear we will suffer greatly by their coming to our country; they come for no good to us, although my father said they were our brothers, but they do not seem to think we are like them. What do you all think about it? Maybe I am wrong. But something is telling me that I am not wrong, because I am sure they have minds like us, and think as we do; and I know that they were doing wrong when they set fire to our winter supplies. They surely knew it was our food."

Now comes the end of our merrymaking. Then my father told his people his fearful dream, as he called it. He said, "I dreamt this same thing three nights—the very same. I saw the greatest emigration that has yet been through our nation. I looked North and South and East and West, and saw nothing but dust, and I heard a great weeping. I saw women crying, and I also saw my men shot down by the white people. They were killing my people with something that made a great noise like thunder and lightning, and I saw the blood streaming from the mouths of my men that lay all around me. . . .

"You may all think it is only a dream; nevertheless, I feel that it will come to pass. And to avoid bloodshed, we must all go to the mountains during the summer, or till my father comes back from

California. He will then tell us what to do. Let us keep away from the emigrant roads. There are to be a great many pine-nuts this summer, and we can lay up great supplies for the coming winter, and if the emigrants don't come too early, we can take a run down and fish for a month, and lay up dried fish. I know we can dry a great many in a month, and young men can go into the valleys on hunting excursions, and kill as many rabbits as they can. In that way we can live in the mountains all summer and all winter too."

SO ended my father's dream. During that day one could see old women getting together talking over what they had heard my father say. They said, "It is true what our great chief has said, for it was shown to him by a higher power. It is not a dream. Oh, it surely will come to pass. We shall no longer be a happy people as we now are; we shall no longer go here and there as of old; we shall no longer build our big fires as a signal to our friends, for we shall always be afraid of being seen by those bad people."

"Surely they don't eat people?"

"Yes, they do eat people, because they ate each other up in the mountains last winter."

This was the talk among the old women during the day.

That evening one of our doctors called for a council, and all the men gathered together in the council-tent to hear what their medicine man had to say, for we all believe our doctor is greater than any human being living. We do not call him a medicine man because he gives medicine to the sick, as your doctors do. Our medicine man cures the sick by the laying on of hands, and we have doctresses as well as doctors. We believe that our doctors can communicate with holy spirits from heaven. We call heaven the Spirit Land.

When all the men get together, of course there must be smoking the first thing. After the pipe has passed round five times to the right, it stops, and then the medicine man tells them to sing five songs. He is the leader in the song singing. It is hard to describe these songs. They are all different, and he says the angels sing them to him. Our doctors never sing war songs, except at a war dance, as they never go on the warpath themselves.

While they were singing the last song, he said, "Now I am going into a trance. While I am in the trance you must smoke just as you did before; not a word must be spoken while I am in the trance."

About fifteen minutes after the smoking was over, he began to make a noise as if he were crying a great way off. The noise came nearer and nearer, until he breathed, and after he came to, he kept on crying. And then he prophesied, and told the people that my father's dream was true in one sense of the word—that is, "Our people will not all die at the hands of our white brothers. They will kill a great many with their guns, but they will bring among us a fearful disease that will cause us to die by hundreds."

We all wept, for we believed this word came from heaven.

So ended our feast, and every family went to its own home in the mountains, and remained there till the pine-nuts were ripe. They ripen about the last of June.

Late that fall, there came news that my grandfather was on his way home. Then my father took a great many of his men and went to meet his father, and there came back a runner saying that all our people must come together. It was said that my grandfather was bringing bad news. All of our people came to receive their chieftain; all the old and young men and their wives went to meet him.

One evening there came a man, saying that all the women who had little children should go to a high mountain. They wanted them to go because they brought white men's guns, and they made such a fearful noise, it might even kill some of the young ones. My grandfather had lost one of his men while he was away.

So all the women that had little children went. My mother was among the rest; and every time the guns were heard by us, the children would scream. Some of the women went down from the mountain and told them not to shoot any more, or their children would die with fright. When our mothers brought us down to our homes, the nearer we came to the camp, I fought my mother—I bit her. Then my father came, and took me in his arms and carried me to the camp. I put my head in his bosom, and would not look up even to see my grandfather.

I DID NOT make up with my grandfather for a long time. He sat day after day, and night after night, telling his people about his white brothers. He told them that the whites were really very kind to everybody; that they were always ready to give something to children. He told them what beautiful things their white brothers had—what beautiful clothes they wore, and about the big houses that go on the mighty ocean, and travel faster than any horse in the world. His people asked him how big they were. "Well, as big as that hill you see there, and as high as the mountain over us."

"Oh, that is not possible—it would sink, surely."

"It is every word truth, and that is nothing to what I am going to tell you. Our white brothers are a mighty nation, and have more wonderful things than that. They have a gun that can shoot a ball bigger than my head, that can go as far off as that mountain you see over there."

The mountain he spoke of at that time was about twenty miles across from where we were. People opened their eyes when my grandfather told of the many battles they had with the Mexicans, and about their killing so many, and taking their big city away from them, and how mighty they were.

Those wonderful things were talked about all winter long. The funniest thing was that he would sing some of the soldiers' roll-calls, and the air to *The Star Spangled Banner*, which everybody learned during the winter.

He then showed us a more wonderful thing than all the others that he had brought. It was a paper, which he said could talk to him. He took it out and he would talk to it, and talk with it. He said, "This can talk to all our white brothers, and our white sisters, and their children. He also said the paper can travel like the wind, and it can go and talk with their fathers and brothers and sisters, and come back to tell what they are doing, and whether they are well or sick."

After my grandfather told us this, our doctors and doctresses said, "If they can do this wonderful thing, they are not truly human, but pure spirits. None but heavenly spirits can do such wonderful things. We can communicate with the spirits, yet we cannot do wonderful things like them. Oh, our great chieftain, we are afraid your white brothers will yet make your people's hearts bleed. You see if they don't; for we can see it. Their blood is all around us, and the dead are lying all about us, and we cannot escape it. It will come. Dance, sing, play, it will do no good; we cannot drive it away. They have already done the mischief, while you were away."

But this did not go far with my grandfather. He kept talking to his people, and told them to all get ready to go with him to California the following spring.

Very late that fall, my grandfather and my father and a great many more went down to the Humboldt River to fish. They brought back a great many, which we were very glad to get, for none of our people had been down to fish the whole summer.

When they came back, they brought us more news. They said there were some white people living at the Humboldt Sink. They were the first ones my father had seen face to face. He said they were not like "humans." They were more like owls than anything else. They had hair on their faces, and had white eyes, and looked beautiful.

I tell you we children had to be very good, indeed, during the winter; for we were told that if we were not good they would come and eat us up.

WE REMAINED there all winter; the next spring the emigrants came as usual, and my father and grandfather and uncles, and many more went down on the Humboldt River on fishing excursions. While they were thus fishing, their white brothers came upon them and fired on them, and killed one of my uncles and wounded another. Nine more were wounded, and five died afterwards. My other uncle got well again, and is living yet. Yet, after all these things had happened, my grandfather still stood up for his white brothers.

Our people had council after council to get Grandfather to give his consent that they should go and kill those white men who were at the Sink of Humboldt. No; they could do nothing of the kind while he lived. He told his people that his word was more to him than his son's life, or anyone else's life either.

"Dear children," he said, "think of your own words to me;—you promised. You want me to say to you, 'Go and kill those that are at the Sink of Humboldt.' After your promise, how dare you to ask me to let your hearts be stained with the blood of those who are innocent of the deed that has been done to us by others? Is not my beloved son laid alongside of your dead? Yes, it is very hard, indeed; but, nevertheless, I know and you know that those men who live at the Sink are not the ones that killed our men."

After he was through talking, came the saddest part. The widow of my uncle who was killed, and my mother and father, all had long hair. They cut off their hair, and also cut long gashes in their arms and legs, and they were all bleeding as if they would die with the loss of blood. This continued for several days, for this is the way we mourn for our dead.

When the woman's husband dies, she is first to cut off her hair, and then she braids it and puts it across his breast; then his mother and sisters, his father and brothers and all his kinfolks cut their hair. The widow is to remain unmarried until her hair is the same length as before, and her face is not to be washed all that time, and she is to use no kind of paint, nor to make any merriment with other women until the day is set for her to do so by her father-in-law, or if she has no father-in-law, by her mother-in-law, and then she is at liberty to go where she pleases. The widower is at liberty when his wife dies; but he mourns for her in the same way, by cutting his hair off.

It was late that fall when my grandfather prevailed with his people to go with him to California. It was this time that my mother accompanied him. Everything had been readied to start on our journey. Father was to be left behind. How my mother begged to stay with her husband, but my grandfather told her that she could come back in the spring. So we started for California. All my relatives went with us but Father and one aunt and her children.

The first night found us camped at the Sink of Carson, and the second night we camped on Carson River. The third day, as we were traveling along the river, some of our men who were ahead, came back and said there were some of our white brothers' houses ahead of us.

My grandfather told us all to stop where we were while he went to see them. He was not gone long, and when he came back he brought some hard bread which they gave him. He told us that was their food, and he gave us all some to taste. That was the first I ever tasted.

Grandfather once more told his people that his paper talked for him, and he said, "Just as long as I live and have that paper which my white brothers' great chieftain has given me, I shall stand by them, come what will." He held the paper up towards heaven and kissed it, as if it were really a person.

"Oh, if I should lose this," he said, "we shall all be lost. So, children, get your horses ready, and we will go on, and we will camp with them tonight, or by them."

Well, we went on; but we did not camp with them, because my mother told my grandfather that I was sick with fright, and for him not to camp too close to them. The women were speaking two words for themselves and one for me, for they were just as afraid as I was. I had seen my brother Natchez crying when the men came back and said there were white men ahead of us. So my grandfather did as my mother wished him to do, and we went on by them.

WE traveled on to California, but did not see any more of our white brothers till we got to the head of Carson River, about fifteen miles above where great Carson City now stands.

"Now give me the baby." It was my baby sister that grandpa took from my mother, and I peeped from under my mother's fur, and I saw some one take my little sister.

And once more my grandfather told his people that his white brothers and sisters were very kind to children. I stopped crying and looked at them again. Then I saw them give my brother and sister something white. My mother asked her father what it was, and he said it was pe-har-be, which means sugar. Just then one of the women came up with some in her hand, and Grandpa said, "Take it, my child."

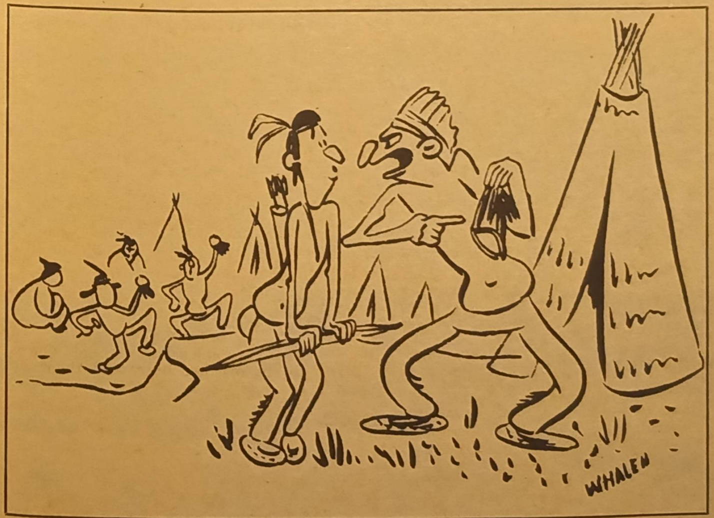
I held out my hand without looking. That was the first gift I ever got from a white person, which made my heart very glad.

When they went away, my grandfather called me to him and said I must not be afraid of white people, for they are very good. I told him that they looked so very bad I could not help it.

We traveled with them at that time two days, and the third day we all camped together where some people were living in large white houses. My grandpa went to one of the houses, and when he came back, he said his white brothers wanted him to come and get some beef and hard bread. He took four men with him to get it, and they gave him four boxes of hard bread and a whole side of beef, and the next morning we got our horses ready to go on again.

We traveled two days without seeing any more of my grandfather's white brothers. At last we came to a very large encampment, and they ran out of their wagons (or wood-houses, as we called them) and gathered round us. I was riding behind my brother.

Grandfather rode up to the tents where they were, and he asked to stay there all night with them. So he did. Oh, what nice things we all got from my grandpa's white brothers! Our men got red shirts, and our women got calico for dresses. What a pretty dress my sister got! I did not get anything, because I hid all the time. I was hiding under some robes. No one knew where I was. After all the white people were gone, I heard Mother cry out, "Where is my little girl? Oh, Father, can it be that the white people have carried her away?"



"Don't you know the difference between a scalp and a toupee?"

Yet I said nothing, because they had not called me to get some of the pretty things. When they began to cry, I crawled out, and then my grandfather scolded me, and told me that his brothers loved good children, but not bad ones like me. How I wished that I had stayed at home with my father!

WE went on the next day, and passed some more of our white brothers' houses, as we called their wagons at that time. We camped on the Sanvada Mountains and spent the night. It snowed very hard all night, and in the morning my grandfather told his people to hurry and get their horses and travel on, for fear we might get snowed into the mountains. That night we overtook some emigrants who were camped there to rest their oxen. This time I watched my grandfather to see what he would do. He said, "I am going to show them my rag friend again."

As he rode up to one of their tents, three white men came out to him; then they took him to a large tent. Quite a number of white men came out to him. I saw him take out the paper he called his rag friend and give it to one of the men who stood looking at it; then he looked up and came toward him and held out his hand to my grandfather, and then the rest of the white men did the same all round. The little children and the women did the same, and I saw the little ones running to their tents and back again with something in their hands, and they were giving it to each man.

The next morning I could not eat, and said to my mother, "Let us go back to Father, let us not go with Grandpa, for he is bad."

Mother said, "We can't go alone; we would all be killed if we go, for we have no rag friend, as Father had."

Then I heard Grandfather say, "Come, I have something for my baby; come and see what it is."

So I went to him with my head down, not because I was afraid he would whip me, no, no, for Indians do not whip their children. But how happy I was when he told me he would give me something very beautiful.

It was a little cup, and he told me it was to drink water out of, not to wear!

He said, "I am going to tell you what I did with a beautiful gift I received from my white brothers. It was of the same kind, only it was flat and round, and it was as bright as your cup is now."

He said to his wife, "Give me my bright hat," and she did so.

"You see I used to wear it on my head, because my white brother did not tell me what it was for." Then he began to laugh, and he laughed so long! "It was not to wear, but to eat out of, and I have made myself a fool by wearing it as a hat. How my brothers did laugh at me because I wore it at our first fight with the Mexicans. I do not want you to think my brothers laughed at me to make fun of me; no, it was because I wore the tin plate for a hat, that's all."

He also said they had much prettier things than this to eat out of. He went on and told us never to take anything belonging to them or lying outside of their houses.

"They hang their clothes out of doors after washing them; but they are not thrown away, and for fear some of you might think so and take them, I tell you about it. Therefore, never take anything unless they give it to you; then they will love you."

So I kept thinking over what he said to me about the good white people, and saying to myself, "I will make friends with them when we come into California."

WHEN we came to Sacramento Valley (it is a very beautiful valley), my grandfather said to his people that a great many of his white brothers were there, and he knew many of them; but we would go on to Stockton. There he had a very good brother, who had a big house made of red stone; it was so high that it would tire any one to go up to some of the rooms. My uncle, my mother's brother, asked him how many rooms were up there? Grandpa said, "We have to climb up three times to get to the top." They all laughed, as much as to say my grandpa lied.

He said, "You will not laugh when I show you what wonderful things my white brothers can do. I will tell you something more wonderful than that. My brother has a big house that runs on the river, and it whistles and makes a beautiful noise, and it has a bell on it which makes a beautiful noise also.

"We will get there tomorrow night. We will stop there ten days, and you can see for yourselves, and then you will know, my brothers, that what I have told you is true."

After traveling all day we went into camp for the night. We had been there but a little while, and there came a great many men on horseback, and camped near us. I heard Grandpa saying he was going to see them. I lay down quietly for a little while, and then got up and looked round to see if my brother was going too. There was no one but my mother and little sister. They had all gone to see them.

In a while I heard Grandpa come back and say, "They are not my brothers."

"Who are they?" Mother asked.

"They are what my brothers call Mexicans. They are the people we fought; if they knew who I was they would kill me, but they shall not know. I am not going to show them my rag friend, for fear my rag friend will tell of me."

Oh, how I wished I was back with my father again! All the children were not afraid of the white people—only me. My brothers would go everywhere with Grandpa. I would not have been so afraid if I had not been told by my own father and grandmamma that the white people would kill little children and eat them.

Everything was all right, and the next day we went on our journey, and after a whole day's journey we came within a mile of the town. The sun was almost down when Grandpa stopped and said, "Now, one and all, listen as you go on. You will hear the water-house bell ring."

So we did, and pretty soon we heard the prettiest noise we had ever heard in all our lives. It became dark before we got to the town, but we could see something like stars away ahead of us.

We came nearer the town, and camped for the night. Grandpa said to his men, 'Unsaddle your horses while I go and see my friend."

He came back in a few moments, and said, "Turn your horses into the corral, and now we will go to bed without making any fire."

The next morning my mother waked me, and I got up and looked round me.

"Your brother brought something that tastes like sugar." It was cake, and I ate so much it made me sick.

I was sick all day and night, and the next day I had the chills. Mother thought I would die. I heard her say to Grandpa one day, "The sugarbread was poisoned which your white brother gave us to eat, and it has made my little girl so sick that I am afraid she will die. Can there be anything done for her?"

"Dear daughter," he said, "I am sorry you have such bad hearts against my white brothers. I have eaten some sugarbread and so have you, and all the rest of us, and we did not get sick. Daughter, you should have blessed the strange food before you gave it to your child to eat; maybe this is why she is sick."

It is a law among us that all strange food is blessed before eaten, and also clothing of any kind that is given to us by anyone, Indians or white people, must be blessed before worn. So all my people came together and prayed over me, but it was all in vain. I do not know how long I was sick, but very long.

I WAS indeed poisoned, not by the bread I had eaten, but by poison oak. My face swelled so that I could not see for a long time, but I could hear everything. At last someone came that had a voice like an angel. I really thought it must be an angel, for I had been taught by my father that an angel comes to watch the sick one and take the soul to the Spirit Land.

I kept thinking it must be so, and I learned words from the angel (as I thought it). I could not see, for my eyes were swollen shut. These were the words, "Poor little girl, it is too bad!" It was said so often by the pretty sweet voice, I would say it over and over when I was suffering so badly, and would cry out, "Poor little girl, it is too bad!" At last I began to get well, and I could hear my grandpa say the same words.

Then I began to see a little; the first thing I asked my mother was, "What was the angel saying to me?"

She cried out, "Oh, Father, come here! My little girl is talking to the angels, she is dying."

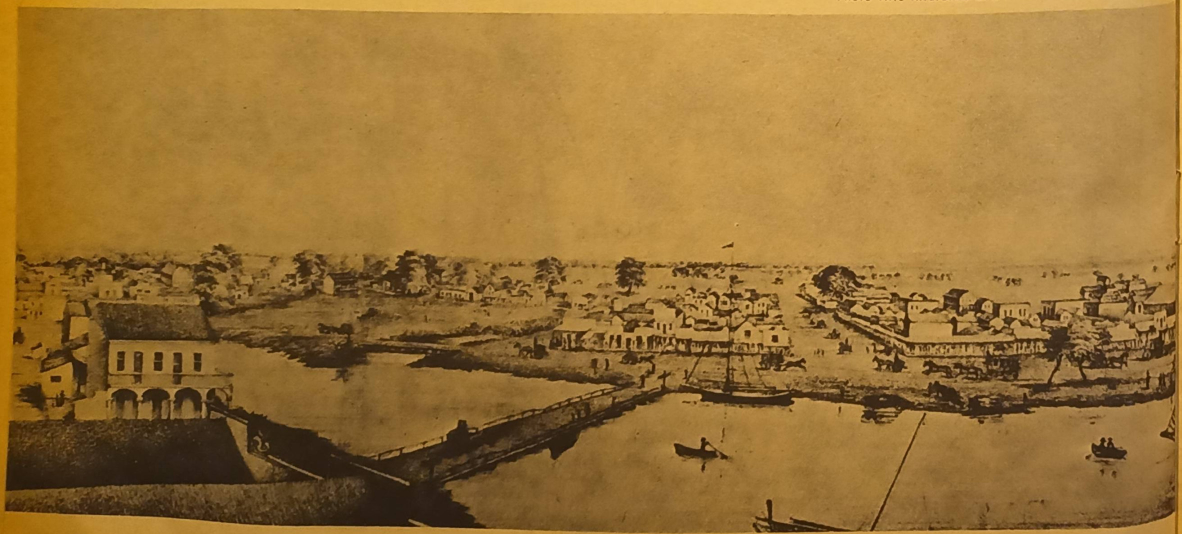
"Oh," said Grandpa, "it is the good white woman; I mean my white sister who comes here to see you. She has made you well. She put some medicine on your face, and has made you see."

"Can I see her now?" I asked.

"Yes, she will come pretty soon; she comes every day to see you. I will go and get her."

Soon they came, and Grandpa said, "Here she is."

The first thing she did she put her hand on my forehead. I looked at her; she was, indeed, a beautiful angel. She said the same words as before. I asked my grandpa what she was saying. Then he told me what she meant by it.



Old lithographic view of Stockton, California

Photo Title Insurance and Trust Co., Los Angeles

I began to get well very fast, and my angel came every day and brought me something nice to eat; and oh, what pretty dresses she brought me. When she brought the dresses she talked to my Grandpa a long time and cried.

After she went away, he said to mother, "The dresses which my white sister gave were her dead child's clothes, so they should be burned."

I began to protest, because I did not want them burned. He said to me, "You will get nicer ones than these if you learn to love my white sister."

Of course, the clothes were burned. After I got well, my grandpa took great delight in taking us all to see his white friends, and I knew what he meant when he said "my little girls"; I knew he meant me and sister, and he also would say "my little boys" when he was talking about my brothers.

He would say, pointing to my brother, "my Natchez." (Natchez means boy.) So the white people called one of my brothers Natchez, and he has had that name to this day.

I CAME to love the white people. We left Stockton and went on farther to a place called San Joaquin River. It took us only one day to go there.

One of my grandpa's friends was named Scott, and the other Bonsal. After we got there, his friend killed beef for us. We stayed there some time. Then Grandpa told us that he had taken charge of Mr. Scott's cattle and horses and he was going to take them all up to the mountains to take care of them. He wanted my uncles and their families and my mother and her two sons and three daughters to stay where they were; that is, he told my mother that he wanted her two sons to take care of a few horses and cows that would be left.

Mother began to cry, and said, "Father, don't leave us here! My children might get sick, and there would be no one to speak for us; or something else might happen."

"I don't think my brothers will do anything that is wrong to you and your children."

Then Mother asked my grandfather if he would take my sister with him. She felt that her daughter was unsafe, for she was young and very good-looking.

"I would like to take her along," Grandfather said, "but I want her to learn how to work and cook. Scott and Bonsal say they will take the very best care of you and the children. It is not as if I am leaving you here really alone; your brothers will be with you." So we stayed.

Two men owned the ferry, and they had a great deal of money. My brothers took care of their horses and cows all winter, and they were well paid for their work.

But, oh, what trouble we had for a while! The men whom my grandpa called his brothers would come into camp and ask my mother to give our sister to them. They would come in at night, and we would all scream, but that would not stop them.

My sister and mother and my uncles all wondered, "Why did we come? We shall surely be killed some night." My uncles and brothers would not dare to say a word for fear they would be shot down. We used to go away every night after dark and hide, and come back to our camp the next morning.

One night we were getting ready to go, and there came five men. The fire was out; we could see two men come into the tent. My uncles and my brothers made such a noise! I don't know what happened, but we took refuge in the boarding-house. I laid down, but I could not sleep. I could hear my poor sister's heart beat.

Early the next morning we got up and went downstairs, for it was upstairs where we slept. There were a great many in the room. When we came down, Mother said, "We will go outside."

My sister whispered, "There is no outlet to the house. We can't get out."

Then I heard someone speak and saw Mr. Scott holding the door open. Mother said, "Children, come."

He went out with us and pointed to our camp, and shook his head, and motioned to mother to go into a little house where they were cooking. Taking my hand in his, he said the same words that I had learned, "Poor little girl." I could see by his looks that he pitied me, so I was not afraid of him.

We went in and sat down on the floor. Many pretty things met my eyes. I was looking all around the room and I saw beautiful white cups on something high and long, and around it some things that were red.

"Do you know what those are?" I asked my sister, as she had been to the house before with my brothers.

She said "That high thing is what they use when eating, and the white cups are what they drink hot water from, and the red things you see is what they sit upon when they are eating."

There was one near us, and I said to my mother, "Can I sit on that one?"

"No," she replied, "they would whip you."

I did not say any more, but sat looking at the beautiful red chair. By-and-by a white woman came in with her little child in her arms. She went right to the very chair I wanted to sit in so badly, and set her child in it.

I looked up to my mother, and asked, "Will she get a whipping?"

"No, dear, it belongs to her father."

So I said no more. Pretty soon a man came in. She said something to him, and he went out, and in a little while they all came in and sat round that high thing, as I called it, that was the table.

It was all very strange to me, and they were drinking the hot water as they ate. After they got through, they all went out again, but Mr. Scott stayed and talked to the woman and the man a long time. Then the woman fixed five places and the men went out and brought in my brothers and kept talking to them.

My brother said, "Come and sit here, and you, Sister, sit there."

I sat down in the beautiful chair, but did not eat much. I tasted the black hot water; I did not like it. It was coffee that we called hot water.

After we had done, Brother said, "Mother, come outside; I want to talk to you." So we all went out.

Brother said, "Mr. Scott wants us all to stay here. He says you and Sister are to wash dishes, and learn all kinds of work. We are to stay here all the time and sleep upstairs, and the white woman is going to teach Sister how to sew.

"I think we had better stay, because Grandpa said so, and Father Scott will take good care of us. He is going up into the mountains to see how Grandpa is getting along, and he says he will take my uncles with him."

All the time Brother was talking, my mother and sister were weeping. I did not cry, for I wanted to stay so that I could sit in the beautiful red chairs.

Mother said, "Son, you know if we stay here, Sister will be taken from us by the bad white man. I would rather see her die than see her heart full of fear every night."

"If you say so, we will go to Papa."

"Yes, Son, let us go and tell him what his white brothers are doing to us."

"Then I will go and tell Mr. Scott we want to leave."

He was gone some time, and at last come back. "Mother," he said, "we can't go—that is, Brother and I must stay. But you and Sister can go if you wish to."

"How can that bad man keep you from going? You are not his children. How dare he say you cannot go with your mother? He is not your father; he is nothing but a white man, and he dares to say you cannot go. Your own father did not say you should not come with me. Your father would kill that white man who tried to take your sister! I cannot see for my life why my father calls them his white brothers. They are not people; they have no thought, no mind, no love. They are beasts!"

AT that point, Mr. Scott came up, and Mother held out her hands to him, and said, "Don't keep my children from me. If you have a heart in you, give them back to me. Let me take them to their own father, where they can be cared for."

Mother held on to him until he gave some signs of letting her sons go with her; then he nodded his head—they might go.

Mother's weeping was turned into joy and we were all glad. The wagon was got ready—I jumped about because I was going to ride in it! I ran up to Sister and said, "Ain't you glad we are going to ride in that beautiful red house?" I called it "house."

My sister said, "Not I, Sister, for I hate everything that belongs to the white dogs. I would rather walk all the way."

I soon got tired of riding in the red house and went to sleep. Nothing happened during the day, and after awhile Mother told us not to say a word about why we left, for Grandpa might get angry with us.

We were all glad to see him. The white man stayed all night, and went home the next day. After he left us, Grandpa called my brothers to him.

"I have something to tell you that will make you happy. Our good father (he did not say "my white brother," but he said "our good father") has left something with me to give you, and he also told me that he had given you some money for your work. He says you are all good boys, and he likes you very much; and he told me to give you three horses apiece, which makes six in all, and he wants you both to go back and to go on with the same work, and he will pay you well for it. He is to come back in three days; and if you want to go with him, you can."

My brothers were so happy over their horses. One said, "Will Mother and our sisters go, too?"

"No, they will stay with me."

Dear reader, there is no word so loving as the word, "father," and that is why we call all good people father or mother no matter who it is—Negro, white man, or Indian—and the same with the women.

Grandpa talked to my mother for a long time, but I did not hear what he said, as I went off to play with the other children. The first thing I knew the white man came and stayed four days. Then all the horses were got up, and he saw them all, and the cattle also.

I could see Mother and Sister crying now and then, but I did not know what for. One morning the man was going away, and I saw Mother getting my brothers' horses ready too. I could hear Grandpa telling her, “They will not be hurt; they will have quite a number of horses by the time we are ready to go back to our home again.”

I knew that my brothers were going back with this man. I said everything that was bad to them. I threw myself down upon the ground.

“Grandpa,” I screamed,“you want my brothers to be killed by the white man! You don't know what they do to us!”

We did not see our brothers for a long time, but the white men came now and then. They never brought my brothers with them. After they went away, Grandpa would come in with his rag friend in hand and say to Mother, “My friend here says my boys are all right, not sick.”

My mother would entreat, “Why can you not have them come to see us sometimes?”

“Daughter, it is time now to go home. The snow is off the mountains. In ten days more we will go, and we will get the boys as we go by.”

Everybody was happy; we had a thanksgiving dance. The day we were to start we partook of the first gathering of food for that summer. That morning everybody prayed and sang songs, and danced and ate before starting.

Grandpa took all the horses belonging to the white men. The horses were put into the corral, and the two white men counted them the next morning. They gave Grandpa eight horses for his work, and two or three horses each to others. To my two brothers they gave sixteen horses and some money, and after we all got our horses, Grandpa said to his people, “Now, my children, you see that what I have told you about my white brothers is true. You see we have not worked very much, and they have given us all horses. Don't you see they are good people?”

All that time, neither my uncles nor my mother had told what the white men did while we were left all alone.

The day set for starting was to be in five days. On the third day, we saw the very men who were so bad to us. They were talking to Grandpa.

Mother said to Sister, “They are talking about us. You see they are looking this way.”

How my heart did beat! I saw Grandpa shake his head, and he looked mad with them. He came away and left them standing there. From that day we got along nicely.

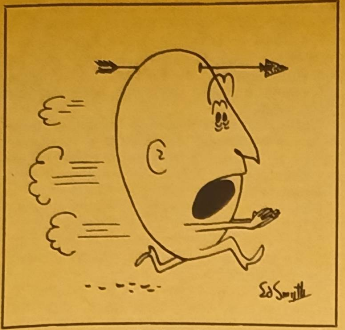
THEN we started for our home, and after traveling some time we arrived at the head of Carson River. There we met some of our people, and they told us some very bad news, indeed. They said almost all the tribe had died off and, if one of a family got sick, it was a sure thing that the whole family would die. He said the white men had poisoned the Humboldt River, and our people had drunk the water and died off.

“Is my son dead?” Grandpa asked.

“No, he was in the mountains during the time, and all who were there are all right.”

We stayed there all night, and the next day our hair was cut off. My sister and my mother had such beautiful hair!

Grandpa said to the man, “Go and tell our people we are coming, and tell my son to meet us.”



“Indians!”

After three days, we came to a place called Genoa, on the west side of Carson River, the place where I had first seen a white man. A sawmill and a gristmill were there, and five more houses. We camped in the very same spot as before.

For a long time we waited for my father to come to meet us. At last my cousin rode into camp one evening, and said Father was on his way with many of his people. We heard them as they came nearer and nearer; they were all crying, and then we cried too. As they got off their horses, they fell into each other's arms like so many little children, and it seemed as if their hearts would break as they told what they had suffered since we went away, and how our people had died off.

Every one of them was in mourning, one and all said that the river must have been poisoned by the white people. They had prayed, and our spirit-doctors had tried to cure the sick; but they too died while they were trying to cure the others.

After they had told Grandpa all, he got angry and said, “Children, I am terribly sorry to hear your story, but I cannot and will not believe my white brothers would do such a thing. If they had poisoned the river, they too would have died when they drank of the water. It must be some fearful disease or sickness unknown to us, and therefore, don't blame our brothers.

“The whole tribe calls me father, and I have loved you all as my own. Those who have died are happy in the Spirit Land, though we mourn their loss here on earth.

“Some of you may live a long time yet. Don't let your hearts work against the white men; if you do, you will not get along. You see, they are already here in our land; they are all along the river, and we must let them live with us. We cannot tell them to go away.

“I know your good hearts. I know you won't say kill them. Surely you all know that they are human. Their lives are just as dear to them as ours to us. It is a very sad thing, indeed, to have to lose so many of our dear ones, but maybe it was to be. We can do nothing but mourn for their loss.”

Everyone hung his head while Grandpa talked on. Now and then one could hear someone cry out, just as the Methodists cry out at their meetings; and Grandpa said a great many beautiful things to his people. He talked so long, I—for one—wished he would stop so I could go and throw myself into my father's arms and tell him what the white people were.

At last he stopped, and we all ran to Father. Papa took Mother in his arms, because she had lost two sisters and their husbands, and all their children but one girl. Thus passed away the day.

Grandpa had gone off during our meeting with Father, and prayer was offered, and everyone washed his face, and were waiting for something else. Pretty soon Grandpa returned and said, “This is my friend,” holding up his paper in his hand. “Does it look as if it can talk and ask for anything? Yet it does. It can ask for something to eat for me and my people. Yet it is nothing but a rag.

“Oh, beautiful things my white brothers can do. I have taken it down to them, and it has asked for sacks of flour for us to eat. Come, we will go and get them.”

So the men went down and got the flour. Grandpa took his son down to see the white men, and by-and-by we saw them coming back. They had given my father a red blanket and a red shirt.

I WILL now jump over about six years and tell about wars, and the causes of wars.

My sister and I were living at this time in Genoa with Major Ormsbey's family, who took us as playmates for their little girl. While with them we learned English language very fast, for they were very kind to us. This was in the year 1858.

In that year our white brothers had their houses all along Carson River. There were twenty-one houses there in our country. I know all the names of the people who lived in them.

One man who was on the upper part of Carson River was Mr. Olds; the next man, named Palmer, had a family. The third one, by the name of Job, also had a family. Another family was named Walters; another man, whose name was Dr. Daggett, had no family; nor had the next one, whose name was Van Sickle. The next one had more than one family; he had two wives, and his name was Thorton. The man who lived in the next house had still more wives. There were two brothers; one had three wives, and the other five. Their name was Reuse. The next man was named Nott, and had no family. The next house had three brothers, named Sides, with no families. The next was named Gilbert, and had no family. The next was named Alridge, and had a family. Then came our friend, Major Ormsbey.

Next came Adams and brothers, who had no wives. Then Jones and family; Miller and family; Brown, with no family; Elsey, with no family; Mr. Ellis and family; Williams brothers, no family; Mr. Cole and family; Mr. Black and family at Humbolt Lake. All these white people were loved by my people; we lived there together, and were as happy as could be. There was no stealing; no one lost cattle or horses; my people had not learned to steal.

We lived that way in peace for another year; our white brothers gave my people guns for the horses in the way of trading; yet my people never said, “We want you to give us something for our land.” Now, there were a great many of our white brothers everywhere through our country, and mines or farms here and there.

The Mormons came in a great many wagons and settled down in Carson Valley, where now stands the great Carson City, as it is called. The following year, 1859, Mother and Father were down at Pyramid Lake with all our people, so Sister and I were all alone there with our good friend, Major Ormsbey.

LATE that fall a very sad thing happened. A white man who was dearly beloved by my people started for California to get provisions, as they all did every winter. Mr. McMullen took a great deal of money to lay in large supplies, for they had a store about thirty miles down Carson River. Two of them, MacWilliams and McMullen, went off the same night and camped in the mountains. Someone came in the night and killed them both, and after they had shot them with guns or pistols, they placed arrows in the wounds to make it appear as if Indians had killed them. The next day news came in that Indians had killed John McMullen. The messengers were asked how they knew that Indians had killed him, and they answered, “We know, because it was done with arrows.”

That same afternoon thirty men went to get the dead bodies of the two men. They brought them in, and the arrows too. Of course, everybody said it was the Indians who killed them. My brother, Natchez, and our cousin, who was called Young Winnemucca, and one hundred others were sent for. In two days' time they came. My brother was then peace-chief.

Major Ormsbey asked if he knew what tribe of Indians those arrows belonged to. My cousin told his white brothers the arrows belonged to the Washoes. So Major Ormsbey said to Natchez, “Will you help us to get the Washoe chief to come in and give up the men who killed the two white men?”

My people said they would help to find the men who killed poor John McMullen. That evening there was a war-dance, the first one I had ever seen. A great many white men and women came to see it, and Lizzie Ormsbey kept saying, “Where is Natchez?” He was dressed up so we did not know him.

The white people stayed until it was all over, then the Major called his men and said, “We will sing *The Star-Spangled Banner.*” That was the first time I had heard it sung by the white people, and it was not a bit like the way my grandfather used to sing it.

My cousin, who was war-chief, sent five men to bring in the Washoe chief. The next morning they came in with about ten Washoes. As soon as they came in, the white men gathered round them. Major Ormsbey showed the arrows, and asked if they knew them.

The Washoe chief, Jam, said, “You ask me if these are my people's arrows. I say yes.”

Major Ormsbey said, “That is enough.” He then told Natchez, “Tell Captain Jam that his people have killed two men, and he must bring the men and all the money, and they shall not be hurt, and all will be right.”

The Washoe chief replied, “I know my people did not kill the whites, because none of my men have been away. We are all at Pine-nut Valley, and I do not know what to think of the sad thing that has happened.”

“But here are your arrows, and you cannot say anything,” protested my cousin. “We will give you ten days to bring the men who killed our two white brothers, and if you do not, we shall have to fight you, for they have been so kind to us all. Who could have the heart to kill them? Now go and bring in the men.”

POOR, poor Washoes, they went away with very sad hearts. After they left, Brother talked with all his men, and asked them what they thought about it. They all said it was very strange indeed.

Six days later, the Washoe chief came in with three prisoners, one of whom had a wife. The other two had none, but their mothers came with them. The white men gathered round and put handcuffs on them before locking them up in a small house for the night.

Next morning all the white people came to see them. Some said, “Hang the red devils right off,” and the white boys threw stones and used the most shameful language. At about three o'clock in the afternoon came thirty-one white men, all with guns on their shoulders, and as they marched along, my brother and cousin ran to meet them.

One Washoe woman began to scream, “Oh, they have come to kill them!” One could hear the poor things miles away.

“Chieftain, they did not kill the white man, indeed they did not. They have not been away from our camp for over a month. None of our men was away. Our chief has given these three young men because they have no fathers.”

One of the young girls said, “You, who are the mighty chieftain, save my brother, for he is all Mother and I have to hunt for us. Believe us. He is as innocent as you are. Tell your white brothers that what we tell you is as true as the sun rises and sets.”

One woman ran to my cousin, the war-chief, and threw herself down at his feet. “You are going to have my husband killed,” she said. “We were married this winter, and I have been with him constantly since. Our chief has given my husband to you because he is afraid that all of us will be killed.”

Then she raised her head and said to the Washoe chief, “You have given my innocent blood to save your people.”

Natchez turned to the Washoes saying, “These white men have come to take the three Washoe men who killed John McMullen and MacWilliams to California and put them in jail.”

We were all looking at them, but before Brother could do a thing, the three prisoners broke and ran. Of course they were shot. Two were wounded, and the third ran back with his hands up. But all of them died.

At daybreak the Washoes gathered, and the wife of the young man threw herself down on his dead body. I ran to Mrs. Ormsbey crying. I thought my heart would break.

I said to her, “I believe those Washoe women. They said their men are all innocent. They say they were not away from their camp for a long time, and how could they have been the men that killed the white men?”

I told her all I had heard the women say, and I said I believed them.

Mrs. Ormsbey said patiently, “Why were Washoe arrows there? The chief, himself, has brought them to us, and my husband knows what he is doing.”

I ran back to see what would be done with the dead bodies, as I had heard my people say that the Washoes were like the Digger Indians who burn their dead. When I got there, the Washoe chief was talking to Natchez. I did not know what he said before I came, but I know from what words I heard that he had been making confession.

He said, pointing down to the innocent men who were killed, “It is true what the women say—it is I who have killed them. Their blood is on my hands. I know their spirits will haunt me and give me bad luck as long as I live.”

The one who was wounded also died, and the bitterness of his sister and mother was dreadful to see. The mother cried out, “May the Good Spirit send the same curse upon you! May you all live to see the day when you will suffer at the hands of your white brothers—as you call them.”

This was the first trouble the Washoes had had with white people, and the only one they ever did have with them.

So the day passed away, and the two dead men were taken away and their bodies were burned. That is their custom. The other man was taken to California. Two days afterwards Major Ormsbey sent his men home.

Young Winnemucca, my cousin, and Natchez stayed longer with us. We had been with Major Ormsbey a long time, and we could talk very well. My poor sister was so sick it was two weeks before we could go to our mother.

When we got home it was winter and there was much snow. We stayed in the mountains where the great city called Virginia City now stands. It was then our pine-nut mountains.

Sometime during the winter, Jam came and told us that the white men who killed McMullen and MacWilliams had been caught. The Washoe chief went on and said, “I have come to ask you to pay me for the loss of the two men. The white men have brought back one man.”

My brother told Jam that our people had nothing to do with what the white men had done. “It is you who ought to pay the mother and sister and wife of your tribe, because you gave the men up yourself. You must not blame us; we only did our duty, and we all know that the white men did nothing to us, and we did no more than what they would do for us.”

Next day my brother went to see for himself. He gave the Washoe chief a horse to go with him, for the poor Washoes had never owned a horse in their lives. Ten men went with my brother.

MY GRANDFATHER was very sick at that time. Natchez was away two days and Grandfather was so low, they had to send for him to come back. As soon as my brother returned, word was sent everywhere that the mighty chief was dying. In two days' time we could see the signal fires of death on every mountaintop.

Natchez told us that it was true that their own people had killed the white men for their money. The way they were found out was this: They were playing cards for money, and one of the men lost his. There were five of them. They were almost fighting about the money, and two men who were out hunting heard them, and went near enough to hear all. One of the men went to town to bring some one to arrest them, and the other stayed to watch. The one who lost his money said, “If you won't give me back my money I will tell on you. Are you going to give me back my money or not?”

They all swore at him, and told him if he did not stop talking they would shoot him. Then the sheriffs came and took them and all the money they had. Two of the men told how they got the Washoe arrows and placed them in the wounds, as if the Indians had killed them. This is what Brother told his people. He said, “This is what our white brothers told me to say to you.”

Our people gathered from far and near, for my grandpa was going very fast. It was the most solemn thing that I have ever seen, before or since.

Grandfather sent Natchez for a beloved white brother of his named Snyder. When he came, Grandfather called him to his bedside and said, “I am going to die. I have always loved you as if you were my dear son; and there is one thing I want you to do for me."

Then he said to Father, "Raise me up; I want to see my children."

Father raised him up and, while Grandfather was looking around, his eyes fell on me and my sisters. He just looked at us, and said to the white man, "You see—there are my two little girls and there is my big girl, and there are my two boys. They are my sons' children, and the two little girls I want you to take to California to Mr. Bonsal and Mr. Scott. They will send them to school to 'the Sisters' at San Jose.

"Tell them this is my last request. I shall soon die. I shall never see them in person. They have promised to teach my two little girls when they become large enough."

He looked up at Snyder and said, "Will you promise to do this for me?"

The white man took my grandfather's hand and promised to do as he asked. Grandfather then bade him goodbye and said, "I want to talk to my own people."

When Snyder was gone, Grandfather looked at my father and told him what he must do as head chief of the Piute Nation. He was cautioned to be a good father, but after talking awhile, Grandfather broke down. We all cried. All night everyone watched him. The next morning a great many of our people came. The doctor was called to lay hands on him, and try to bring him to; but all efforts were in vain. Nothing could be done but watch him, which was done all day.

Night came on, and still the watch was kept up. At midnight, which was told by the seven stars reaching the same place the sun reaches at midday, Grandfather turned and twisted without opening his eyes.

The doctor said, "He is dying—he will open his eyes in a minute."

Ten minutes passed, then he opened his eyes in his usual bright and beautiful way, and his first words were, "Son, where are you? Come and raise me up—let me sit up."

Father raised him up. Then he called Mother, saying "Bring all the children."

Mother woke my sister. I was not asleep; I had lain awake for fear he would die while I dozed. We gathered around him. Grandfather Truckee looked around to see if there were any others but his family present. He saw the white man, the same one that had promised to take care of his little girls.

Then he said, "I've only a minute to spare. I'm so tired but I shall soon be happy. Now, Son, I hope you will live to see as much as I have, and to know as much as I do. And if you live as I have, you will some day come to me. Do your duty as I have done to your people and to your white brothers." Grandfather paused, closed his eyes, and stretched out. My poor mother, thinking he was dead, threw herself upon his bosom, but was aroused by the doctor's saying, "Hold on—the spirit has not left the body."

Then Grandfather recovered himself again, and, opening his eyes, said "Don't throw away my white-rag friend; place it on my breast when you bury me."

"He has spoken his last words," the doctor said. "He has given his last look, his spirit is gone. Watch his lips—he will speak as he enters the Spirit Land."

And so he did, at least he seemed to. His lips moved as if he were whispering. We were then told by the doctor that he was in heaven, and we all knew he was. No one who knew him would doubt it.

The scene that followed is hard to describe. His people's cries could be heard for many a mile. I crept up to him, hardly believing he would never speak to me again. I felt the world growing cold; everything seemed dark. The great light had gone out. I had father, mother, brothers, and sisters; but it seemed I would rather lose them all than my poor grandpa.

I was only a simple child, yet I knew what a great man he was. I mean great in principle. I sensed how necessary it was for our good that he should live. I think if he had put out his hands and asked me to go with him, I would gladly have folded myself in his arms. Even now, after long years of toil and trouble, I think if our great Father had seen fit to call me with him, I could have died with a better opinion of the world.

In regard to the doctor's saying, "He will speak as he enters the Spirit Land," I wish to say it is the belief of my people. They say if a child has a mother or a father in the Spirit Land, he will cry as the soul enters.

Papa kept Grandfather's body two days, then came the burial. Everything he had was put into the grave with him. His body was put into blankets, and after he was buried, six of his horses were killed.

I do not want you to think that we do this thing because we believe the dead use what we put in; or, if we kill horses at anyone's death that they will be used in the Spirit Land. No, but it is the last respect we pay our dead.

IN THE SPRING of 1860, my sister and I were taken to San Jose, California. Brother Natchez and five other men went with us. On our arrival we were placed in the "Sisters' School" by Mr. Bonsal and Mr. Scott. We were only there a little while, say three weeks, when complaints were made to the Sisters by wealthy parents about Indians being in school with their children.

The Sisters then wrote to our friends to come and take us away, and so they did—at least, Mr. Scott did. He kept us a week, and sent word to Natchez to come for us. My brother could not come, and he sent word for Mr. Scott to put us on the stage. We arrived at home all right, and shortly after, the war of 1860 began in this way.

Two little Indian girls about twelve years old went out in the woods to dig roots and did not come back. Their parents went in search of them and, when they were not successful, all my people who were there came to their help. My people found trails which led up to the house of two traders named Williams, on Carson River, nearby the Indian camp. But these men said they had not seen the children, and told my people to come into the house and search it; and this they did, as they thought, thoroughly.

After a few days, the girls' family had nearly given them up for dead. Then one morning an Indian rode up to the cabin of the Williamses. In those days the settlers did not hesitate to sell us guns and ammunition whenever we could buy, so the Williams brothers proposed to buy the Indian's horse as soon as he rode up. They offered him a gun, five cans of powder, five boxes of caps and five bars of lead. After some talk the trade was made.

The men took the horse, put him in the stable and closed the door, then went into the house to get their part of the exchange. They gave the Indian the gun, powder and caps, but would not give him the lead, and because he would not take only a part, he gave back what he had taken from them, and went out to the barn to take his horse. Then they set their dog upon him.

When bitten by the dog the Indian began hallooing, and to his surprise he heard children's voices answer him. He knew at once it was the lost children. The Indian made for his camp as fast as he could, and told what had happened and what he had heard. Natchez and others went straight to the cabin of the Williams brothers.

The father demanded the children. They denied having them and, after talking quite awhile denied it again, when all at once the brother of the children knocked one of the Williamses down with his gun, and raised his gun to strike the other. Before he could do so, one of the Williams brothers stooped down and raised a trapdoor, on which he had been standing. This was a surprise to my people who had never seen anything of the kind.

First the father peeped down, but could see nothing; then he went down and found his children lying on a little bed with their mouths tied up with rags. He tore the rags away and brought them up. When my people saw their condition, they at once killed both brothers and set fire to the house.

The news was spread as usual. "The bloodthirsty savages have murdered two innocent, hard-working, industrious, kind-hearted settlers," and word was sent to California for some soldiers to take over the murderers of the Williamses.

As no Army soldiers were there just then, Major Ormsbey collected 160 volunteers and came up; without asking or listening to any explanation, he demanded the men. But my people would not give them up, and when the volunteers fired on us, our men flew to arms to defend the father and brother, as any human beings would do in such a case, and ought to do. And so the war began.

It lasted about three months, and after a few of my people and at least a hundred white men had been killed (amongst them our dear friend, Major Ormsbey, who had been so hasty), a peace was made.

My brother had tried to save the Major's life. He met him in the fight, and as Natchez was ahead of the other Indians, Major Ormsbey threw down his arms and implored him not to kill him. There was not a moment to be lost. My brother said, "Drop down as if dead when I shoot, and I will fire over you;" but in the hurry and agitation he still stood pleading, and was killed by another man's shot.

Some other friends of my brother, Judge Broomfield and his servant, and a Spaniard lived in a small cabin about twelve miles away. They were not fighting against us, and my brother defended their lives and risked his own. He stood at their cabin door and beat back the assailants with a club, and succeeded in driving them off. But my uncle and cousins were so angry with him for saving white men's lives that they whipped him with a horsewhip.

We all knew my uncle loved us. He was always kind to us; but I never could love him again as I had done after he whipped my brother—my noble, patient brother, who bore his uncle no ill will, but was satisfied that he had saved the lives of his friends. Brave deeds don't always get rewarded in this world.

(There was another occasion when my brother saved the life of his friend, Mr. Seth Cook of San Francisco, and of six others; but as I do not remember the details I will not attempt to relate it. Mr. Cook had often given my brother valuable assistance, and he is still living, and can tell the story of his escape from death himself.)

The regular troops at last reached the ground and, after fighting a little while, raised a flag of truce, which was responded to by my brother and peace was made. A treaty gave the Pyramid Lake Reservation to my people. I have no way of telling any of the particulars. The reservation was given to us in 1860, and we were to get large supplies as long as we were peaceful. But though there were thirteen agents there in the course of twenty-three years, I never knew of any issue after the first year.

AMONG the traditions of our people is one of a small tribe of barbarians who used to live along the Humboldt River. It was many hundreds of years ago. They used to waylay my people and kill and eat them. They would dig large holes in our trails, and if any of our people traveled at night, which they did, for they were afraid of these vicious tribesmen, they would oftentimes fall into these holes. That tribe would even eat their own dead—yes, they would even come and dig up our dead after they were buried, and would carry them off and devour them.

Now and then they would come and make war. They would fight, and as fast as they killed one another on either side, the women would carry off those who were killed.

My people say they were very brave. When they were fighting, they would jump up in the air after the arrows that went over their heads, and shoot the same arrows back again. My people took some of them into their families, but they could not make them like themselves. So at last we made war.

This war lasted some three years. Their number was about 2,600. My people killed them in great numbers, and what few were left went into the thick brush, which my tribe set on fire. This was right above Humboldt Lake. The enemy went to work and made tule or bulrush boats, and went into Humboldt Lake. They could not live there very long without fire or food.

My people were watching all around the shore and would kill them as fast as they would come on land. At last, they all landed one night on the east side of the lake, and went into a cave near the mountains. It was a most horrible place. Our tribe watched at the mouth of the cave, and would kill them as they came out to get water. But they would not give up.

Finally my people grew tired, and began to fill up the mouth of the cave with wood. The poor fools began to pull the wood inside till the cave was full. At last my people set it on fire, at the same time crying out to them, "Will you give up and be like men, and not eat people like beasts? Say quick—we will put out the fire." No answer came from them.

My people said they thought the cave must be very deep or far into the mountain. They had never seen the cave nor known it was there until then. They called out as loud as they could, "Will you give up? Say so, or you will all die." But no answer came.

Ruins of Fort C. F. Smith

Photo Denver Public Library, Western Collection

Then our tribe all left the place. In ten days some went back to see if the fire had gone out. They went back to my third or fifth great-grandfather and told him those in the cave must all be dead, there was such a horrible smell. This tribe was called people-eaters, and after my people had killed them all, the people round us called us Say-do-carah. It means conqueror; it also means "enemy." I do not know how we came by the name of Piutes. It is not an Indian word. I think it is misinterpreted. Sometimes we are called Pine-nut Eaters, for we are the only tribe that lives in the country where pine-nuts grow.

My people say that the tribe we exterminated had reddish hair. I have some of their hair, which has been handed down from father to son. I have a dress which has been in our family a great many years, trimmed with this reddish hair. I am going to wear it some time. It is called the mourning dress, and no one has such a dress but my family.

THE RESERVATION of Pyramid and Muddy Lakes, given in 1860, was at first sixty miles long and fifteen wide. The line is where the railroad now crosses the river, and it takes in two beautiful lakes, one called Pyramid Lake, and the one on the eastern side, Muddy Lake. No white people lived there at the time it was given us.

We Piutes have always lived on the river, because out of those two lakes we caught beautiful mountain trout, weighing from two to twenty-five pounds each, which would give us a good income if we had it all, as at first. Since the railroad ran through in 1867, the white people have taken all the best part of the reservation from us, and one of the lakes also.

The first work that my people did on the reservation was to dig a ditch, and put up a grist-mill and sawmill. Commencing where the railroad now crosses at Wadsworth, they dug about a mile; but the sawmill and grist-mill were never seen or heard of, though the printed report in the United States statutes says $25,000 was appropriated to build them. Where did it go? The report says these mills were sold for the benefit of the Indians who were to be paid in lumber for houses, but no stick of lumber have they ever received. My people do not own any timberland now. The white people are using the ditch which my people made to irrigate their land. This is the way we are treated by our white brothers. Is it that the Government is cheated by its own agents who make these reports?

In 1864-5 there was a governor by the name of Nye. There were no whites living on the reservation at that time, and there was no agent as yet. My people were living there and fishing, as they had always done. When some white men came down from Virginia City to fish, and it was reported to Governor Nye at Carson City, he sent soldiers to drive them away. Mr. Nye is the only governor who ever helped my people—I mean who protected them when they called on him in this way.

In 1865 we had more trouble with our white brothers. It was early in the spring, and we were then living at Dayton, Nevada. A company of soldiers came through the place and stopped and spoke to some of our tribe, saying, "You have been stealing cattle from the white people at Harney Lake." They said also that they would kill every one that got in their way, men, women, and children.

The captain's name was Wells, and the place they were going was about 300 miles away. These soldiers went only sixty miles away to Muddy Lake, where my people were then living and fishing, and doing nothing to anyone. The soldiers rode up to their encampment and fired into it, killing almost all the people who were there. It is a fearful thing to tell, but it must be told. It must be told by me.

They were all old men, women and children who were killed, for my father had all the young men with him, at the Sink of Carson on a hunting excursion. After the soldiers had slain all but some little children and babies still tied up in their baskets, the soldiers took them also and set the camp on fire and threw them into the flames to see them burn alive. I had one baby brother killed there. My sister jumped on Father's best horse and fled. The soldiers ran after her but, thanks be to the Good Father in Spirit Land, my sister got away. This almost killed my poor papa. Yet my people kept peaceful.

THAT summer another of my family was killed on the reservation. His name was Truckee John. He was an uncle of mine, and was killed by a man named Flamens, who claimed to have had a brother killed in the war of 1860 but that had nothing to do with Uncle. About two weeks later, two white men were killed over at Walker Lake by some of my people and, of course, soldiers were sent for from California, and a great many companies came. They went after us all over Nevada.

Reports were made everywhere throughout the whole country by the white settlers that the red devils were killing their cattle, and by this lying of the white settlers the trail began which is marked by the blood of my people from hill to hill and from valley to valley. The soldiers followed after us for one year, and the Queen's River Piutes were brought into Fort Churchill, Nevada, in which campaign poor General McDermit was killed.

These reports were only made by those white settlers so that they could sell their grain, which they otherwise could not get rid of. The only way cattlemen and farmers get to make money is to start an Indian war, so that the troops may come and buy their beef, cattle, horses, and grain. The settlers get fat by it.

The two Indians were taken who had killed the two white men over at Walker Lake. It was said they killed those two white men because the soldiers had killed their fathers at Muddy Lake. During this time my mother and sister died, and we were left alone, with only Father.

I will tell you the doings of the agents there. The first six I did not know. In 1866, after Mother and Mary died, I came down from Virginia City to live with my brother, Natchez. There were some white men living on the agency. They had a great many cattle on the reservation at the time. My people did not know how to work as yet. The agent had a store of dry goods which he sold to my people. I stayed with my brother all winter, and got along very poorly for we had nothing to eat half of the time. Sometimes we would go to the agent's house and he would get my sister-in-law to wash some clothes, and then he would give us some flour.

In the month of May the agent sold an Indian man some powder. He crossed the river, where he was met by one of the agent's men, who shot him dead on the spot because he had the powder. My brother and I did not know what to do. All our people were wild with excitement. Brother and I thought the agent did wrong to sell the powder to one of our men, knowing it was against the law. Our people said they would go and kill him.

Natchez asked me, "What shall we do?"

I said, "We will go and tell them to go away this very night."

So we put saddles on our horses, and away we went to tell the agent what our people had said. The river was very high. When crossing it my horse fell down in the river, and I got very wet. Brother jumped off his horse, and helped me on again. We went up to the house, and I said, "Mr. Newgent, go away, quick! My people are coming here to kill all of you, and tell all who are on the river to go, too, for they will surely come and kill them all."

"I am not afraid of them," the agent said, "they will be glad to stop before they do anything. We have a good many guns."

He then called to his men, saying, "Get your guns ready; we will show the damned red devils how to fight."

Brother implored, "We would like to have you go; please do not get us into any more trouble."

Mr. Newgent told my brother and me to go away. We did so. As soon as we got to our home, Natchez got all his people together and told them to get ten young men and go and watch the crossing of the river. He said if anyone tried to cross, to catch him. "If there are more than one, kill them if you can; by so doing we will save ourselves, for you know if we allow our people to kill the white men we will all be killed here. It is better that we should kill some of our own men than to be all killed here."

ABOUT midnight my brother called his people together again. They all came running. Brother said to them, "I had a dream, and it is true that our people who were coming to kill the agent and his men are not going to kill them, but they are going to the Deep Wells, and the deed is already done." The place he spoke of is about thirty miles from the place where we were then, near Virginia City, Nevada.

He said, "I see only one dead; one is not dead, but he will die. I see a great many horses taken by them. It is only a dream, but nevertheless, it is true. Get your horses; we will go after them. We must do it or we will all be in trouble."

So brother took thirty of his men to go and head them off, if they could. After he went away, I heard one of the men say, "I wonder if what our chief said is true?"

Just then, someone was seen coming. He gave an alarm of danger at hand. Everyone moved to his guns. I jumped on a horse, bareback, to go and meet him, and my men did likewise. When we met him, his first words were, "We shall all die this very day."

"Why?" I asked.

"Somebody has killed a white man and another is almost dead."

"Where are they?"

"At the Deep Wells."

One of the men said, "Did you see them?"

The Indian said, "Yes, and that is not all; our agent has gone to get soldiers to come and kill us."

"Where did you see him?"

"Halfway to the soldiers."

Just then we heard another alarm. We turned our heads toward the noise. We saw another of our men coming as if he were running for dear life. We all hastened to meet him. He too reported, "We shall all be killed." He told the same thing about one dead and one almost dead. So we returned to the camp again.

The sub-chief sent out spies to watch and come in to tell us in time to meet our enemies. In this way passed the day. Newgent, our agent, had left his house at daybreak to go to the fort to see some of the officers there. He rode up to the house, got off his horse, and went in to tell them about the trouble he had on the agency. A fearful thing met his eyes. One man was really dead, and the other almost dead. He asked what was the matter.

The wounded man answered, "Three Indians came here last night and shot us, and they thought they had killed both of us. They have taken all our things away, and they swore at us in good English language that the agent had their brother killed."

Poor man, he did not know that he was talking to the very devil who had made all the trouble. Very late that evening, two of our men came as before. They brought me a letter. These were the words:

"Miss Sarah Winnemucca,—Your agent tells us very bad things about your people's killing two of our men. I want you and your brother Natchez to meet me at your place tonight. I want to talk to you and your brother.

Signed,
CAPTAIN JEROME,
Company M, 8th Cavalry."

It took me some time to read it, as I was very poor, indeed, at reading; and I assure you, my dear readers, I am not much better now. After going over it four or more times, I knew what it said. I did not know what to do, as brother had not returned. I had no ink to write with.

My people all gathered round me waiting for me to tell them something. I did not say anything. They could not wait any longer. They asked me what the paper said.

"The soldiers are coming," I explained. "The officer wants me and my brother to see them at our place." At that time, Natchez and I had a place on the reservation.

They said, "Oh, it is too bad that he went off this morning; you and he might be the means of saving us. Can you speak to them on paper?"

I said, "I have nothing to write with. I have no ink. I have no pen."

"Take a stick—take anything. Until you talk on that paper, we will not believe you can talk on paper."

I said, "Make me a stick with a sharp point, and bring me some fish's blood." They did as I told them, and then I wrote.

"HON. SIR,—My brother is not here. I am looking for him every minute. We will go as soon as he comes in. If he comes tonight, we will come sometime during the night.

Yours,
S. W."

I sent the same man back with the letter. He had not been gone long when Natchez came in with his men. Everybody ran to him and told him his dream had come true. Some of the men who were with Brother said, "We knew it was true before we got here. We saw the horses' tracks, so it is nothing strange to us."

Then I told him that the agent had a company of soldiers waiting for him and me at our place. Brother asked when Newgent went for them. "Early in the morning," I guessed, "and your dream, Brother, was true. Mr. Coffman and his man are killed."

"Get us fresh horses," ordered Natchez, "and we will go and see them. Wife, get me something to eat before I go. I want twenty men to go with me and my sister. Sarah, did you send them word that we would come as soon as I came home?"

"Yes, Brother."

WE WERE soon on the road to see the soldiers. We went like the wind, never stopping until we got there. The officer met us. I told him everything from the first beginning of the trouble. I told him that the agent sold some powder to an Indian, and that his own men had then killed the Indian. I told him how Brother and I went to him and asked him and his men to go away, as we had heard that our people were going to kill him. I told him that he talked bad to us, because we went to tell him of it. I told this to the officer right before the agent. The agent did not have anything to say, and then the officer asked my brother what he knew about it and if he had seen anything during that day. He asked, "How many head of horses do you think they have?"

"I don't know—a good many."

"Well, how many do you think?"

"Maybe sixty or more."

The officer did not speak to the agent while we were there. We did not stay long, because I was afraid of the soldiers, although the officer asked us to stop all night.

The officer said, "We will come down tomorrow, and have another talk with your sister." So off we went.

Many of our people did not sleep that night. Brother called all them together at one place. He told them the soldiers were their friends, and not to be afraid of them, because if they had come to fight they would have brought more with them.

We watched for their coming the next morning. At last they arrived and camped. The first thing the officer did was to tell us not to be afraid; if we wanted protection, he would send for a company to come down from Carochel.

We said our people were very much afraid of the soldiers. He asked us what we had to eat. We told him we had nothing just then, but we hoped the fish would soon run up the river, so that we might catch some. He saw that we had nothing at all. He said he would go up to the Fort and tell the commanding officer about us. So he took two men with him, and left the rest with us.

Two days afterwards a soldier came in and told Brother that the captain had three wagons of provisions for him and his people. Oh, how glad we were! That was the first provision I had ever seen issued to my people. The agent came to the officer and said, "If you want to issue beef to the Indians, I have some cattle I can sell you."

The officer told him "to be off."

Five days later, five soldiers came down from the Fort with a letter for the Captain. After he read the letter, he called Brother and me to him and said, "I have got a letter from the commanding officer at the Fort, asking me if your father is here with you."

Brother told him he had not been with us for a long time. And I told him Father had not been in since the soldiers killed my little brother. I told the Captain that Father had sent word to us some six months ago that he had gone to live in the mountains, and to die there. I was crying all the while I was talking to him. My people were frightened; they did not know what I was saying. Our men gathered all around us. They asked Brother what was the matter.

Then the officer said, "Sarah, don't cry, you and your brother shall go with me, and we will get your father. If he will come in, he will be cared for by the Army. The commanding officer says you are to go with me to Camp McDermit, and you can get your father and all your people to come into the army post, where you can be fed. If you will go, we will start by the first of July."

Brother asked me what I thought about it. "I will do whatever you say, Natchez. If you want to go get our father, we can try it."

Brother told all this to our people. Some said, "Maybe they will kill him. You and your sister know what liars the white people are, and if you go and get him and he is killed by the soldiers, his blood will be on you."

Brother replied, "I believe what the officers say, and if Father comes in they will take good care of us."

"Well, it is your father, and you two know best what to do. If anything happens to him, you will have no one to blame but yourselves."

"What has my father done to the white people that they should harm him?" Brother asked. "Because white people are bad that is no reason why the soldiers should be bad, too."

(Brother and my people always said "the white people," just as if the soldiers were not white, too.) So we told the captain that we would go with him.

NOW, dear readers, this is the way all the Indian agents get rich. The first thing they do is start a store; the next thing is to take in cattlemen. Cattlemen pay the agent one dollar a head. In this way they get rich very soon, so that they can have their gold-headed canes with their names engraved on them. The one I am now speaking of is only a sub-agent. He told me the head agent was living in Carson City, and he paid him $1,500 a year for the use of the reservation. Yet, he has fine horses and cattle and sheep, and is very rich. The sub-agent was a minister; his name was Balcom. He did not stay very long, because a man named Batemann hired some Indians to go and scare Balcom away from the reservation, that he might take his place. The leader of these Indians was named Dave. He was interpreter at the Pyramid Lake Reservation. So Batemann got rid of the minister, and then he got rich in the same way.

While Batemann was agent, I was asked to act as interpreter to the Shoshones by a man called Captain Dodge, their agent. He was going to issue clothing to them at a place called Battle Mountain. Brother Natchez went all about to summon the people there. I told Colonel Dodge all about our agent at Pyramid Lake Reservation. He said he would go to see him, which he did.

It took three days for the people to come up. Oh, such an issue! It was enough to make a doll laugh. A family numbering eight persons got two blankets, three shirts, no dress-goods. Some got a fishhook and line; some got one and a half yards of flannel, blue and red; the largest issue was to families who camped together, numbering twenty-three persons; four blankets, three pieces of red flannel and some of blue, three shirts, three hooks and lines, two kettles.

It was the saddest affair I ever saw. There were ready-made clothes of all kinds, hats, shoes, and shawls, and farming utensils. Bales upon bales of clothing were sent away to Salt Lake City. After the issue, the things were all to be put into one place. Holy songs were offered up to the Great Spirit Father. The things were blessed before they were to be worn, and all the young men put the blankets round themselves and danced. In the morning some of the men went round with only one leg dressed in flannel, which made all the white people laugh.

At this issue, our agent, Mr. Batemann, gave the Shoshones one ton of flour, which made me very angry, and I talked to him before Colonel Dodge. I said, "You come up here to show off before this man. Go and bring some flour to my people on Humboldt River, who are starving, the people over whom you are agent. For shame that you, who talk three times a day to the Great Father in Spirit Land, should act so to my people." This man called himself a Christian, too.

Then came another agent by the name of Spencer. He was a better one than we had ever had. He issued some blankets to some old men and women and blind people, and gave Brother some pieces of land to work upon. He then gave my people wagons—about ten altogether; and he had his daughter brought as a teacher at the rate of $50 a month. But he soon died and then came our present agent.

He was not married at the time, but he very soon learned that there was money to be made, so he went back and got married. Of course he put his wife in as teacher. Mr. McMasters, for that is his name, has his own methods of making my people divide the produce. If they raise five sacks of grain, they give one sack to the Big Father in Washington; if they have only three sacks, they still have to send one. Every fourth load of hay goes to the Big Father at Washington, yet he does not give my people the seed.

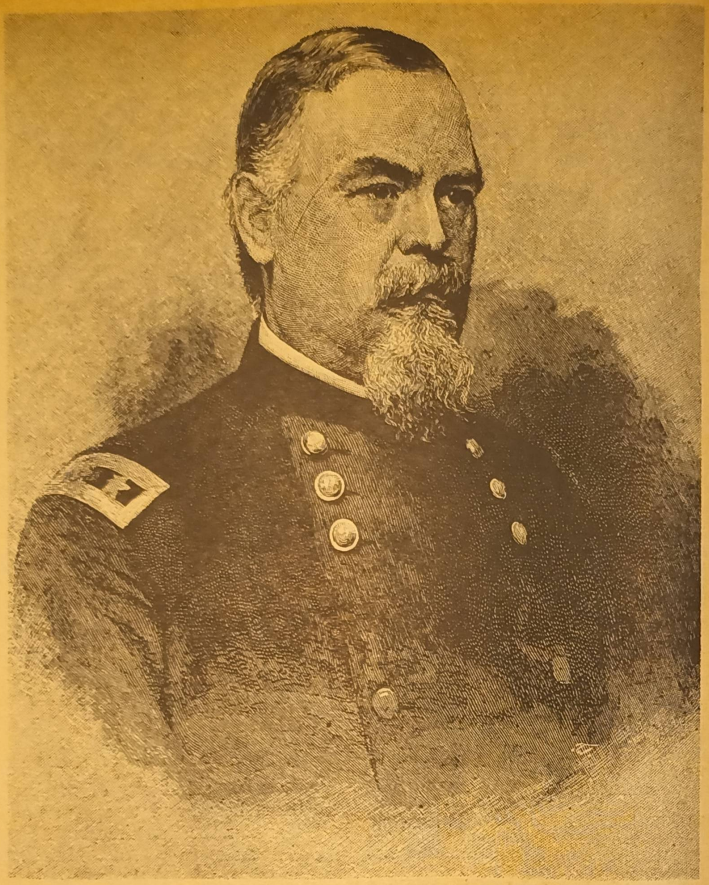
The head farmer, who is called Mushrush, never shows my people how to work. This is why they said, "Why does the Big Father want us to pay him when he does not give us the seed? We have to pay for the seed ourselves."

Both the agent and farmer told my people they would have to pay it or the Big Father would take away their wagons. So my people talked it over and said, "We will pay it." Later they got up a paper, which the agent and the farmer wanted my people to sign. The sub-chief would not put his hand to the pen. He said to the agent, "I have been working for so many years, and I have never received anything as yet. You say it is supplies you are sending me and my people; but I am sick of lies, and I won't sign any paper."

Of course, our agent, Mr. McMasters, told him to leave the reservation. His wagon was taken from him. At this my people sent me down to San Francisco to tell the commanding officer. I did so. I gave Gen. McDowell a full account of the doings, and he reported him to the authorities. The following spring my poor brother, Natchez, went to the agent and asked him to help him get a plough, and to give him a set of harness. He told my brother to go away.

"You and your sister," he said, "talk about me all the time. I don't want you and your sister here."

At this my brother got angry and said to him, "This is my reservation, not yours. I am going to stay here just as long as I like. My father and I have never got so much as an old rag from any agent that ever came here."



Irvin McDowell

At this our agent got angry, and telegraphed to the soldiers to come and take Brother and carry him to the Alcatraz Island. He wrote a letter saying all my people wanted him to send my brother away where they could never see him anymore. After he had written it, he then called up all the head men of our people, and told them he had written to their Father in Washington for good clothing for them, and wished them to sign the paper. Of course, they did not know any better; they put their names to the paper, and signed their chief away!

So the soldiers came and took Brother to San Francisco, California. Brother was only there a little while when two white men whose lives he had saved went and took him out and sent him home, and wrote to our agent. Of course, I knew not what was in the letter.

I MUST tell a little more about my poor people, and what we suffer at the hands of our white brothers. Since the war of 1860 there have been 103 of my people murdered, and our reservations taken from us; and yet we, who are called bloodseeking savages, are keeping our promises to the Government. How long are you going to stand by and see us suffer at your hands? You are wrong when you say it will take two or three generations to civilize my people. No! I say it will not take that long if you will only take an interest in teaching us; on the other hand, we shall never be civilized in the way you wish us to be if you keep on sending us such agents as have been sent to us year after year, who do nothing but fill their pockets, and the pockets of their wives and sisters, who are always put in as teachers and paid from $50 to $60 per month and yet they do not teach.

The farmer is generally his cousin; his pay is $900 a year, and his brother is a clerk. I do not know his name. The blacksmith and carpenter get from $500 to $1,100 per year. I got this from their own statements. I saw a discharged agent while I was on my way here, who told me all the agents had to pay so much to the Secretary of the Interior, who had to make up what he paid to the agents. This I know to be a true confession, or the Secretary of the Interior and all the Government officers would see into the doings of these Christian agents. Year after year the Government has been told of their wrongdoings by different tribes of Indians. Yet it goes on, just the same as if they did not know it.

When I went to Carson City in 1870 to see about my people's affairs, I was sent by the officials from one to another. At last we went to San Francisco to see General Schofield, and he sent me back to see Senator Jones. So Brother and I went to where he was living in Gold Hill. I told him how we were treated by the agents. He said, "I will see to it." He then put into my hands $20, which I took gratefully, for we were always poor, and Brother and I went away. I have never seen or heard from him since.

I can give you one example to show how easily the Indians are influenced by those they respect and believe in. In 1868, many of my people were at Camp C. F. Smith, taking care of themselves, but under many difficulties. They were destitute. There was no game of any kind in that region, except now and then a hare. They had no land to cultivate, and were living upon anything they could do or gather. Some citizens wrote to Colonel McElroy, who was at that time commanding officer at Camp McDermit , that the Indians were starving, and they were afraid there might be some outbreak, or depredations, and asking him to have them taken to his post. I was interpreter at Camp McDermit at that time. Five hundred of my people, men, women and children, were already there. There were 400 at Camp C. F. Smith.

Colonel McElroy asked me how many companies of soldiers it would take to escort them. I told him none; that he and I could escort them, or my brother Lee and I. He could not believe me at first; but I told him I knew my people, and he and I, with one servant, went for them.

I WENT into council with my people. Lee and I sat up all night talking with them, and telling them what we wished them to do. We Indians never try to rule our people without explaining everything to them. When they understand and consent, we have no more trouble.

Some of the interpreters are very ignorant, and don't understand English enough to know all that is said. This often makes trouble. Also, I am sorry to say, these Indian interpreters, who are often half-breeds, easily get corrupted, and can be hired by the agents to do or say anything. I know this, for some of them are my relatives. My people are very reasonable and want to understand everything and be sure that there is fair play.

For one thing, they said they had so many children they would find it hard to carry them sixty-five miles. Did I think Colonel McElroy would let them have some wagons? I said I would ask him.

He said "yes," and he furnished fifteen wagons, which transported the women and children comfortably in two days, and the men had their horses. The recruits who were watching the buildings at Camp C. F. Smith (for there was not a large force there) furnished rations for two days, and Colonel McElroy was to replenish them from Camp McDermit.

There were now 900 in all at Camp McDermit. Every head of a family was furnished with a good tent of the requisite size of his family, such tents as are used by the soldiers; and every morning at five o'clock, rations for the day were issued. A pound and a half of meat was given to every grown person, and good bread—for they actually baked good bread for them—and once a month, coffee, rice, sugar, salt, pepper, and beans were issued.

Each woman came to me every day with her basket, and her number on a tag, fastened to a leather thong tied round her neck, and told the size of her family and took what she needed from me. And everything was recorded, for that is the way things are done in soldiers' camps. Everyone had enough. My father was with us at that time. He told my people in council one day that he thought it was an imposition to be living on the soldier-fathers, when we could do something to support ourselves. He wanted them to go on hunting excursions in the summer, and bring in dried venison, rabbits, and what other game they could find; and the women should go out and gather grass seed, and dig roots and do what they could toward the supplies of the next winter.

I told Colonel McElroy what my father had said to his people, and the Colonel told the Indians to go to the sutler's store and get what ammunition they wanted and bring him the record of it, and he would see that it was paid for. My father knew that the Army gave this support for the Indians out of its own supplies.

My people had enough, I said; they had more than enough, and by being prudent about their rations they could save and sell enough to get calicoes and other necessary things for the women and children; for these things are not found in army supplies. It is this generosity, and this order and discipline, that made me like the care of the Army for my people.

Colonel McElroy belonged to Company M, Eighth Cavalry. He had us in charge for three years, and was then ordered to New Mexico. Before he could go, he died in San Francisco. He was the first officer I ever worked for as interpreter.

SO YOU wonder that I like to have my tribe taken care of by the Army? It is said that I am working in the interest of the Army, but it is not so. The military knows more about the Indians than any citizens do, and are always friendly. Nobody—who cheats them and treats them badly—really knows Indians. They may be very peace-loving people, but that would make saints sin. They are the most sociable people in the world in their own camps; but they are shut up to white people, because they are so often wronged by them.

I remained at Camp McDermit after Colonel McElroy's death. There was a large herd of cattle for beef for the soldiers and my people, and for a time they hired some of the Indians for herdsmen. But this proved too expensive, and they were discharged from that service, which was given to some soldiers. One night the whole herd was stolen and driven off. The greatest search was made for them, but all in vain. It seemed as if they had vanished.

The commanding officer thought the Indians, who knew how to track a trail, would be better at such business than white men who do not know how to find a trail of anything. My brother, Lee, was staying with me then, and he and five other men undertook to find the cattle. They were gone five days, and at the end of the time came back and said they were found. They had traced them to a deep canyon, and they were driven by one single man. One man had stolen and driven away all those cattle. My people had come back to get soldiers to go with them to capture him. So he was arrested, and brought back to the post. It was very comical to think of it. I was very glad my people were successful, for it would surely have been believed that some Indians, if not mine, had driven those cattle off.

The last time Sister and I were on a visit to our people at our old home, just before I was married, we stopped with the sub-agent at Walker River Reservation in Nevada. Someone tried to break through our bedroom door, and my sister cried out saying, "Get away from that door or I will shoot!" At my sister's words they went away. The name of the sub-agent is Louis Veviers, who has been with my people about eight years. All my people call him "dog," because there is nothing too bad for him to say to them.

After I was married, I went to let my people see my husband. While we were there we stayed with my brother Tom. On New Year's evening we heard a great noise coming toward the house. They were trying to make a noise like my people who had just lost a son, and were crying. They were mocking us as they came on. There were four men—the doctor, the carpenter, the blacksmith, and one of their friends. My brother's wife gave them some pine-nuts. By-and-by one of them gave my husband a bottle of fire-water, and asked him to pass it round.

My husband replied, "Pass it round yourselves."

They said, "Give some to your brother-in-law."

My husband said, "Give it to him yourself."

This is the kind of people that the Government sends to teach us.

My people wanted to cut the hay, but they were not allowed to sell it. My cousin, Captain Bill, and his brother had borrowed some seed by promising to divide the wheat after harvest, which they did. Then the farmer, who never showed them how to sow their grain, came to Bill and said, "You must pay me for the use of the Government land."

"What for?" asked Bill.

"Well, that's what the Big Father in Washington says."

Then Bill said, "Take all."

After Mr. Mushrush took his unjust share, my cousin had only three sacks left for himself. Our present agent made my people give every third sack of grain, and the same of everything else. Every third load of hay is given. The Indians asked why, as he had not given them seed for planting, nor did the farmer help them. They did not see why they should pay so much, but the agent insisted that was the order from Washington. They refused to pay it.

The agent told them they must pay it or he would take their wagons away. They went home to talk it over that night. Jim, the sub-chief, told his people that the white men had been stealing from them for a long time, "and now I am going to steal from them this very night. I am going to have my family hide away half of my grain. I have sixty sacks of wheat and twenty-six of potatoes. As for the hay-cart, I don't care. What do you think of me for talking so to you?

"I see I can't keep up with the white people. They think it right to steal all they can while they are with us. And I am going to do another thing; I am going to quit signing any paper, for I don't know what I have been signing all these twenty-two years."

Then most of the other men agreed, "We will do the same as our chief, and what is left he can have."

A few said, "We have only a little, and

what shall we do?"

The next morning they went to the agent's house to see if he had changed his mind, but he told them that was the law. Bill told him that he might go and get his wagon.

"I bought my seed and paid my own money for it, and you did not help me."

The agent replied, "If you won't do what the government orders, you must leave the reservation."

Jim, the sub-chief, offered, "You may take all I have, but leave my people theirs, and I will go away into the mountains and there I will live and die."

But the agent would not hear to it, and everyone had to pay his share. My brother Tom said, "If we don't pay it, we shall have to leave the reservation."

THE AGENT thought it necessary to make a show of some kind, and this is the way he did it. There are unprincipled men in all tribes, as I suppose there are among all people, and the agent found one for his work. He is known as Captain Dave. His Indian name is Numana.

The plan made and carried out was this: Captain Dave was furnished with money, and appointed captain of police, a useless office, for Indians could not arrest either an Indian or a white man. They really were nothing but private servants to the agent. But this position was promised to Captain Dave, provided he and six others would go to San Francisco, and do what the agent wanted them to do.

They were given a drawing of a bridge that had been built, and told to go to the newspaper offices in San Francisco, and say beautiful things of the agent and his men. Every reasonable person will see by reading this report, which was published in a newspaper, that the most intelligent Indian could not have given such a description of a bridge unless he had been furnished with a memorandum of it:

"Captain Dave and the Reservation.—Numana, better known as Captain Dave, one of the leading men of the Piute nation, called on us yesterday, and showed us several papers, among which was a letter of recommendation from Governor Kinkead, and an appointment from the Indian Commissioner as Captain of the Indian police at Pyramid Reservation.

"Dave is a very intelligent Indian, and gave us the following facts connected with the Piutes and their doings: He and his bodyguard of six Piutes have just returned from a trip to San Francisco, where they spent the holidays pleasantly. He had in his possession a very good cut of the bridge at the reservation and its dimensions, which are: length, 165 feet; width, 20 feet; height, 15 feet above low-water mark.

"A flume crossing the river on the bridge which carries the water from their irrigating ditch on the east side of the river to the other measures as follows: length 1,200 feet; width, 6 feet; height above ground on trestle 8 to 15 feet. He showed us by a rough sketch the course of the river at the reservation, the position of the dam, and the route of the ditch, which is not finished as yet. The dam is so constructed as to allow a channel (whereby the fish can run up) about 10 feet wide and 3 or 4 feet deep. From the head of the ditch to the bridge is about 1¼ miles; from the bridge to the Reservation House, about 2 miles. The ditch, when completed, will measure 4 miles and will irrigate a large area of land.

"The Indians are not working now, but are devoting their time to fishing. Agent McMasters is well liked by the Indians, and he has a system of dealing with them which they fully understand and appreciate. Mrs. McMasters has charge of the school, and teaches some 30 Indian children, many of them being apt scholars, and all seeming to like to attend school.

"Mr. Mushrush, the farmer, is giving perfect satisfaction, showing the Indians how to work, and doesn't simply order but takes a hand himself, which Dave says pleases them.

"They intend to farm on a larger scale next year than at any time before. Mr. McMasters' method in dividing the produce is stated by Captain Dave to be in this way. The Indian raises five sacks of grain, he retains four, and gives the Government one. If he has four loads of hay, he gives one of them to the Government. This is given by the Indians to help feed the Government stock, which is kept at work hauling stone, lumber wood, etc.

"Dave is very desirous of having the Piutes in all parts of Nevada notified to come to the reservation, and help build it up. He claims that in one year's time they will have room and work for them, and they can come there and build a home. He is also very anxious that the whiskey traffic among them be stopped, and to that end asks that the officers in every town see that a drunken Indian is punished as severely as possible. This, he claims, is a terrible curse among them, and is gaining ground."

No newspaper in San Francisco would publish this statement, and they were obliged to have it done in Reno, Nevada, in a paper the civilized world knows nothing of. I will only speak of the character of Captain Dave. I said Mr. Batemann hired an Indian to frighten Mr. Balcom. That Indian was the very Captain Dave. I have known him many years, and have always been ashamed of him as a Piute. Twenty years ago I knew him to blow a young girl's brains out because she refused to marry him, and his behavior ever since has been in keeping. It is no secret among my people that he exposes his wife to bad white men for money. He is not a "leading man." No man can be a leading man among Indians, unless he is honorable and brave. Dave is neither. On the contrary, he has no character whatever, and could always be hired to do a wicked thing. He is my own cousin.

Mr. Mushrush, the farmer spoken of in the printed article, does all his farming in the barroom at Wadsworth. We have a store at this agency kept by Mr. Eugene Griswold. He is the man who always gets the beef contracts. It may be in another man's name sometimes, but it is all the same. It has always been a mystery to me what this beef contract is for. If they mean it for a license to sell beef, why don't they say so? I defy them to find a man, woman, or child outside their ring who has ever received a pound of meat of any kind from them.

I have a brother who lives on the agency, and he has never got an ounce of meat that he has not paid for. The contractors, Griswold, McMasters, etc., really keep a butcher's shop, but call it a beef contract. Those who have money can come up and buy. Those who have none stand back and cry, often with hunger. All this refers to the Pyramid Lake Agency. The contractors call it the "Nevada Agency."

BROTHER and I started for Camp McDermit, Nevada, at the time set, along with company M, First Cavalry. It took us twenty-eight days to reach Camp McDermit. Nothing happened during our journey. We reached the camp late in the evening. Brother and I did not see anybody until the next day.

After we had something to eat in the morning, the commanding officer, Major Seward, sent for us to come to his office. We did so. He was a very nice man. He said to brother, "Are you tired?"

Brother said, "Not much. I guess my sister is."

The Major said to me, "You find it pretty hard traveling, don't you?"

"It is pretty hard," I answered. "It is so very warm."

The Major then asked Natchez, "Do you think you can find your father, or don't you think you can get him and his people to come to this place? I would like to have him come, so he can be taken care of. He is too old to be out in this bad country. If General Crook should find him and his people, he might make him some trouble. The white settlers are talking very badly through the whole country, and they have sent for General Crook to come and kill all the Indians that are not on some reservation. I am afraid to have you father out there.

"Natchez, if you can bring him in, I will feed him and his people, and will give them clothes, such as the soldiers wear. I will be his friend and fight for him if he and his people are good."

"Major," I said, "my father has never done anything unkind to the white people yet, and the soldiers came to Muddy Lake and killed a great many of our tribe there without our doing any bad thing to them. They killed my little brother. This is what drove my father away; we have not seen him for two years."

Brother then said, "Yes, Major, the white people say all the time that Indians are bad, and that they have bad hearts, and that their hearts are very black. If you will give me your heart and hand, I will go and try to get my father to come to you."

"Natchez, I will do everything I have told you. I will send one company of cavalry with you. Your sister can stay here and talk for those that are already here. She shall be my interpreter, and I will pay her $65 per month, and I will pay you $5 a day while you are away."

"Major Seward, I don't want to have any soldiers go with me," Brother said. "I will go all alone, because my people will think I have brought soldiers to fight them. For fear they will think so, I will go alone. I will find my father sooner by going alone; for I will make the son's signal-fire as I go along, and my father will know it is I who is coming to see him (the signal-fires are like so many telegraphs of many kinds and orders), and he will come to meet me.

"And Major, you will take good care of my sister. See that no soldiers talk to her, and I want you to give me a paper to tell the white people I meet who I am, so they will not kill me. You know, Major, the white men like to kill us Indians."

The officer said, "All right, Natchez, I will give you a paper."

So the talk ended. My brother was to go in the morning. The Major said, "We will go now and see the prisoners. I have twenty-five Queen's River Piutes here already."

As we walked along he said, "They are very good Indians. They are always ready to do whatever I tell them to do in the line of work. Natchez, you will see that I have given them such clothes as I give my soldiers, but the women and children I can't do much for, because the Government does not give me anything for them. But we will see what can be done for them after your father comes in. And when your sister gets rested, she may be able to do something for them."

We got to the camp at last. They all ran out of their tents to see us. The men ran to Natchez, saying, "My brother, oh, my brother!" They threw their arms around him, calling him many endearing words. Then they would throw their robes down on the ground for him to sit upon.

They had not said a word to me until my brother told them I was his sister. Then they held out their hands to me, saying, "We are glad to see you, too." Then the women came to me crying, and said the same. It is the way we savages do when we meet each other; we cry with joy and gladness.

We told the officer to go—we would come back soon. We would be ready at seven o'clock. Our people said many beautiful things about their black-clothes fathers. They should have said blue-clothes. They said, "We are getting plenty to eat, and we men get nice clothes to wear, and we do very little work for the clothes. All the work we do is only child's play. We would do more if they would ask us to. We are as happy as we can be."

Brother replied, "I am so glad, my people, to hear you say so, because I have to leave my sister here all alone with the soldiers. I was afraid they might abuse her."

Then some of the women said to me, "You can stay with us; we will make you a nice place."

"Yes, Natchez, why can't I stay here with our own people?"

Brother then told them he was going to see his father, and try to get him to come and live there with them.

Some of the old men said, "Oh, if he could only forget the wrong that the white men did to him. But, of course, he cannot forget it. It is hard how the white people are treating us. We cannot help it; we have to stand it like a little mouse under a cat's paws. They like to see us suffer, and they laugh at us when we weep. But our soldier-fathers are good; we will go with you to get your father."

While the talk was going on, a soldier came and said that the commanding officer wanted us. Suddenly I was afraid.

I said to Brother, "Can't I stay here while you go and see what he wants with us?"

So he went up. It was lunch time. After lunch Brother told the commanding officer that he had heard something good about him and his men.

The officer answered, "I am glad of it."

Brother told him he would take five men with him to speak for him. "I think I shall have no trouble," he said, "in getting my father to come."

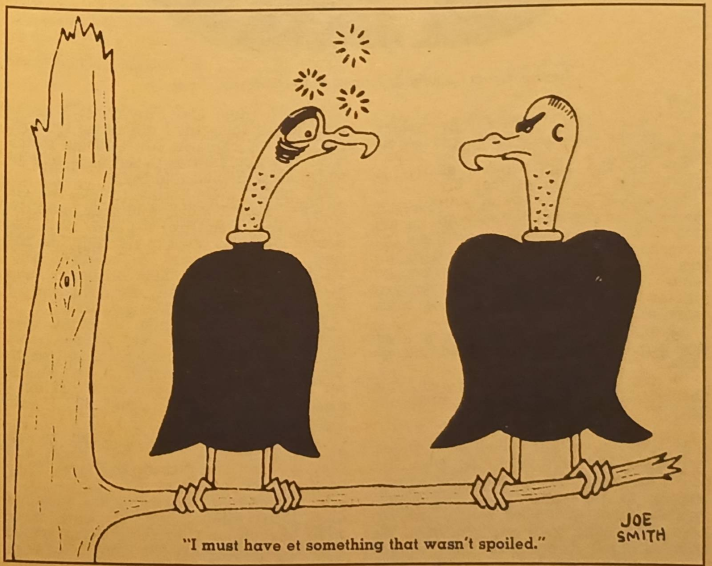
"All right, Natchez; you want six horses, then."

So next morning very early they started out and left me alone. I felt so badly, and I cried so much, that my eyes were all swelled up. I could not eat anything. After my brother had gone, I went to the commanding officer, and said "I am here all alone with so many men, I am afraid. I want your protection. I want you to protect me against your soldiers, and I want you to protect my people also; that is, I want you to give your orders to your soldiers not to go to my people's camp at any time, and also issue the same order to the citizens."

Accordingly the order was issued, and posted here and there, and the result was that we lived in peace. Soon after this my brother found and persuaded my father and 490 of my people to come into Camp McDermit.

On their arrival they were kindly received by the commanding officer. Clothing such as the soldiers wear was given to them, and rations were also issued—good bread, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, pork, beef and beans. So we lived quietly for two years.

One night a man named Joe Lindsey crawled into our camp. It was reported by one of our men to the commanding officer, who had him arrested and confined that night, and the next day he was released with the understanding that he would leave the reservation. Nothing of importance occurred for three weeks, when a soldier who had been fishing, and who had drunk more than was good for him, staggered through our camp, and although he troubled no one he was corrected and tied up by the thumbs all day, and then placed in the guardhouse all night. I tell this to show what is done to anyone who violates the orders given by officers.



"I must have et something that wasn't spoiled."

The following winter the man Lindsey came back with the express purpose of killing the Indian who reported him. He met him in the post-trader's store. There were several white men in the store at the time. The Indian could not understand English, so did not know that they were planning to kill him. After some talk, Lindsey said, "I'll bet the whiskey for the crowd that I can shoot his eye out."

Someone took the bet, and without any more delay, Lindsey turned round and shot him just below the eye. He then coolly pulled out his knife and scalped him and put the scalp in his pocket, got on the stage and went to Winnemucca, eighty-five miles. There he went from saloon to saloon calling for drinks, and offering to pay for them with the scalp of a good Indian—a dead one.

His partner put the body of the unfortunate Indian in the trader's buggy, and tried to hide it; but the beautiful white snow was too pure to hide the cowardly deed. His blood could be seen for miles and miles, so we tracked them and brought the body back. Such a time as I had to keep my people quiet!

Early the next morning the warriors assembled, determined to begin a war to the death. I talked and reasoned for hours, and at last persuaded them to go to their camps. Every effort was made by the commanding officer, Major Seward, to bring those "hard-working, honest, and kind-hearted settlers" to trial, but in vain. All that could be done was done. Their den was broken up and, shortly after, this very gang had the audacity to put in a bill of damages against the Government because the commanding officer had had their cabin torn down and moved away.

IN 1875 I went to Camp Harney, Oregon, to see my father. It was in May. I had not been there but a little while when my brother Lee came from the Malheur Agency, bringing me a letter from the agent, Mr. Parrish, inviting me to come to Malheur Agency and act as his interpreter to my people. After I read the letter, I told my father I should not like to go there, but Lee would not hear to my refusing.

Then I asked my father if he would go with me. He said, "Yes, I will go with you."

So we got ready very early one morning, for we wished to make it in one day. It was fifty miles east of Camp Harney. We traveled all day, and got to the Malheur Agency late. Mr. Parrish was very glad to see us. He gave me a nice little room to live in, and said he would pay me $40 per month to talk for him. I took that offer, for I had no other way of making a living for myself. The Army had no more prisoners, and therefore they could not give me a place to interpret for them.

My people, who had been under the other agent's care, did not know how to work. This reservation in Oregon was set apart for our tribe in 1867. I am quite sure there had been one agent before

Parrish, and that he went to stealing too badly. His interpreter, my cousin Jarry, reported his doings to the officers at Fort Harney, in Oregon.

So Colonel Otis sent some of his soldiers under a lieutenant, with directions to go there and stay and watch him. They had not been there but a month or two when the lieutenant went to the agent and said, "I want to buy some clothes for my men."

The agent sold him and his men some flannel shirts at the rate of $3 apiece! This was reported to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. So you see the soldiers are our friends at all times. After the agent was discharged, Mr. Parrish came to take care of my people.

Cousin Jarry was taken sick with sore eyes, and Natchez sent him to San Francisco to be under a doctor's care. So Mr. Sam Parrish had no interpreter at the time he sent for me.

He and I called my people to his office, and he began to talk to them about work. First he said, "Now you are my children. I have come here to do you good. I have not come here to do nothing; I have no time to throw away. I have come to show you how to work, and work we must. I am not like the man who has just left you. I can't kneel down and pray for sugar and flour and potatoes to rain down, as he did. I am a bad man, but I will try and do my duty, and teach you all how to work so you can do for yourselves by-and-bv.

"We must work while the Government is helping us, and learn to help ourselves. The first thing I want you to do is to make a dam and then dig a ditch. That is to irrigate the land. Some of you can dig the ditch, some can build the dam, some can go to the woods and cut rails to build fences. I want you all to work while the Government is helping us, for the Government is not always going to help us.

"All you raise is your own to do with as you like. The reservation is all yours. The Government has given it all to you and your children. I will do more. I will build a schoolhouse, and my brother's wife will teach your children how to read.

"I want three young men to learn to be blacksmiths, and three to learn to be carpenters. I want to teach you all to do like white people. The Government gives you land for nothing, and will give you more—that is, it will give you clothes and a store; and I want you, chiefs of the Piutes, to ask all your people to come here to make homes for themselves. Send out your men everywhere, and have them come to this place.

"This is the best place for you all, and as soon as we get started, I will write to your Father in Washington, to send us a mill to grind our grain. We will raise a little something this summer. We can plant some potatoes and turnips and watermelons. We will not plant wheat because we have no mill; but we can raise barley and oats."

My father asked his people, "What do you all think of what this man says?"

The sub-chief, Egan, replied, "For my part I think it is very good, if he will only carry it out. There has been so much said that has never been fulfilled by our other agent. But we have no other way only to do what we are told to do. Oytes, you have your men."

"I have my men, and Winnemucca has his," said Oytes. "I am not going to work. I and my men have our own work to do—that is, to hunt for our children. You all know we don't get enough to eat."

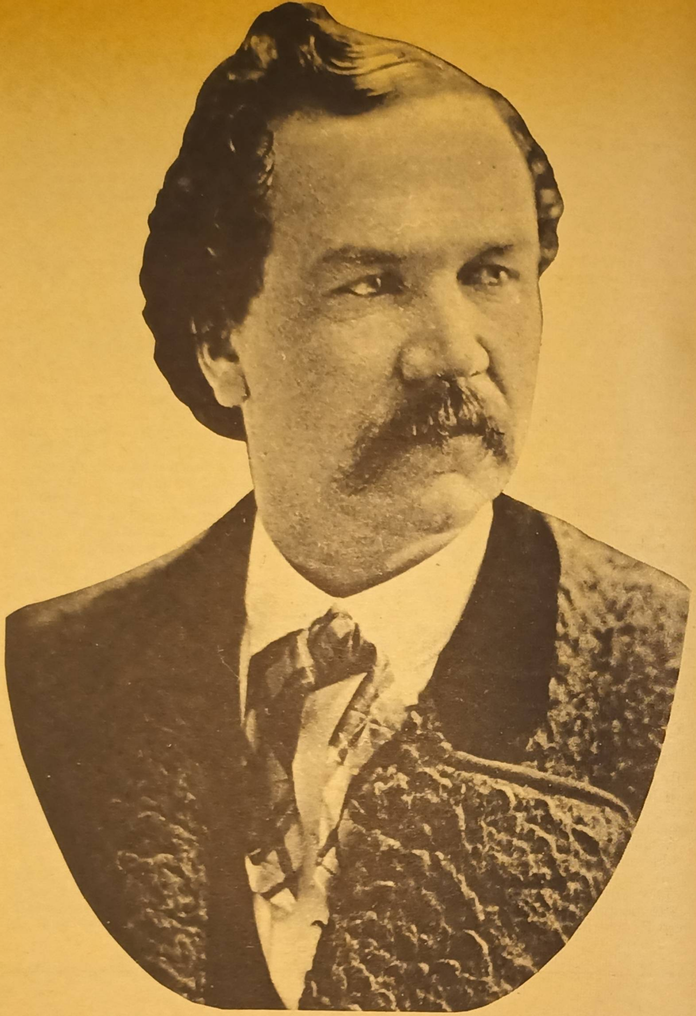


Photo Oregon Historical Society

Indian Agent Samuel B. Parrish of the Malheur Agency

Of course I told Mr. Parrish everything each of the sub-chiefs said, and so did my father.

Mr. Parrish said, "All right, Oytes. You can do just as you like."

My father got up and said: "My son, Natchez, says if we do not do as we are told by the white people, we will not get along at all. My children are talking for you all, and they tell us just what our white fathers say. We will all work at whatever our white father says we must work at."

Egan agreed, "Yes, we will work. I and my men will go into the timber and cut rails."

"I will take the rest of the men," my father said, "to go to work upon the ditch."

ONE of the Indians belonging to Oytes, said, "We will work; let this man go." He meant Oytes, who was always getting us into trouble. So my people went to work with good heart, both old men and young men and children. We were as happy as could be. They worked five days, when Mr. Parrish told me to go and call them in. I did as he told me, and they all came in. He told me to tell them how glad he was to see them so willing to do as he had told them.

He said, "I don't like to see the old men and women work, and they must not do it. The men are too old, and the women must not work in the field like the men. They can work in another way. They can cook for their husbands, and have their meals ready at noon and at supper and early in the morning."

But the old men would not mind; they worked on with the rest of the men. My people got flour, and beef, and sometimes beans. As for myself, I had to pay for my board ($15), as I was making a great deal of money; that is, I was making $40 a month.

The ditch was getting finished. It was 2½ miles long and 10 feet wide, and they were getting it through nicely. They were only six weeks at it.

This is quite a contrast to our Pyramid Lake Reservation. They only have three miles of ditch on that reservation, which is twenty-three years old. They have been building a dam and a ditch all this time. There have been twelve different agents there during that time, who taught them nothing.

When my people had finished the work Mr. Parrish gave them to do at the Malheur, he sent for Egan to come in with his men. They came two days after. The next day Mr. Parrish sent for all the rest to come. They did so, and after they had sat down and smoked, he said to me. "Sarah, you may tell your people that I am glad to see them so willing to work; your other agent told me that you would not work, that you were lazy."

Father broke out laughing. They all laughed and said, "What can they expect from women who have never been taught to work?"

Mr. Parrish went on talking, "I will show white people that you can work as well as anybody, and if you go on as we have started, maybe the Big Father at Washington will give us a mill to grind our corn. Do all you can, and I know the Government will help you. I will do all I can while I am with you. I am going to have a schoolhouse put up right away, so that your children can go to school, and, after you have cut your hay, you can go out hunting a little while and get some buckskins. I know you would like that."

My father spoke to the Indians, "Now, don't you think this is the best man we ever had in all our lives?"

One and all of them said, "Yes, and we are all ready to do what he wants us to."

So they all went to Mr. Parrish and shook his hands, and his brother's hands, too—Charley Parrish—and he has a lovely wife. Mrs. Parrish is dearly beloved by my people and myself. She is a beautiful lady as well as a good one. Oh, if they had stayed with us for five or six years, the Piutes would not have suffered so much, and those who have been frozen to death would be living today.

NOW we wanted a road, because our flour must be hauled here for the winter. My people went to work with good heart; in this way we lived for five months. We were happy and contented. In the month of September we had some visitors. They were Columbia River Indians, who came to trade with us every summer. They said, "We come to trade for your furs and your buckskin. We will give you horses for them."

My people said they would ask their father before they would trade with them. The Columbia River Indians were angry at this, and went off. These Indians knew the value of the furs. They did not want our white father to know about their trading with us. The Indian who said he would not work (Oytes) went off with them, and they stopped about thirty miles away.

Then the Columbia River Indians gave Oytes three horses, telling him to get some of his men to come and trade with them; they would wait there for them. So Oytes came back and told our people to go with him to the Columbia River Indians and trade. He said, "Take everything; your furs and blankets, and buckskins, too."

My father and sub-chief Egan found me at once. "We have come to tell our Father Parrish what Oytes is doing. He wants us to go to those Indians and trade with them."

Egan said, "They are our enemies, and we must not have them coming here, for they will bring us trouble. We are afraid of Oytes; he is a very bad man."

I told Mr. Parrish everything that Father and Egan had said about Oytes. Mr. Parrish agreed that the Columbia River Indians were always making trouble, and it was best that they should never come to the reservation at all.

Father and Egan said, "We are afraid of Oytes because he says he can make us all die here. Last winter we had some kind of sickness, and a great many of our children died. He said it was he who was making us sick, and he told us to pay him, or else we would all die. Every one of us paid him, but a great many died anyhow."

"Well, I will talk to Oytes. You must not be afraid of him; I will see to him," Mr. Parrish said.

He told Egan to tell Oytes to come over, but while my father and Egan were talking with our agent, Oytes took thirty men off with him to the Columbia River Indians.

Oytes came back with his men about twenty-one days later later. Our agent sent for them all to come to him. After my people gathered together he got up and said, "Children, I am glad that you have been so obedient. You have all done well but one, and I am sorry for him, but I think he will be good also. I know he will be ashamed of himself by-and-by.

"I want the men who cut the hay to come and stand on one side." They did so, six in number.

"Now those that cut grain." There were ten of them.

"Now there are two stacks of hay. How many stacked the small stack?"

"Two."

"And the big stack?"

"Four."

"All right. The small stack will be mine. I have two horses, and I will pay you for that stock. The big one is yours. There are six horses and two mules that work for you, and if it is a hard winter you can feed your ponies, too. And I will also pay for part of the grain. I want you all to understand me. The two horses are mine, and the six horses and two mules are yours. The Government has given them to you. That is why I will pay you for what you cut, and the money I give for the grain I will give to your two chiefs; that is, to Winnemucca and to Egan."

Mr. Parrish stopped and asked, "Is that all right?"

My people, one and all, said, "Yes, all right."

He then asked the two men how many days they took to cut and stack the hay. The men said eight days.

"Very well, I will pay you one dollar a day. Now I want to tell you something more. If you work for me or any of my men, we are to pay you for it. If you cut or pile wood, we will pay you for it. If I send you to Canyon City for myself or my men, you shall be paid for it."

He asked them if they liked his law. They all got up and said, "Truckee, Truckee." That means very well, very well. Then he paid $8 apiece to the two men for the hay, and gave my father $20 and the same to Egan. He then said, "How many of you want to go out hunting?"

They said, "We would all like to go."

"Well, you can go, but don't stay too long, because your potatoes will be ready to be dug."

So he gave each man a can of powder and some lead and caps, and also to each one a sack of flour. Oh, how happy my people were! That night we all got together and had a dance. We had not been so happy for a long time. All the young people went on the hunt, and the old stayed and drew their rations right along. The carpenter went on with the schoolhouse till he had to stop on account of having no more lumber.

At last my people came in with their ponies laden with dried venison. My father was not with them. He sent word to me by Egan that he would go to Pyramid Lake Reservation to see the rest of our people there. So I was left all alone. I felt very badly because he went away.

I was afraid of Oytes, I don't know why. Oytes did not get any powder to go hunting with. Some of his men gave him some after they all got in. Mr. Parrish told me to tell everyone to come next day to get their rations. While I was there, talking to Egan, Oytes came and said, "I want you to talk to your 'father,' as you call him. Tell him I and my men are going to live with the Columbia River Indians. I cannot call that white man my father. My father was black like myself, and you are all white but me; therefore, tell him I quit my country."

I TURNED to Egan, "I will go."

Egan said, "I will go with you."

When we had got over the river we looked back and saw Oytes coming. "I am so afraid of that man," I confessed to Egan.

"Oh, he is nobody. Don't you mind him. If he can make you afraid of him that is all he wants, but if you are not afraid of him he will be one of the best men you ever saw. We will tell our agent what he said to us."

Oytes came riding fast, and overtook us. "Don't you think our agent has treated me badly, and do you blame me for wanting to go away?"

"Oytes," I said, "I have lived a long time with the white people, and I know what they do. They are people who are very kind to anyone who is ready to do whatever they wish. You see the agent is kind to all but you. Why, can you tell me?"

He said, "I don't know."

"You want me to tell you?"

He would not say.

We got off our horses and went in to talk with our agent. I told him everything Oytes had said. Our good white father said to Oytes, "I am sorry that you have such a bad heart. Let me tell you, Oytes, if you want to get your young men into trouble, you can. I have not come here to make you do what you don't want to do. I came to tell you all what the Government is willing to do for you. I have men here to teach you how to work, but if you will not do it I cannot help you.

"Now you want to take your men to the Columbia River Indians. They are just like you. They don't want to work like other people. Now the sooner you go, the better. I don't want to say anything more to you. Go, now."

After Oytes left, Mr. Parrish said to Egan, "You will all get your rations and day after tomorrow is Sunday. On Monday I want you all to come here. We will dig our potatoes and some of you must make a place to put them in."

On Monday men, women and children went to work to dig potatoes, and everything was put away for winter. They were told to come and get their potatoes whenever they wanted to, and soon my people were called again. This time women and children were to come too. What a beautiful time we had all day long issuing clothing to all—ten yards of calico to every woman, ten yards of flannel for underwear, and unbleached muslin also to every woman. Pantaloon goods were given to the boys, handkerchiefs, shoes, stockings, shawls, and blankets. Men got shirts, pants, hats, looking-glasses and shoes; some got red shirts, some got red blankets, some white —whatever color they liked. It was the prettiest issue I had ever seen in my life, or have seen since.

Everybody got something but two—one man and one woman. He would look at me and smile, but he did not say anything till it was all over. Mr. Parrish did not say anything to him. Everybody was gone but Oytes and myself. He came to me and said, "You and I are two black ones. We have not white fathers' lips."

"No, we are two bad ones," I said. "Bad ones don't need any pity from anyone."

He laughed and went away. That same night my cousin came over and said, "Oytes is coming over to kill our agent. We have said everything to him; we have given him our blankets, but that won't do. What will we do?"

I said, "We will tell Mr. Parrish."

So I ran and told him, and he told his brother and all his men, six altogether; and three women, the doctor's wife, C. W. Parrish's wife, and her servant girl; and three children (twelve white persons, among seven hundred Indians) to come. Our agent sent for Oytes to come over the next morning.

Egan brought him, and Mr. Parrish said to him, "Oytes, I have $300. If you will let me shoot at you, and my bolt won't go through your body, the money is yours. You say bolts cannot kill you."

Our agent shook him, and Oytes cried out, "Oh, my good father, don't kill me. Oh, I am so bad. Oh, I will do everything you say. I never will say no to anything you will say. I will do just as my men are doing. I will not go away if you will forgive me."

"All right, Oytes," our agent said, "don't let me hear any more of your talk, do you hear? You shall not fool with me, and don't say any more to your own people."

"No, I will not say anything more."

So they shook hands, and were good friends afterwards. Our agent gave him a red blanket, and red shirts and hat, and pants and shoes. He gave him everything he could think of. So we got along happily afterwards, and Oytes was the first one to be ready with his men when our agent wanted work done. We were all good friends, and our agent liked my people, and my people loved him. All his white men were good men.

MY PEOPLE did some work during the winter. There were three miles of a ditch to make, and they all worked at it. There was only half a mile to be finished when a very long letter came one day, and Mr. Parrish called all the men to come in the evening. He told us that we had 292 enemies in Canyon City. He said the name of the captain of these men was Judge Curry. This man wanted the west end of our reservation and our Big Father in Washington wanted to know what we thought about it.

"These white men," he said, "have talked to your Father in Washington, saying that you are lazy and will not work."

Leggins and Egan said, "You are here to talk for us. Tell our Big Father that we don't want to give up any of our reservation. The Pyramid Lake Reservation is too small for us all, and the white people have already taken the best part of it. We cannot all live there. There are a great many of our people, and we do not want to give up any of our land.

"Another thing, we do not want to have white people near us. We do not want to go where they are, and we won't want them to come near us. We know what they are, and what they would do to our women and our daughters."

Mr. Parrish told us he would write and tell all we said to our Big Father in Washington, so we lived along happy all winter. At last our schoolhouse was done, and my people were told that it was ready, and for the little children to come to school. It was the first day of May, 1876. Mrs. Parrish was to be teacher, and I was to help her and get the same pay for teaching the children English. I had released my position as interpreter to my cousin Jarry, because he was almost blind. I asked Mr. Parrish to give the job to him, because he had a wife and daughter, and no way of making a living for them. So Mr. Parrish sent for him to come and take my place.

Mrs. Parrish and I opened the school. She had her organ at the schoolhouse, and played and sang songs, which my people liked very much. The schoolhouse was full, and the windows were thrown open so that the women could hear, too. All the white people were there to sing for them.

I was told to tell the children to sing. All of them started to sing as well as they could. We had 305 boys, 23 young men, 69 girls, and 19 young women. They learned very fast, and were glad to come to school.

Mrs. Parrish, the dear, lovely lady, was very kind to the children. We all called her our "white lily mother."

We had not been teaching but about three weeks when very bad news came. Mr. Parrish told me to tell all the people to come to the schoolhouse. They all came with sad faces, because I had already told them that our white father was going away to leave us. Then the agent told us that he had received a letter from our Big Father in Washington, saying another man was to come in his place—a better man than he.

"I am sorry to leave you," he said, "because I know I can make a good home for you, but the man who is coming here to take care of you all is a good man. He can teach you better things than I, and maybe he will do more than I can. You must do just as he wants you to do. Go right along just as you have done while I was with you. You all know who he is. He used to live in Canyon City and have a store there."

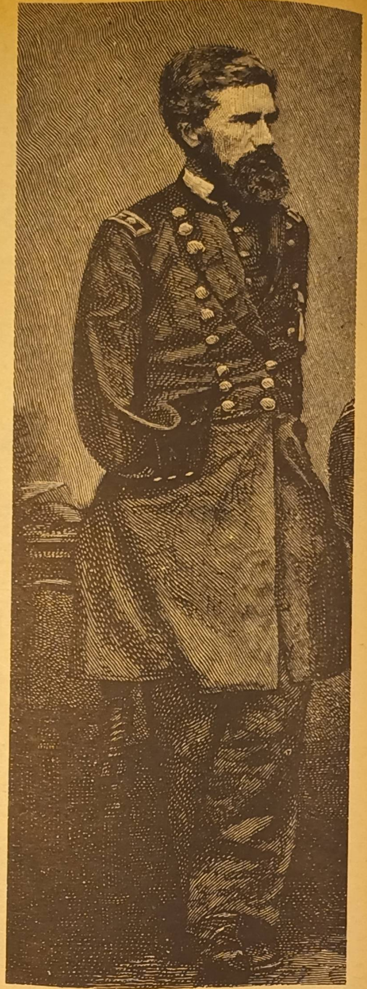
My people began to say to one another, "We know him, then."

The mail-carrier said, "I know him, for I know he had a store there."

Egan, the sub-chief said, "Our father says he is going away. Now I have been thinking that some of you may have said something against our father. You might have done it without thinking that something would come of it. You all know that white men make a mountain of little things, and some of them may have heard something and told it on him."

They all protested, "We have had nothing to say against our father. Why should we do so when he has been so good to us?"

Oytes got up and said, "We will not let our father go; we will fight for him. Why should we let him go? We have not sent for another father to come here. He has been doing everything for us, and we have made no complaints against him. We will all stand by him. He has taught us how to work, and that's what we want, and the white lily is teaching our children how to talk with the paper, which I like very much. I want some of the young men to go and tell Winnemucca to come here as soon as he can. I know he will think as I do. I say once more, we will not let him go."



General O. O. Howard

I TOLD our agent everything that was said by my people. Then he told me to say to them that it was not because he has done anything that was not right, that he must go away. It was because they said he was not a Christian, and all the reservations were to be under the Christian men's care.

"Before I go," he said, "I'm going to plant for you, and help you all I can. I will give Egan and Oytes land for peas; Oytes, just on the other side of the river for him and his men, and Egan at the Warm Spring, which is just half a mile away on the east, and to Jarry Lang, and Sarah Winnemucca, and others, on this side of the river. Come right along, just as before, and we will plant whatever you want for the winter. Your new father will not be here until the first of July."

He asked each one of us what we wanted planted. Egan said, "I want potatoes and a little wheat." Oytes said the same.

My cousins asked me what I wanted. I said, "We have horses enough to need oats and barley."

"Just as you like," Mr. Parrish said.

I decided, "I will have wheat and all kinds of vegetables."

Then our white father said to Egan, "There are eight ploughs. Some of your men can help to plough, and we will get everything in." He also told Egan that he could not keep Jarry any longer as interpreter. My cousin was married to Egan's niece, and Mr. Parrish gave me back my place as interpreter. All the Indians went to work just as before. In a very short time everything was put in.

During that time, General O. O. Howard and his daughter and Captain Sleighton came to visit us. We were all very glad to see him. He came to see if my people would allow him to build a military post at a place called Otis Valley, ten miles from the agency. He wanted to move Camp Harney to that place.

The sub-chief, Egan, said to him, "I like all the soldiers very much, but we must see first what Winnemucca says. We have sent for him, and we look for him every day. When he comes, he can tell you whether you can build there or not."

General Howard said, "All right, you can tell Mr. Parrish and he will write to me. I am glad you are getting along so nicely here. I would like to see all the Indians get along in this way. Go on just as you are doing; you will soon be like the white people."

Egan replied, "You are our Big Soldier Father. We would like to have you see that no bad men come and take away our land. You will tell your soldiers to keep off the reservation."

General Howard promised he would see to it, and he stayed all night. The school stopped at this time. Each of our names was put on his grainfield or garden.

My father arrived, and we went to see the agent. Father took his hand and said, "You shall not leave me and my people. Say you will not go."

Mr. Parrish answered, "It is not for me to say. I would like to stay, but your Big Father in Washington says that I must go, and that a better man is coming here. You will like him, I know."

Father shook his head. "I do not want anyone but you. I am going to see the soldier-father tomorrow. I know they will keep you here for me, or I think they can if they wish to."

"They can do nothing against the Government," Mr. Parrish said.

My father sat a long time without uttering a word. At last Mr. Parrish said, "Come with me, Winnemucca, I want to give you some things. Come with me."

So we went to our storehouse. After we got there, Father stood in one corner of the room, like one that was lost.

"What kind of clothes do you want?" Mr. Parrish asked.

Father said, "I don't want anything if you are not going to stay with me. I don't want anything from you, because it will make me feel badly after you are gone."

It is the way we Indians do. We never keep anything belonging to our dearest friends because it makes us feel so badly; and when those of our family die, everything belonging to them is buried, and their horses are killed. I told Father if white people were to part for a long time, they gave each other something to remember each other by, and they would also keep another's picture, if he were dead.

"Father," I said, "you had better take what he gives you, for he will feel badly if you don't."

So Father took everything Mr. Parrish gave him, and the next morning, Father, Egan, Oytes and I started for Camp Harney, to see the officer there.

We arrived at Camp Harney, distant fifty miles, at about five oclock. We rode up to the commanding officer's quarters, and I said: "Major Green, my father has come to see you, and to have a talk with you."

"Well, Sarah, tell your father to come at ten o'clock tomorrow. Have you a place to stop while you are here?"

I said, Yes, I have a lady friend here. Father and I can stop with her."

"And where will those two men stop?"

I said, "I don't know."

"They can stop with my men," he said. "I will give them a note to the sergeant."

I then told Egan and Oytes to go to the place, and Father and I went to Mrs. Kennedy, and she and her husband were very glad to see us. I told her all about our trouble at the Malheur Agency.

IN THE morning, at the appointed time, we went to the office. All the officers were waiting for us to hear what Father had to say. They thought we had come to tell something against our agent, for they were the same officers that had the other agent sent away.

They were all astonished when my father said to Major Green, "My great soldier-father, I am in deep trouble, and want you to help me. You can if you will. I come to you knowing that you are our best friend when I and my people are good. Your soldiers have always stood by us.

"You took us as your prisoners. You know how the white people are always saying Indians are bad and steal cattle. They tell you these things so you can kill us all off. Now they want my reservation. They are sending away my agent. My men and I have not sent for another agent. We all like our good agent Parrish. We don't want him to leave us. He gives us everything we want. He and his men are all friendly. They are teaching us how to work, and our children are learning how to read, just like your children. What more do we want?

"There can be no better man than he, and why send him away? Oh, my soldier-father, talk on paper to our Big Father in Washington, and tell him not to take him away. I tell you I never saw *white* men like them in all my life.

"I have a reservation at my birthplace called Pyramid Lake. For many years not one of the agents ever gave me or my people an old rag. I am just from there. My people have nothing to live on there but what little fish they catch, and the best land is taken from them. I saw a great many of my people. They say they will come here to make homes for themselves."

He stopped and then said, "Will you help me, Major Green?"

"I will send all you have said to your Father in Washington. I am sorry Mr. Parrish is to leave."

He then asked me all about it. I told him everything I knew and our new agent's name. Mr. Parrish called him Major Reinhard.

Major Green told Father he would do all he could for us. The next morning we went back. I told Mr. Parrish what my father had said to the officer, and he laughed.

On June 28, 1876, our new agent, Major Reinhard, arrived. The Indians were all very sad. Our dear mother, as we called Mrs. Parrish, and all the rest, were gone except Mr. Sam Parrish, our agent. He was with us yet with one man, the head farmer, Dayman by name.

Our agent took Major Reinhard all over the place, showed him how he had got us fixed, and showed him where the field of each one was. Our agent had had our names written on boards to show whom the fields belonged to. After Mr. Parrish had shown him all our gardens, he took him to our storehouse and told him all the goods were to be issued right away.

He said, "I was going to issue now, because I have not done it this spring. Some of the goods for this year's issue have not come yet. I have sent for coats and pants and hats, so the men need not wear blankets while they are working."

Major Reinhard was told, "These Indians are very good to work. They are always ready to do whatever I tell them to do. They are honest and will do what they can."

Mr. Parrish also told him how often he issued rations. After he had turned everything over to the new agent, he was going to leave. At dinner Mr. Parrish said to the new agent, "Sarah has nice fields of wheat, and the next field to hers is Jarry Lang's; his field has oats." Major Reinhard did not say anything.

After dinner, Mr. Parrish, who is dearly loved by the Indians went away. That was the last my people saw of him. Two days afterwards (that is, the thirtieth of June), Major Reinhard's men came—two men called Johnson, brothers. L. Johnson had a family. One came as schoolteacher, and the one with a family was blacksmith. They were the poorest-looking white people I ever saw. The two men did not have decent pants, but the next day I saw them with new ones such as Mr. Parrish gave to my people, and a woman came to me and asked me if I had any dress goods. I asked her what kind of dress goods she wanted. She said calico, and I sold her ten yards to make her a dress. Then came the farmer whose family name was Howell; then the clerk, our agent's nephew, and then the agent's family. In a few days they were all well clothed—men, women and children.

I was all alone, as my father left the next day after Mr. Parrish went away. One day Egan and Oytes came to me and said, "We know this man who is going to be our father. He is a bad man. He used to be over at Canyon City. He has sold me many bottles of firewater."

"Yes," said Oytes, "we know him well."

Just then he came along towards us. He held out his hand to the two sub-chiefs, and said, "How do you do?"

He said to me, "Sarah, tell them I want them to come to me tomorrow. I want to have a talk with them. Tell them to tell old Winnemucca to come, too."

"My father is gone," I said.

"Where is he gone?"

"To Pyramid Lake Reservation."

"Will he be back soon?"

"I don't know, sir."

NEXT morning Egan and Oytes came with their men. "Now, Sarah," he said, "tell your people that the Big Father in Washington has sent me here. He told me how I must make you all good people. This land which you are living on is Government land. If you do well and are willing to work, the Government will give you work. Yes, the Government will do more than that. It will pay you $1 per day; both men and women will get the same. Boys who can do a day's work will get the same. This is what the Big Father in Washington told me to tell you."

All the time he was talking, my people hung their heads. Not one looked at him while he talked. He stopped talking. My people passed some jokes, and laughed at him because he was trembling as if he were afraid.

Egan said to Oytes, "You had better talk to your agent. I don't want to talk to such a man."

Oytes said, "I am not a boy, I am a man. I am afraid he will die if I talk to him."

"Say something to him," I said.

Then Egan got up and spoke. "Our father, we cannot read; we don't understand anything; we don't want the Big Father in Washington to fool with us. He sends one man to say one thing and another to say something else. The man who just left us told us the land was ours, and what we do on it was ours, and you come and say it is Government land and not ours. You may be right. We love money as well as you. It is a great deal of money to pay; there are a great many of us, and when we work, we all work."

Our Christian agent got mad and said, "Egan, I don't care whether any of you stay or not. You can all go away if you do not like the way I do."

"Our good father does not understand me. I did not say I would not work."

Oytes said, "Don't say any more; we will all go to work, and then see how much he will pay us."

Then the agent said, "When I tell you to do anything I don't want any of you to dictate to me, but to go and do it."

When I told them what Mr. Reinhard had said, they all jumped up and went away. The next morning men, women, and boys went to work. Some went into the fields to cut the grain, some to mow hay, and some to cut rails for fences. Some went to cut wood, and some to haul it in. Everybody was busy all week.

Saturday, at half-past six o'clock, my people came right from their work to get their pay, men, women, and boys. We all went to the agent's office.

I went in first and said, "All my people have come to get their pay."

"Well, tell them to come in."

Then he began to write: blankets, $6; coats, $6; pants, $5; shoes, $3; socks, 50¢; woolen shirts, $3; handkerchiefs, 50¢; looking-glasses, 50¢; sugar, three pounds for $1; tea, $1 per pound; coffee, two and a half pounds for $1; shawls, $6; calico, ten yards for $1; unbleached muslin, four yards.

"The rations they have had are worth about $4 a week, and then they have $2 left to get anything they want out of the storehouse."

Some of the Indians said, "Let us go; why do we fool with such a man?" A good many got up and left.

Egan, the sub-chief, got up and said, "Why do you want to play with us? We are men, not children. We want our father to deal with us like men, and tell us just what he wants us to do; but don't say you are going to pay us money, and then not do it. If you had told us you wanted us to work for nothing, we would have done it just as well if you had said, 'I will pay you.'

"We did not ask you to pay us. It is yourself that said you would see that the Government paid us, and we would like to have you pay us as you said. You did not say anything about the clothing nor about what we ate while we were working. I don't care for myself, but my men want their pay in money, and then they can go and buy whatever they like, because our Big Father's goods are too dear. We can go to our soldier-fathers, and get better blankets for $3 than yours."

Reinhard said, "Well, I will give you an order on a store in Canyon City which belongs to your Big Father in Washington, where you can get nice things."

Egan got up again. "Our good father, Sam Parrish, sent for those things which are in the store for us, and you want us to pay for them. You whites are all wearing the clothes that we fools thought belonged to us."

He turned around to his men and said, "Go home."

Then our Christian father again forgot himself and said, "If you don't like the way I do, you can all leave here. I am not going to be fooled with by you. I never allow even a white man to talk to me like that."

My people all went away to their camps. They sent for me during the night, and I went to see what they wanted. The head men were all together. Egan asked me what I thought about our new father.

I said, "I don't know. What do you think about him? Do you think what he tells us is true? Are we to lose our home? It looks that way, doesn't it? I have nothing to say. I am only here to talk for you.

"What do you think we had better do? Where shall we go? He tells us all to go away. We have no way of getting our living. If he would only give us what we have raised, we could live on that this winter."

Oytes said, "Let us go and tell our soldier-fathers about him!"

"No, we must wait," I said.

The next day was Sunday, and there was nothing to do. Some of my people who had come to make a home with us had never been on the reservation before.

I went to them, and said, "Our good father has gone away, and there is another one here, and I don't know what he is going to do for us."

"We have nothing to eat," they told me.

"Today is the day when people don't work," I said. "It is called Sunday. It is the day when the white people talk with the Spirit Father, and the agent told me to tell my people never to come for anything on Sunday. But I will go and see him, anyhow. Tomorrow is ration day."

I went to him and said, "Mr. Reinhard, some of my people have come here to make a home with us. They were never here before. They say they have nothing to eat. This is why I came to speak to you. Excuse me for coming on Sunday to tell of my people's wants."

He told me to say to them that he was not going to issue any more rations to them.

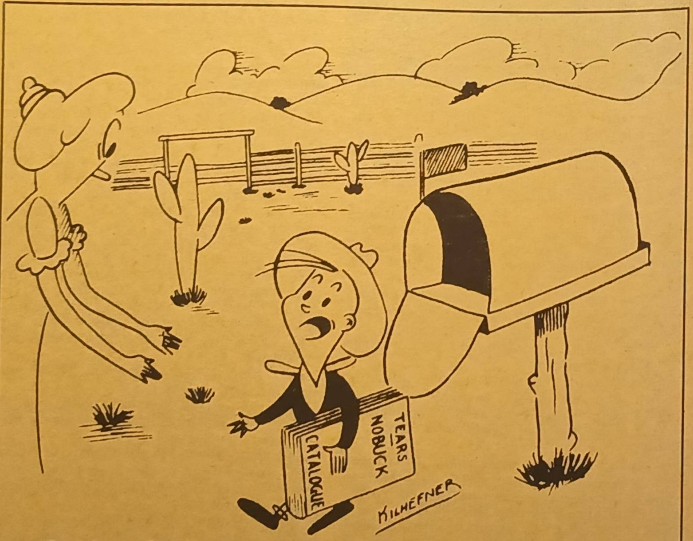
"Very well, I will tell them."

I went and got my horse and told one of my cousins to saddle it while I went to tell Jarry, my father's sister's son. Our agent and he were talking about me. I heard the agent say, "I shall have her go away, and if you want to be my friend, I will give you a good living if you will do as I want you to."

I heard my cousin reply, "I will do whatever you say."

I did not go in, but went back and got upon my horse and went to Oytes camp, and told them what the agent told me to say to them. I said, "You can talk it over amongst yourselves, and think what it is best to do."

Egan told some of the young men to go with me and tell Jarry to come. Jarry was his son-in-law. After I got home, as I was sitting in the doorway, I heard such a scream! I looked round, and to my horror I saw our agent throw a little boy down on the ground by his ear and kick him. I did not go to the rescue of the little boy, but sat still. At last the boy broke from him and ran, and the agent ran after him round the house. But the little boy escaped. The agent looked over and saw me looking at him. He then came towards me. I hung my head and did not look up.



"Don't know what they sent this thing for. We've already got one out back."

He said, "Sarah, that little devil laughed at me, because I asked him to go and tell Jarry that I wanted him to come to my house. I will beat the very life out of him. I won't have any of the Indians laughing at me. I want you to tell them that they must jump at my first word to go. I don't want them to ask why or what for. Now, do you understand what I am saying?"

I said, "Yes, sir, I will tell them. But, Mr. Reinhard, that little boy never meant to laugh at you. He thought you were saying something nice to him. He cannot understand the English language. I am your interpreter. Whatever you say to me I am always ready to say."

After the agent went away, my cousin Jarry came to me and said, "Sister, I don't think it right that you should always tell everything to our people."

"I have not told anything but what I was told to tell them," I said.

We Indians always call our cousins brother and sister, just as if they were our own father's sons and daughters. My cousin said, "My father-in-law and all the men are coming to talk to the agent, and don't you say a word."

I said, "Very well."

"They are going to ask him for the grain, but don't tell anybody about Reinhard's doings. What do we care whether he gives our people anything or not, so long as he gives us something to live on? What do you think our people care for us? Let them go wherever they like."

I said, "Brother, I am ashamed of you, you talk so heartlessly. I am going to see my people dealt rightly by, and to stand by them, and I am going to talk for them just as long as I live. If you want to see your people starve, that is your own business. I am going to see that they get their wheat, and I am going to get mine too; that is, if he will give it to us. I am here to work for my people, and I am going to do my work."

Just then the mother of the little boy came crying as if her heart would break. "Oh, my poor child," she was saying, "he will die—the only child I have left out of four."

I said nothing. I was feeling badly for the little boy and his mother, too. Jarry asked her what was the matter. She told him all, and said the little boy's ear was swelling badly, and it was black and the boy would not speak. "Oh, I am so afraid he is going to die. I have come to see if the white doctor will come and do something for him."

"Come with me," I said, and went for the doctor.

There were a great many there to see the boy. Two sub-chiefs were there, and Oytes was laying hands on him when the doctor and I returned.

I said, "Here is the white doctor; maybe he can do something for him."

Egan said, "No! The white people hate us; he might poison him." The boy's whole head and face and neck were swollen.

I said to the doctor, "They don't want you to do anything for him."

The doctor asked me what was the matter with him. I did not say anything, for he knew well enough what it was. He asked again.

"You know; why do you ask? You saw your Christian and your praying man take him by his ear and throw him to the ground."

"Is that the boy?" he asked.

This doctor's name is Shoemaker. He lived fat while he was there. He had all the firewater he wanted to drink, which was sent there under the pretense that it was for the benefit of my sick people. This doctor was there when our agent Parrish was still with us. I had a room next to the doctor's office, and could hear everything that was said.

One morning, just before Mr. Parrish knew he was going away, he came into the office and I heard him say, "Doctor, how much wine and liquor have you on hand?"

The doctor said, "I have but a very little brandy left, and I have not any wine."

"Why, doctor, what has become of it all? I had so much of it for my sick Indians; it was here for that purpose, and I know my men don't drink; if I knew they did I would not have them stay here."

The doctor said, "I used the wine for my table, and since the wine ran out we had to use the other."

"What are you going to do if an inspecting officer comes here?"

"Oh, well, I will make some more. I have alcohol, and I know how to make all kinds of liquor." I heard all this.

The next day was ration day. Many of my people came to get their supplies. I saw our agent Reinhard and Jarry going here and there, and talking together. I went to see the farmer's wife, who is a dear, good, Christian lady. She and her husband and son often said to me, "Our hearts ache for your people."

I told her everything. That afternoon there came some more of my people; among them was my brother, Lee Winnemucca. They had come from Pyramid Lake Reservation. It was a long way and they were hungry, but I could do nothing for them. I had to buy everything I ate, and I told them our agent had stopped issuing rations. Brother asked, "Is there anything we can buy?"

I said, "Yes, I will go and see him."

I went to Mr. Reinhard and said, "My brother Lee is with ten men, and they have nothing to eat. Will you sell some flour and other things to them?"

He said, "Where is Johnny?" That was an Indian boy who could talk a little English.

"I will go for him," I said.

So I ran and soon found him, and we went to see what the agent wanted. He came to meet us. "Johnny, go and get some beef; here is the key."

Johnny started off; he got only a little way when the agent called him back, but Johnny kept on. The agent called him again and again, and at last he was so angry he ran after him. But the boy would not stop. He looked back and saw the agent coming; then turning round, Johnny said these words, "What in hell do you want?"

Mr. Reinhard ran up and took him by his hair, but the boy was too quick and got away.

The agent called out, "Stop, or I will shoot you!" but Johnny ran all the faster. I went back to where brother Lee and the rest were standing. They all laughed and made all kinds of fun of the agent.

The agent came to me and said, "Sarah, I am going to shoot him. He shan't live to see another day."

"Mr. Reinhard," I replied, "why do you tell me? Why tell me what you are going to do?" He walked off at that.

The rest of the white people were looking on. Reinhard went to the house, got his pistol, and said, "Sarah, shall I shoot him? I never had anyone talk to me in that way. If a white man talked to me like that, I would kill him right off."

I said, "You know best what to do."

My brother then spoke. "We have come a long way to hear good things from the Good Spirit man. Why talk of killing? Is that the kind of good man Mr. Parrish told us of? Of course, there are men who talk to the Spirit Father three times a day, but who will kill us off as they would kill wild beasts."

Brother stopped at that, and I said, "Brother wants to buy some things out of your store."

The agent took us there to get the things. As I walked along with him, he said, "Sarah, I will give the things to your brother, and you take the money, for they might think hard of me for it. It is not my fault, but the Big Father in Washington tells me to sell everything to your people."

After we went in, I told my kin what he wanted me to do. They all laughed, and I told them when they got all the things, to go right to him and pay him. Brother bought one dollar's worth of sugar, the same of coffee, and one sack of flour at two dollars. After they got all they wanted, Lee went to pay him. He took out his money and counted it out. When Lee handed it to him the agent pointed to me. Brother offered me the money.

I said, "I am not the Big Father in Washington. I don't own anything in the store, and why should I take the money?" At this I went out.

I heard the agent say to Brother, "Lee, you take the things; it's all right."

The same night he took Johnny and put handcuffs on him, saying, "I will send you to Camp Harney and have the soldiers handle you, for you are a very bad boy." The boy did not say anything, but his mother ran in crying, and threw her arms round him. She cried so hard I said, "Mr. Reinhard, I don't know what you are thinking of by the way you are acting. I think you had better let him go."

Then he took me out and told me that he would put Johnny in the storehouse and keep him there all night, and let him out in the morning. He then took him and locked him up. I told his mother what he had said.

The next morning all Egan's and Oytes' men came to have a talk. Egan said, "My children are dying with hunger. I want what I and my people have worked for; that is, we want the wheat. We ask for nothing else, even though our agent Parrish told us what would be ours."

Reinhard said, "Nothing here is yours. It is all the Government's. If Parrish told you so, he told you lies."

"Mr. Reinhard, why did not you speak up right before him when he was telling you about my wheat?" I asked. "If you had said then it did not belong to us, I would not have told my people about it. I told them, for they asked me if Mr. Parrish said anything about our grain."

"Why, if you take the Government wheat, you rob the Government," he said.

Jarry was against us and said we ought to be ashamed to talk about anything that did not belong to us.

Then Egan got up and said to me, "I want you to tell everything I say to this man." I did as he said.

"Did the Government tell you to come here and drive us off this reservation? Did the Big Father say, go and kill us all off, so you can have our land? Did he tell you to pull our children's ears off, and put handcuffs on them, and carry a pistol to shoot us with? We want to know how the Government came by this land. Is the Government mightier than our Spirit Father, or is he our Spirit Father?

"His white children have come and have taken all our mountains, and all our valleys, and all our rivers; and now, because he has given us this little place without our asking him for it, he sends you here to tell us to go away. Do you see that high mountain away off there? There is nothing but rocks there. Is that where the Big Father wants me to go? If you scattered your seed and it should fall there, it will not grow, for it is all rocks there.

"Oh, what am I saying? I know you will come and say, 'Here, Indians, go away; I want these rocks to make me a beautiful home with!' Another thing, you know we cannot buy. We have no way to get money. I have had only $2, which I gave you for a pair of pants, and my son-in-law gave you the same for his. That is all the money the Government is going to get out of me; and tomorrow I am going to tell the soldiers what you are doing, and see if it is all right."

He sat down.

Then our agent said, "You had better all go and live with the soldiers. What I have told you is true, and if you don't like what the Government wants you to do, well and good. If I had it my way, I would help you, but I cannot. I have to do the Government's will."

WE STARTED for Camp Harney the next morning, and arrived there before evening. The distance is twenty miles. We told the commanding officer everything about our Christian agent's doings, and he told me to write to Washington, and he would do the same. I did as I was told; and when I had written it all, the head men of my people signed it. As a result, our Christian agent discharged me from my office of interpreter, for reporting to the army officers, for which I don't blame him.

After he discharged me I stayed there three weeks. During that time he had more trouble with one of my people. He beat an Indian man almost to death for no cause whatever. The agent asked him to help him carry a sick woman, and the Indian was a little too long getting on his moccasins. The agent knocked him down with a great stick, and beat him so shamefully I ran and caught hold of him, saying, "Do not beat him so."

The man rose up, and as he did so, the agent raised the stick again to him. At this the Indian took hold of it. Then the agent took out a pistol to shoot him; but white men came and prevented it.

After this, my good friend, Mrs. Howell, went away; Cousin Jarry had not spoken to me all that time, and I too went away, but had to leave my stove for which I had given $50. Mr. Reinhard used it all the time, for which I tried to get paid; but I had to lose it, because he was a Christian man.

His men, Frank Johnson, the schoolteacher, and his brother, the blacksmith, were the two greatest gamblers who ever lived. They played with my people, and won a great many of their ponies; and they kept the interpreter Jarry losing all the time. They carried cards wherever they went; and when I was going away, Mr. Reinhard said to me, "Sarah, I want you to give this letter to Mr. Maulrick, and he will give Captain Scott whatever he wants out of the store. Captain Scott will go with you."

I said, "All right," and went away; and oh, what a wicked thing I did! I read the letter.

It said, "Dear friend, as I have promised you, I will send you all the Indians. You know you are to pay them not in money but in clothes. I have given the bearer of this a $30 check. Write and tell me what kind of clothing you give, so that I can report that it has been issued to him."

I kept the letter, and when we got there I gave the money-check to him, and he asked me if I wanted anything in his store. I said, "I will see afterwards." So he gave me the money for the check, and I gave it to Captain Scott. He was so glad to get the money he went back without buying anything.

I have often laughed over this. I kept the letter a long time. I went back six months afterwards to see my cousin, but the agent sent word to me by this interpreter that he did not want me on the reservation. I said to Jarry, "I am only an Indian woman. Why does he not come himself and tell me to go away, and not tell you?"

There are only two agents who have been kind to me, Captain Smith, agent at Warm Spring Reservation, and agent Parrish. It was because they did not steal. Captain Smith is the only agent who can truly say, "I have civilized my Indians." They are a self-supporting tribe, and very rich. We Piutes call them snake-headed Indians, for their heads are so flat that when they are turned sideways they look just like snake's heads.

Every year this agent gave from five to ten wagons, and the same number of farming implements, till every one of the Indians had farms. Dear readers, if our agent had done his duty like that one, there would be peace everywhere, on every agency; but almost all the agents look out for their own pockets. Every agent that we Piutes have had always rented the reservation out to cattlemen, and got one dollar a head for the cattle, and if my people asked whose the cattle were, he would say they belonged to the Big Father at Washington, and then my people would say no more.

IN the winter of 1878, I was living at the head of John Day River with a lady by the name of Courly. On the 21st of April I had some visitors from the Malheur Agency.

They were my own people. There were three of them, and they said they had come to see their sister. They had had a hard time to get over the mountains. There was a great deal of snow at one place on the summit.

"You see, dear sister," they said, "don't we look like men who have lived a long time without eating?"

"Yes," I said, "you look poorly indeed. You had better come in and have something to eat, so that you can talk better."

The good lady got them some bread and meat. It put one in mind of old times when meat and bread were plenty.

One of the men said, "We have come to see if you can help us in some way. We will tell you so that you can judge for yourself. Our agent, Reinhard, has been very unkind to us since you left us. He has not given us anything to eat; he is not issuing rations to us as our father Parrish used to do, and our poor children are crying to us for food. We are powerless to help our little ones.

"Some two months ago the agent bought a good many beef cattle, but the cattle were only three days at the agency when they ran away and cannot be found anywhere in the country. So we are really starving over there, and we don't know what to do. Nor do we get any clothing, as we used to do long ago. They are shooting our ponies down, too, when they break down the fences. The interpreter and the mail carrier go and get everything they want to eat. But poor we!

"You know Sarah, there is nothing to be gathered this time of year, so we are at loss to know what will become of us. Go with us to Camp Harney and see the officers there; see if they can help us in some way, or go to Washington in our behalf."

After they had told me their story, I said to them that I was very sorry for them, but I had nothing to do with it. Then they asked me what I meant by that.

"In the first place," I said, "I have no money to go to Washington, but I would be most happy to do all I could for you. In the second place, you all know how Agent Reinhard discharged me for reporting him to the officers at Camp Harney. I will do all I can, but that is very little."

So they went back to the Malheur Agency on April 23, and I stayed with Mrs. Courly. Then they came back again on the 29th of May, the same men and three others, making six in all. They were glad to see me, for they said they were afraid I had gone away. They had come to tell me again about Agent Reinhard's doings. He had driven them away from the agency; and their people were all down the river, about twenty-five miles away from it.

"They are there trying to catch salmon to live upon, as they have nothing else to eat, and we can catch enough for all that are there. There are with us about fifteen families of Bannocks at the fishery. They came from Fort Hall. It is Bannock Jack's band. They have brought us very sad news from there. They say that all their ponies have been taken from them, and all their guns too, for something two of their men had done.

"They got drunk and went and shot two white men. One of the Indians had a sister out digging some roots, and these white men went to the women who were digging, and caught this poor girl, and used her shamefully. The other women ran away and left this girl to the mercy of those white men, and it was on her account that her brother went and shot them. They are the cause of all our trouble, and caused us all to lose our horses and everything we had, and we all left there thinking your good agent was with you yet. We have come to make us a home with you, but we see that your new agent is very bad indeed, for not giving you anything to live on. He knows you have not got anything and can get nothing, unless you steal it somehow!"

This is what the Bannocks told my people, and they came to me in John Day's Valley, and asked me to go with them. I told them I could not go just then, but I would go about the last of the month.

They said, "We ourselves have lost some of our horses, and we would like to have you write us a letter that we can show to some of the whites who live round here. Maybe they could tell us something about it. But we think the Columbia River Indians have stolen them, or the Umatilla Indians, we don't know which, for a party of both are at the agency."

Very late in the fall my people came again while I was living with Mrs. Courly, and once more they asked me to talk for them. I then told them I would do what I could. "If it were in my power I would be too happy to do so for you, but I am powerless, being a woman, and yet you come to me for help. You have your interpreter; why does not he talk for you? He is the man for you to go to."

Courtesy Grant County Museum

Freight teams delivering merchandise, Canyon City, Oregon

Then they said to me, "Sarah, we know that Jarry is in with the agent, and it is no use for us to ask him or the mail-carrier, who have everything they want and enough to eat, and Reinhard does not care whether we get anything or not. So we came to you, for you are the only one that is always ready to talk for us. We know our sister can write on paper to our good Father in Washington if she will."

I told them I would come over as soon as I could get over the mountains with my wagon, as I had a nice little wagon of my own. Then they said goodbye and went away.

ON the first of June two gentlemen called on me from Canyon City. They said they had heard down there that I was going over to the agency soon. I told them it was true.

"We heard that you have a team of your own, and we have come to ask you if you would take us over with you, and from there we can go over to Malheur City."

One of them said, "I have a daughter and there will be three of us who would like to go with you if you will take us. We will pay you well. How much will you charge us to go with you?"

I told them I did not know. I could not tell just then. I asked the gentleman who said he had a daughter to bring her to see me, and I would then tell him. So on the same day, he and his little daughter called on me, and he introduced her as Rosey Morton. She was only twelve years old and very pretty. I then told him I would take them to Malheur City for $20.

He said, "I will give it to you," and I told them to be ready on the morning of the fourth of June. They were. We started that afternoon and went on to the summit that night; started early again the next morning and got to the agency about six o'clock in the evening. I took my passengers to the agent's house and left them there, and went to where the interpreter lived. It was about two miles and a half farther. As soon as I got there, Jarry sent for Oytes and Egan, as they were down at the fishery. I heard Jarry say to the men he was sending, "Tell them that Sarah is here. If they can come tonight, well and good. If not, tell them to be sure to come tomorrow. Tell the Bannocks to come too."

The interpreter did not tell me many things. He only said, "A great many of the Bannocks are here with us now, and I don't know what they are going to do here. They will tell you all about themselves."

It was some time in the night when they came. I heard Jarry say to Egan, "Did you bring any salmon or anything to eat? Sarah went to bed without anything to eat. We have not anything at all down here."

"We have not caught any salmon for ten days," Egan said, "and, therefore, we had nothing to bring. What does that praying agent mean by not giving us our rations? What does he say about giving rations, anyhow; or, what does he say about giving us some of the wheat which we raised last year?"

"Well, Egan, he did not say anything when I told him what you and Oytes said about the wheat. I was there yesterday to see if I could buy some flour of him, but he won't sell me any. He told me to tell you and Oytes that he has written to Washington about the wheat, and just as soon as the order comes he would send your people word."

"What has Washington to do with the wheat, I'd like to know?"

"Well, Egan, that is what he told me to tell you and Oytes."

Then I heard Egan say, "Is Sarah asleep? We had better talk to her now for fear Reinhard will find out she is here and send her away, as he did before."

So my cousin came and told me that the chiefs Egan and Oytes wanted to have a talk with me. I did not dare to say no, so I got up and went to the council-tent. As I went in, Chief Egan introduced me to the Bannocks. He told them I was their former interpreter at the agency, and that I was their teacher also.

"She has done everything in her power for us," he said, "and our praying agent discharged her for no other cause than that Oytes and I took her to Camp Harney to report him. Therefore you need not be afraid to talk to her. She is our friend. Tell her all your troubles. I know she will help you."

Egan stopped talking and then Bannock Jack went on and said, "You say our great chieftain's daughter is good, and you say she can talk on paper, too, and therefore I will ask her if she heard what the papers are saying about our troubles at Fort Hall?"

When this question was put to me I told them I had been living quite a way from Canyon City, and had not seen the papers, and could not tell them anything about it.

"Well," said Bannock Jack, "you can talk on paper."

I said, "Yes, I can."

Then he asked, "Will you be so kind as to write down all I will tell you?"

I sent for some paper and a pencil to write it down as he asked me to. He went on and told me the very same thing that my people had already told me when they came to see me at John Day's Valley, except this. Bannock Jack said the white people had told their chiefs to go and get the two men who had killed the two white men. They said they must get the two Indian men within ten days. If they did not they would all suffer for it.

"When this was told us, our chiefs sent our men to find them, and it took some little time to do so, and when they did find them they were bringing them in. One more day would have brought them to Fort Hall. But some of the friends of the two men came and met them, and said that all of their people were in prison, and oh, everything was taken from them, their guns and their ponies, and they were guarded by a great many soldiers, and it is said they are all going to be killed. And what is the use, they said, for us to go with these men? We had better keep away from them.

"Well, it was these men's friends who went on the warpath, and this was the beginning of the Bannock war."

Then Bannock Jack asked me if I had it all written down. I said, "Yes."

" Will you be so kind as to send it to Washington and ask our Great Father to help us get back our guns and our ponies. They were not given us by our Good Father in Washington. If they had been, we would not say a word. They were bought by our own hard work. We think it very hard for a whole tribe to lose everything and to be all killed besides—and for what they did not give us time to do, and as if we refused to get the men."

Egan got up again to talk. He began by saying, "My dear mother," for this is the way our people address anyone who is their superior. If a woman, it is their mother; if a man, it is their father. So Egan began in this way.

When he got up to talk to me, he said, "When our good father, Sam Parrish, was here, we were happy. Our children were not crying for anything to eat, and causing our hearts to ache for them. We had plenty of clothes, and were all doing well. And you, our dear mother, told us the truth. You told us that Sam was going away, and that there was a Christian agent to be sent here in his place; but you said you knew he would not do for us like our father Parrish.

"It was too true! Here we are all starving under this Christian man. He has not made any issues of clothing since he came here. After he discharged you, and you were gone, he called for a council, and all went to hear what he had to say. He told us that if we did not like the way he did, all we had to do was to leave the place, that he did not care, and he also said, 'If my interpreter does not do as I want him to, he can go too. The Government is not going to fool with you. Now if you want to work, the Government will pay you $1 a day.'

"I, chief of the Snake River Piutes,

stopped the agent by saying, 'I want to talk a little. You are a good man. You talk with our Great Father up in the Spirit Land. You look up to the sky, and make us think you are a good Christian, and we want you to tell us the truth, not lies. We know nothing. We don't read, and therefore we don't know what to think. You, who are greater than anybody, say that this is Government land, not land for us; and you say we must work, and the Government will pay us $1 a day for our work. Yes, we will work for money, for we love money just as well as you do—you good Christian men who have come here.

"'We were told by Sam Parrish that this land was ours; that the Government had set it apart for us Indians, and Government would help us all if we would help ourselves. He said that everything we raised on the place was ours, and the annuities that were sent here were given to us by our good father Parrish. He also told me to tell all my people who had no homes to come here and go to work like white men. The white folks have to work very hard and we must do the same. Our good agent never had any trouble with us, because we would do everything we could to please him, and he did the same by us. He gave us our annuities without saying "You must do this or that, or you leave here." No he treated us as if we were his children, and we returned his kindness by doing everything he set us to do.

"'He was with us two years, and we were all happy. He did not shoot our ponies because the ponies broke the fences, but he would say, "Your horses have broken into your grain, look out for them," and then we would run and get them out and mend the fences. He did not do like you, good Christian man, by saying, "Here, my men, go and shoot those Indians' horses! They are in our grain."

"'Our father Parrish told us never to take any stray horses that came on our agency; nor did he want us to go and get stray horses. Have you done so? No; you and your men have done everything that is bad. You have taken up every horse that came along here, and you have them in your stable, and you are working them. And another thing, your men are doing what Parrish told us not to do; that is, gambling. You and your men have brought a book amongst us that has big chiefs' pictures and their wives' pictures on the papers, and another picture which you call Jack, and another something like it.

"'And with these your men come to our camps, and gamble with your interpreter and your mail-carrier, every time you pay them off. This is what your blacksmith Johnson is doing; and your schoolteacher, Frank Johnson, instead of teaching my people's children, does more gambling than teaching. What you do pay your interpreter and mail-carrier, the two Johnsons win back again with the book that you brought here. So we are at loss to know which of you is right; whether Sam Parrish told us lies or you, or our chieftain's daughter, Sarah Winnemucca, about the land being ours; and you who talk with our Great Father in the Spirit Land three times a day, have come here and told us the land is not ours.'

"This is what I said to the agent after you left us, and now you have come and found me almost starved.

"Now one and all of you, my men, give our mother what little money you have. Let her go and talk for us. Let her go right on to Washington, and have a talk with our Great Father in Washington."

THEN they all asked me if I would go if they would give me the money to go with. I told them I would only be too happy to do all I could in their behalf if they wanted me to. So they went to work and got together, and every one gave what he could, but all Egan got for me was $29.25.

This was indeed very little to start with, but as I had promised, I thought I would go to Elko, Nevada, with my horses and wagon and sell them there, and go to Washington and see what I could do. Our council ended on the 7th of June, 1878.

Mr. Morton asked me again if I would take him and his little daughter to Silver City, Idaho. I told him yes, if he would pay $50 for the three of them, and pay one half of it down, which he did. So we started on the morning of the 8th of June. We journeyed for three days, and heard nothing about an Indian war, but we saw houses standing all along the road without anybody living in them. We talked about it, and did not know what it meant.

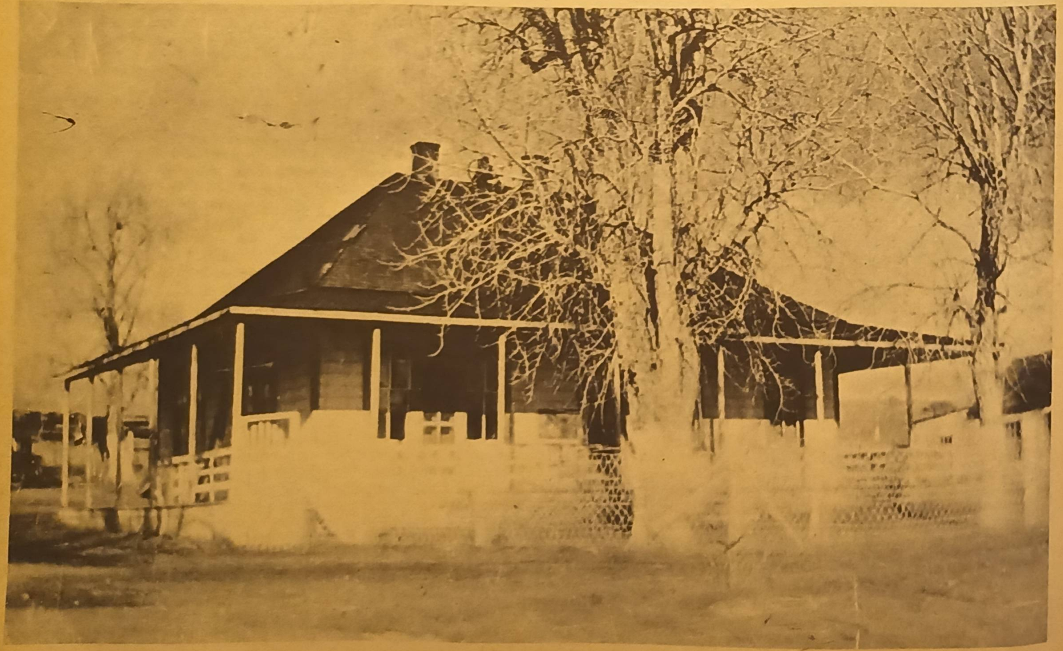
On the twelfth, we met a man on the summit, just before getting to a place called Fort Lyon, who told us there was the greatest Indian war that ever was known. He said the Bannock Indians were just killing everything that came in their way, and he told us to hurry on to a place called Stone House. That was the first I heard that the Bannocks were on the warpath. So we hurried on to the place. We got to the stage road, and as we were going up the road we met three men coming down. They told us that the stage driver had been killed. There had been no stage running for three days. He said there had been fighting going on at South Mountains, and a great many had been killed, including some Piute Indians.

I asked, "Are they on the warpath, too?"

"No," the men said, "they were with white men who went out to fight the Bannocks, and the Bannocks whipped them. Everybody is at the storehouse with their families."

Officer's quarters, Fort McDermit

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society



He told me not to go any farther than there, for they would surely kill us if they came across us.

"They want nothing better than to kill Chief Winnemucca's daughter."

These men went on down the road and we traveled as fast as we could, and drove up to the storehouse just at eleven o'clock. The men ran out to my wagon. They all had their guns and one of them asked me who I was and where I was going. I said I was Sarah Winnemucca, and I was going to Elko, Nevada.

When I told him who I was, he held out his hand and said, "I am Captain Hill, and I want you to stop here, for you are in great danger. Just drive in there." I did so. I told Mr. Morton to take care of the team, and I took the little girl and went into the house. Captain Hill took me into the parlor and asked me if I knew anything about the outbreak of the Bannocks. I told him I did not know anything about it till yesterday, when a man met me at the Summit beyond Camp Lyon, who told me. He then asked me if I knew Captain Bernard. I told him I did.

"He will be here tonight," he said, "or tomorrow sure, with his command."

Captain Hill asked me who the man was who was with me. I told him I did not know much about him, but he and his little daughter were going to Silver City. All this time I little thought of the talk that was going on about me, until about twenty scouts arrived and, with them, a Piute Indian. Then the captain of the scouts came to me and asked me to talk English with him, not Indian. So I asked him who he was.

He said, "Me name Piute Joe."

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Me no see," he said, "where you all going?"

I said, "What is the use of my talking to you? If you are afraid of me there is a white woman who can talk my language well. You can call her and she can tell you if I say anything wrong."

The captain said, "Where is she?"

"There she is."

So the lady's husband brought her forward. Then he said, "The Bannocks are all out fighting. They are killing everything and everybody, Indians and whites, and I and two more of my people went with these men out to South Mountain to fight them, and we came on to Buffalo Horn's camp and had a fight with them, and the scouts ran away and left me to the mercy of the Bannocks.

"I saw that I could not get away when they were all mustered on me, so I jumped off my horse and placed my horse between me and them, and laid my gun over the saddle, and fired at Buffalo Horn as he came galloping up ahead of his men. He fell from his horse, so his men turned and fled when they saw their chief fall to the ground, and I jumped on my horse again and came to Silver City as fast as I could.

"I tell you, my dear sister, my captain was surprised when he saw me coming, for he had left me to be killed by the Bannocks. The two other Indians were wounded, and I am wounded also."

JUST THEN Captain Bernard came along on his way down to Sheep Ranch, with his one company. All the soldiers looked at me as if I were some fearful beast, when Captain Bernard came to talk to me after he had seen the two captains.

Captain Bernard said to me, "Sarah, these citizens say that you have a good deal of ammunition in your wagon.

Oh, can any one imagine my feelings when he said this to me? My heart almost bounded into my mouth.

I said, "Captain, they must know or they would not say so. Go and see for yourself, and if you find anything in my wagon besides a knife and fork and a pair of scissors, I will give you my head for a football. How can I be taking guns and ammunition to my people when I am going right away from them?"

I told Captain Bernard everything—why I was there, and that I had started to go to Washington for my people, as they wanted me to do.

I once more said to him, "Go to my wagon and see."

"No, Sarah, I believe what you tell me is true." Then I told him what Piute Joe had told me about his killing Buffalo Horn out at South Montana.

"Now, Captain, you do me a great favor by believing me. If I can be of any use to the Army, I am at your service, and I will go with it till the war is over."

"Well, Sarah," he said, "I will telegraph to General O. O. Howard. He is at Fort Boise, and I will see what he says about it. Do you know the country pretty well?"

I told him I did.

"Well, Sarah, I will send for you from the Sheep Ranch. You will come if I send, will you?"

"I will if the citizens don't kill me."

"Yes, Sarah, I would like to have you go as my guard, for I can get no Indian to go with me for love or money."

"I will go and do all I can for the Government, if General Howard wants me."

Then Captain Bernard said goodbye and went away with his company. I stayed at the place all night, and the citizens were mad because the captain did not search my wagon for the ammunition, and they put a guard on my wagon that night. I cried and told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves. So passed the night quietly.

I got up in the morning, had my breakfast, and looked after my horse. Then I went to the captain and said, "Please come to my wagon with all of your men and women. I want to show you how much ammunition I have in it."

Captain Hill asked me to forgive him for saying such a thing about me to the army officer. "I know your father is a friend of the whites. If I can do anything for you I will be most happy to do it. If you want to go to the command, I will give you a horse any minute you want to go."

Just then there came four Indians and one white man. I ran to meet them. I knew them all. I asked where they came from.

"We were sent by the commanding officer from Camp McDermit with a dispatch to the chief of the soldiers."

"Which way did you come?"

"We came by Camp Three Forks of Owyhee River." They had to come that way because there was no traveling on the stage road since the driver was killed. The telegraph wire was cut, so there was no communication between Sheep Ranch and Camp McDermit.

I then said to the captain. "I want to go with these men to the command."

"Sarah, I can let you have a horse and a saddle, too."

Then I told my people I would go with them. George, one of the men, said, "I am so glad you are going with us, for we are all afraid that the white people will kill us if we go alone, for on the way we met some men, and they would have killed us anyhow, only this white man saved us."

I ran to my wagon to get ready. I told Morton and his little girl that I was to leave them, and the little girl began to cry. Her father talked to me and said, "Sarah, don't leave Rosey, for she has come to love you." But I told him I had to work for my people.

"Now, Sarah, as I have never talked to you before, will you be my wife? We will go to Silver City and get married right away."

I said to him, "You honor me too much by offering marriage to me, Mr. Morton. I thank you very much for your kind offer, but I cannot marry a man that I don't love. You and your daughter can go down tomorrow; I shall be at the Sheep Ranch, and there I will wait for you."

My horse was ready and I bade him goodbye. This was on the 12th of June, 1878.

WE RODE full gallop most of the time. We had thirty miles to go to the command. Just as we got in sight of the camp at Sheep Ranch, we saw a man coming. He did not see us until he got pretty close to us. We were riding along slowly, and the white man who was with us was ahead of us so that anyone could see there was a white man with us.

Nevertheless, he turned around and ran as fast as he could, and the white man who was with us called to him just as loud as he could. He ran on and turned to shoot. Our white man took off his hat to show him we were not his enemies, but he got worse, and then I said, "Let us run after him, for he knows we are not Bannocks, for Bannock women don't ride sideways nor do they wear riding-dresses."

So we put after him just as hard as we could, the white man and I riding side by side, halloing to him just as an Indian would do when he is after his enemy. I tell you we very soon made him stop his foolishness. When Captain Bernard saw me coming with four Indians, he and other officers came to meet me. His first question was, "What is the matter with the Indians?"

Without saying a word, I gave him the letter they had given me from Camp McDermit, which explained all without my saying a word. Bernard told the men to take the Indians to their camp and give them something to eat, as it was eight o'clock, and he took me to his own tent.

I was treated with most high respect by the captain and his officers. After supper he took me up to the hotel and I stayed there all night. The captain wanted me to help him get the Indians to go with a dispatch to Camp Harney, or to the Malheur Agency, and find out the whereabouts of the hostile Bannocks. He said if they would go, they would be well paid. I told them, word for word, what Captain Bernard had told me to say to them.

Then they said, "Sarah, we will do anything we can for the officers and you; we will go with dispatches anywhere but to the hostile Bannocks. We cannot go to them for, Sarah, you don't know what a danger that is. Sarah, your brother Natchez was killed, or is dead, for the same morning on which we were to start, three white men said so.

"Natchez and they made their escape from the hostile Bannocks and the Bannocks pursued them, and Natchez's horse gave out. And all your folks were crying the day we left Camp McDermit. Dear sister, it is not safe to go to them. Of course, we know only what the white men told us, and we hope it is not so. If Natchez is killed by the Bannocks, oh, it will be too bad, indeed."

When they told me this news about my dear brother, my heart was dead within me. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind. Then I told Captain Bernard the Indian men would not go for love or money. I told the captain I would go, if I had to go alone, and he would give me a good horse.

He said, "Sarah, you cannot go, can you?"

"Yes, I will go if there is a horse to carry me."

"If you are in earnest, I will send a telegram to General Howard and see what he says about it."

On the morning of June 13, I got up very early and went down to the camp and had my breakfast, and then I called the Indians and asked George to accompany me to Malheur Agency or to the whereabouts of the hostile Bannocks.

"Are you playing with me, Sarah, or do you think I would let you go alone? No, I will go with you—John and I will go."

"Well, we will go as soon as the telegram comes from General Howard. George, we will go no matter what comes of it. There is nothing that will stop me."

Just as I got these words out of my mouth, Captain Bernard called me, and I went to him.

The saddest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam 'neath it,
And twinkles o'er the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

"SARAH," he said, "if you will go to your father, tell him and his people that they shall be taken care of and be fed. Get all the well-disposed of your people to come near the troops where they can be safe. Sarah, if you succeed, your reward shall be $500. Don't forget to tell them that all who behave well shall be properly fed."

I said to the captain, "I came through the Malheur Agency on the 6th of the month and there is nothing for them to eat there."

"Tell them all to come to the troops," he said.

Then I asked him to write me a letter to take with me in case my horses should give out and I should come to a ranch where I could get more.

He wrote, "To all good citizens in the country:—Sarah Winnemucca, with two of her people, goes with a dispatch to her father. If her horses should give out, help her all you can and oblige Captain Bernard."

With this letter I started down the crossing of Owyhee River, about fifteen miles from the Sheep Ranch, at about a quarter of a mile from the place where the stage driver was killed. When we got there, the citizen-scouts were all asleep. If we had been hostile Bannocks we could have killed every one of them.

Some of these scouts were getting from $15 to $25 a day, and this is the way they earned their money during an Indian war. We went into the house and waked them up. I said to them, "Is this the way you all find the hostiles? We could have killed every one of you if we had been they. I want a fresh horse if you have one, as I don't think one of our horses will stand the trip, as we are going to the Malheur Agency or to the hostile Bannocks wherever they are. We are sent by General O. O. Howard, and here is a letter which Captain Bernard gave me."

One of them read it and said, "All right, Sarah, we will give you the best horse we have here."

Then they gave us our dinner and we started on our work. We had not gone but about a mile beyond the crossing at Owyhee River when we struck the hostiles' trail. We followed it down the river as much as fifteen miles, and then we came to where they had camped, and where they had been weeping, and where they had cut their hair. So we knew that it was hereabouts that Buffalo Horn had been killed, for they had been tearing up clothes, cutting off hair and breaking up beads there.

Here they left the river and struck off toward Barren Valley. They had to go up a hill and here I found the poor stage driver's whip, which I took with me. We rode very hard all day long—did not stop to rest all that day. The country was very rocky and no water. We had traveled about fifty miles. Now it was getting dark, but we rode on. It was very difficult for us to travel fast, for our horses almost fell over sometimes.

I said, "Let us stop for the night, for our horses will surely fall over and trample us, and then the Bannocks will not have the pleasure of killing us." Here my men laughed at me, so we stopped for the night and ate our hard bread without any water.

Then I gave my orders by saying, "John, you stand guard. George and I will sleep a little, and I will wake him and let him stand guard the rest of the night; and we must start just as soon as we can see to travel."

So I lay down to have a little sleep, using my saddle for a pillow. I did not sleep, for my horse kept pulling me. I had tied him to my arm. I heard John come and say to George, "It is daylight."

I jumped up and said, "We will go; I am almost dead for water."

We started on the full jump across Barren Valley, toward Mr. G. B. Crawley's ranch. As we came nearer and nearer, I said, "I can't see the house."

So we rode on until I saw it was burnt down, and the men said, "Yes, and we see the smoke yet."

It was still burning. We saw a fresh track here and there. I saw by the looks of everything that it was set on fire the morning of the thirteenth of June. George said to me, "Sarah, let us not stop here, for they must be close by." I saw that they were afraid.

I said to them, "It is no use to be afraid—we have come to see them and see them we must, and if they kill us, we have to die. But now we must have something to eat.

"George, you go and look out while John and I make some coffee, and when it is ready, we will call you."

"Sarah, let us kill some of the chickens," John said.

"No, John, we will not, for they do not belong to us."

WE made our coffee as quickly as we could. We made it in one of the tin cans that had been burnt, and called George, who came down, and we all ate our breakfast as fast as we could.

I said to my boys, "What do you two think? Had we better go to the Malheur Agency, or follow up the trail, which looks as if all the Indians were going towards Stein's Mountains. You are men, you can decide better than I can."

"You know this country better than we do, Sarah, and you know what to do, and if we say go this way or that way you would blame us if anything should happen. And another thing, we have come with you and are at your command. Whatever you say, we will follow you."

"Well, since you have left it all to me, we will follow up the fresh trail that goes towards Stein's Mountains. I think it is our people going to Camp McDermit."

It was now about six o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of June. We rode as fast as our horses could travel. We had about sixty miles to go to find some white people. We traveled on and found a clock on their trail at a place called Juniper Lake, and we all knew it was the hostile Bannocks we were following. The next thing we found was a fiddle and I took it along with me.

About noon I saw something coming down the mountain. "Oh," said I, "oh, look there! What is it?"

"It is mountain sheep."

We galloped up towards them. They came close to us and John shot and killed one. We took some of the meat and there I lost my fiddle, and it is there to this day, as I never went back to find it.

As we rode on about five miles from Juniper Lake, we saw someone upon the mountains, as if they were running, so we waved our handkerchiefs at them. There were two of them. As we came nearer to them I said to George, "Call to them."

He did so, and I saw them rise to their feet. I waved my handkerchief at them again and one of them called out, "Who are you?"

I said, "Your sister, Sarah."

It was Lee Winnemucca, my brother, who had called out. So they jumped on their horses, and came to us, and the minute he rode up he jumped from his horse and took me in his arms and said, "Oh, dear sister, you have come to save us, for we are all prisoners of the Bannocks. They have treated our father most shamefully. They have taken from us what few guns we had, and our blankets, and our horses. They have done this because they outnumber us, and we are all up in the mountains with them.

"Have you brought us some good news? Have you come for us? The Bannocks are out in the mountains, looking out. Take off your hat and your dress and unbraid your hair, and put this blanket around you, so if they should come down they would not know who it is. Here is some paint. Paint your face quick. Here, men, hide your guns and take off your clothes and make yourselves look as well as you can."

All this was done as quickly as possible, and soon we were all dressed like the hostile Bannocks.

"Where is our father?" I asked.

"We are all up over that mountain. We are but six miles from here."

"I must go to him. I have a message for him and for all our people, too."

"Sister, you will be killed if you go there, for Natchez made his escape three days ago. They were going to kill him because he had saved the lives of three white men. Let me pray you not to go, for they will surely kill you. They have said they will kill everyone that comes with messages from the white people, for Indians who come with messages are no friends of ours. They say that every night."

"But, Lee, they will not know me."

"Yes, Oytes will know you, for he is their chief now, since Buffalo Horn is killed."

"Brother, I am sorry to tell you that I must go to my father, for I have come with a message from General O. O. Howard. I must save Father and his people if I lose my life in trying to do it, and my father's too. That is all right. I have come for you all. Now let us go."

THE mountain we had to go over was very rocky and steep—almost perpendicular. Sometimes it was hard for us to climb up on our hands and knees. But we got up at last, and looked down into the hostile encampment. Oh, such a sight my eyes met! It was a beautiful sight. About 327 lodges; and about 450 warriors were down in Little Valley catching horses, and some more were killing beef. The place looked as if it were alive with hostile Bannocks. I began to feel a little afraid.

I looked down upon them, and I said, "Brother, is our father's lodge inside the line? We must leave our horses here and go on foot. I can run down the mountain very fast."

"If you are discovered, how will you get out?" Lee asked.

"Oh, well, our horses are almost given out anyway; so, dear brother, we must trust to good luck, and it is not so very far. Let us go quick and be back, for I have no time to lose."

We ran all the way down the mountain. Before I went into my father's lodge, I sent brother in to tell him I was coming. He did so, and I heard him whistle, and I then said to the men, "We will go in."

Oh, how glad my father was to see me! He took me in his arms and said, "My dear little girl, have you come to save me yet? My child is in great danger. Great Father in the Spirit Land, look down on us and save us!" This was repeated by every one in the tent.

I said, "I have come to save you all if you will do as I wish you to and be quiet about it. Whisper it among yourselves. Get ready tonight, for there is no time to lose; the soldiers are close by. I have come from them with this word: 'Leave the hostile Bannocks and come to the troops. You shall be properly fed by the troops.' Are you all here? I mean, all the Malheur Reservation Indians?"

"Yes, all are here, and Oytes is the chief of them."

"Father, you tell the women to make believe they are gathering wood for the night, and while they are doing that, they can get away." And while I was yet talking, I saw the women go out, one by one, with ropes in their hands, until we were left alone—that is, I was left alone with eight men; my father, and my brother Lee, and my cousins, George Winnemucca, Joe Winnemucca, and James Winnemucca, and the two men that were with me.

"Now, Father, let us go, as it is getting dark."

Then Father said, "Lee, go and get as many horses as you can get, and drive them down as fast as you can. We shall wait for you at Juniper Lake."

My brother Lee jumped up, rope in hand, and went out of the tent, and then my father gave orders to his nephews,

"Squaw" poker. In this fine old photo, the government issue calico and bandana creates an interesting display of dots, plaids and checks.

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

SQUAW POKER
CANN

and we four started out, leaving father's lodge all lonely. It was like a dream.

I could not get along at all. I almost fell down at every step, my father dragging me along. Oh, how my heart jumped when I heard a noise close by. It was a horse running towards us. We had to lie down close to the ground. It came close to us and stopped. I thought whoever it was would surely hear my heart beat. It stood a little while and some one whistled.

The whistle said, "Where is my father?"

It was dear little Mattie, my sister-in-law. She had waited for her husband in the woods, and he came out. She went with him and he sent her to me with a horse. Oh, how thankful I was to Mattie for the horse! So my father helped me on, and we went faster and got to where we had left our horses, and we found them all right.

"George," I said, "take off my saddle and put it on this horse, the horse my brother has sent me, and you take my horse. It is better than yours."

The men led the horses down the mountain, while Mattie and I ran down hand-in-hand. We could run down the mountain faster than horses could. When we got down to Juniper Lake, Lee was there already waiting for us, also the women. Lee also had had the women cook the mountain-sheep meat we had left. I assure my readers that I did not know what hunger was all that time—I had forgotten all about eating.

"Come, women," I urged, "take some in your hands and get on your horses, and eat while you are traveling, for we have many miles before us. Tie your children to your backs, for we must travel all night."

Lee came up to me and said, "Sarah, I am going back to get Jarry Lang,"—that was our cousin, Agent Reinhard's interpreter. "He is a close prisoner. I will go and see if I can get him."

"If you go, Lee, try and get all you can."

My father gave the order to leave by saying, "Ride two by two, keep close together. Men, march your children and your wives. Six men keep back, for fear we will be followed."

So Father and Mattie and my two men and myself led at the head of my people. We marched for some six hours. Mattie and I saw a track, and Father called out "Halt!" And the men came forward and lighted a light. It had been a herd of cattle. We marched all night long. Just at daybreak, we got to a place called Summit Springs.

I SAID, "Father, we will stop here and wait for Lee, as we promised we would." So we unsaddled our horses, and I lay down, having had no sleep for two nights. No sooner did I lie down and fall asleep, than my father called me and said, "Eat something (They had cooked some of the sheep meat.) You cannot sleep until your brother comes."

I tell you I did eat, for indeed I was really starved. When I got through, I asked if the men were out watching. Just as Father said "Yes," came a warning alarm. Everybody jumped for his horse. Mattie and I ran and got our horses, jumped on their bare backs, and went to meet the man who brought the warning.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"We are followed by the Bannocks." His horse was almost falling from under him.

I said, "Jump on behind me." He did so. We galloped up to the camp.

"Father, we are followed."

"Yes," said the man behind me, "we are followed. Egan and his whole band is overtaken.

"I looked back and saw Lee running, and they were firing at him. I think he is killed. Oytes is at the head of this. I heard him say to the Bannocks. 'Go quickly, bring Sarah's head and her father's too. I will show Sarah who I am. Away with you, men, and overtake them.' "

"If my son is killed," my father said, "I will go back to them and be killed too. If we are to be murdered for what the white people have done to them, we cannot help ourselves."

I said, "Father, this is no time to talk nonsense! Be quick, let us go; for my part, my life is very dear to me, though I would lose it in trying to save yours."

My stepmother was crying; so was poor little Mattie, Lee's wife.

"Come, Father, give me your orders, as I am going back to the troops. What shall I tell General Howard? I am going to where he is this very day, if the horse can carry me."

"Tell him to send his soldiers to protect me and my people."

With this message I left my father on the morning of the 15th of June. Mattie cried out to me, "Sister, let me go with you. If my husband is killed, why need I stay?"

"Come on!"

Away we started over the hills and valleys. We had to go about seventy-five miles through the country. No water. We sang and prayed to our Great Father in the Spirit Land, as my people call God. About one o'clock we got to the crossing of Muddy Creek. We had a drink of water, and tied our horses so that they could get cooled off while we gathered some white currants to eat.

Then we watered our horses and found a narrow place to jump them across, and were off again toward our soldiers as fast as we could go. At three o'clock, at the crossing of Owyhee River, we stopped twenty minutes to eat some hard bread and coffee while they saddled fresh horses for us. I tell you we made our time count going the fifteen miles to the Sheep Ranch. We whipped our horses every step of the way till we were met by the officers. Captain Bernard helped us off.

I saw one of the officers look at his watch; it was just 5:30 P.M. I told the General everything—how I got my people away, how we were discovered and followed by the Bannocks. Oytes, one of the Snake River Piutes, a leading chief, had overtaken Egan, a sub-chief, and his band, and driven them back.

"Maybe my brother Lee was killed. My father is on his way here, and wants you to send him some soldiers for protection." When I said this, the officers looked at each other, and so did the soldiers and also the volunteer scouts, just as much as to say, "You are lying to us."

I saw Lieutenant Pitcher wink at Lieutenant Wood. The General asked me how many Indians I thought there were in all. I told him that my brother Lee thought there were about 700 in all—men, women, and children. Then the General called the Captain of Volunteers, Mr. Robbins, and ordered him to take all his men and go and bring Chief Winnemucca to the troops. I called Piute Joe, who had killed Buffalo Horn, and told him in a few words which way to go to meet my father.

This was the hardest work I ever did for the Government in all my life. The round trip took from 10 o'clock June 13 until 5:30 P.M., June 15; I was in the saddle night and day and covered a distance of about 223 miles. Yes, I went for the Government when the officers could not get an Indian man or a white man to go for love or money. I, only an Indian woman, went and saved my father and his people.

THE next morning was Sunday. The General called me and said, "I want you to go with me as my interpreter and guide."

"Can I go with Captain Bernard's company?"

"Yes. I want you and Mattie with the headquarters."

"Which is the headquarters?"

"We will go to Camp Lyon. The headquarters will be habitually with the right column."

The General's staff in the field consisted of Major Edwin C. Mason, 21st Infantry, Acting Assistant Inspector General; Captain Lawrence S. Babbitt, Ordnance Department Engineer and Ordnance Officer; Assistant Surgeon General, Perkins A. Fitzgerald, U. S. A., Chief Medical Officer in the field; First Lt. Ebenezer W. Stone, 21st Infantry, Chief Commissary of Subsistence in the field; First Lt. Fred H. G. Ecstein, 21st Infantry, R. I. M., Chief Quartermaster in the field; First Lt. Melville C. Wilkinson, 3d Infantry, Aide-de-Camp; Second Lt. Charles E. S. Wood, 21st Infantry, Aide-de-Camp, Assistant Adjutant General in the field.

With these officers Mattie and I started for Camp Lyon, and I was as mad as could be because I wanted to go right after the hostile Bannocks. Mattie and I had to ride in a wagon going to Camp Lyon. We met three of four companies of cavalry on the way. Some of the soldiers cried out, "Oh, I see they have Sarah Winnemucca a prisoner." Mattie and I laughed at this.

We got to Camp Lyon about three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Captain Lawrence S. Babbitt and Lt. C. Wilkinson came down from Silver City, Idaho. Later we had prayers and singing, as they were all Christians but Captain S. Babbitt; some soldiers named Moffatt, Musenheimer and Goodwin; and Mattie. White men, educated, but not Christians; men who are born with the Bible in hand. What! Not Christians? Yes, that is just what I mean.

The General had had some hard words with a citizen who owned a stage, because he wanted $35 a day to take us to Reinhard's Crossing of the Malheur River.

I stood nearby while they were talking, and I could hold in no longer. "That is the way with you citizens. You call on the soldiers for protection, but you want to make thousands of dollars out of it. I know if my people had a herd of a thousand horses they would let you have them all for nothing."

The General looked at me so funny, and said, "Yes, Sarah, your people have good hearts, better ones than these white dogs have."

But the man would not give in, so they had to give him $35 and pay all expenses besides.

So we left Camp Lyon. The second night we slept at Henderson's Ranch near Keeney's ferry, where Lieutenant Ecstein, field quatermaster, joined us, and we went the next day to Reinhard's Crossing. We were just in time to meet Stuart's column which had already reached that point a few hours before us and had been kept under arms ready to move. The weather for the soldiers and for us had been hot and dry, and the roads were very dusty. The country on our route, much of it bare and mountainous, was characterized by the usual alkali and sagebrush. At Reinhard's Crossing were gathered a number of families from the country around.

Here I encountered an enemy, whom I had met about eleven days before when I had given him something to eat. He had been almost starved. He paid it back to me by telling General Howard that he had seen me at the Malheur Agency and that I was the one who had started my people on the warpath. General Howard brought him to me and told me what he had said about me.

I told the General where I had met him. It was about forty miles this side of Malheur Agency. He and another man had come to my camp almost done in, and I had given them their supper and breakfast.

"I know the other man will not say this of me," I said. I was crying when he was talking.

Then he came forward and said, "Oh, Sarah, I did not mean it; forgive me, Sarah." He turned out afterwards to be the best friend I had.

We stayed there all night, the 18th of June. A citizen came in and reported Indians close by and the General asked me what I thought about it. I told him I did not think there were any Indians within miles of us. On the next morning we marched up toward Malheur City about twenty-five miles and camped. General Howard asked me if I would be afraid to go with a dispatch to Camp Harney. Camp Harney had not been heard from for some time.

A story having the appearance of truth was brought to us that Captain McGregor's company had had a disastrous engagement, and had lost most of their horses. The news also reached us that the hostiles had abandoned Stein's Mountains and gone to Harney Valley, and it was possible that the left column of Captain Bernard's company had pushed after them.

Later in the evening General Howard and Lieutenant Wilkinson came to us again and asked, "Well, Sarah, what do you think about going?"

"I am always ready to go anywhere you wish me to go."

"Do you think you would want an escort?"

"No, Mattie and I will go alone," I said, "for no white man can keep up with us. We can go alone quicker than with soldiers."

But Lieutenant Wilkinson said he and two soldiers would go with us, for they could not let us go alone as there were bad white men who might harm us.

"Supposing we were to meet the hostiles, and they were to kill me, what would you do?"

Mattie was the first to speak, "Sister and I will throw ourselves on you and they would kill us first, then you."

This made the officers laugh.

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Sarah Winnemucca

SO on the 20th, Sister and I started for Camp Harney with Lieutenant Wilkinson, Corporal Moffat and Private Musenheimer. After we had traveled about twenty miles, Mattie's horse gave out, and Lieutenant Wilkinson took a stage-horse for her. At twelve o'clock we stopped for something to eat, for it was the last place we would find anything until we got to Camp Harney, 100 miles farther. Here I met another enemy of mine who was unlooked for. We three went in when dinner was ready, and the two soldiers had their lunch outside. We sat down, and the woman came in with coffee.

She looked at me, and then said, "Well, I never thought I should feed you again. I hope they will not let you off this time."

She then turned to Lieutenant Wilkinson, and said, "Why do you take so much trouble in taking her to Camp Harney? Why don't you take her and tie one part of her to a horse, and the other part of her to another horse and let them go? I would see the horses pull her to pieces with good grace."

All this time Lieutenant Wilkinson tried to stop her by saying, "You don't know what you are talking about. This is Sarah Winnemucca."

She replied, "I don't care. Rope is too good to hang her with."

Lieutenant Wilkinson turned to me, "Never mind her. She is crazy." But I could not eat anything.

Reader, this is the kind of white women that are in the West. They are always ready to condemn me.

After dinner, Lieutenant Wilkinson brought me another horse. It was about sixty miles to the Agency. We went past there just a little after dark for fear some of the Bannocks were hiding somewhere. We rode on as fast as we could, took a great many short cuts which helped us along greatly, and stopped to rest for half an honr. Mattie and I stood guard while Lieutenant Wilkinson slept a little while.

We called him up at the appointed time, and went on without stopping again. As we passed the Agency, everything was dark and still, as if every living thing were dead. This is the way it felt as we passed.

We traveled on until our Lieutenant gave out. He would get off his horse and walk awhile. We rode all night long and got to Camp Harney at ten o'clock on the following day. Oh, how tired I was! Mattie and I went to bed without food.

In the evening Major Downey's wife called on me to see if I wanted anything. She found me very poorly off for dress, and went and got one of her own garments, for which I was very thankful.

The next day was Sunday. Lieutenant Wilkinson was a minister. He was going to preach to the soldiers at ten o'clock, but a courier came riding very fast, and reported Bernard's engagement. Bernard had attacked the hostiles the morning before at nine o'clock a.m., surprised and charged their camp, formed and recharged. The enemy rallied. Bernard asked for reinforcements, pressed every man with the utmost speed to his and the enemy's position of Silver Creek near Camp Curry, forty-five miles from Harney. Bernard reported only one soldier killed at the time the messenger left him. He had four companies of cavalry—his own, Whipple's, McGregor's, and Perry's under Bomus.

This was the report to take to General Howard, a distance about forty-five miles back on the way we had come Saturday night. I was asked to go immediately, but I was so tired I could not. So Lieutenant Wilkinson was ordered back. Very early the next morning, Lieutenant Wilkinson and Lieutenant Wood, his Aide-de-Camp, left us behind with Major Mason and Major Babbitt and the troops.

We followed all day without stopping and got to where Mattie and I had hidden our rations when on our way to meet the troops. Hard bread and canned baked beans. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and all the officers were very hungry. We dined as well as we could. Each man gave one dollar.

WE got into Camp Harney very late that night. The same night we got there an Indian woman was taken prisoner. They brought her to my tent. I asked her about everything. She did not want to tell me at first. Sister Mattie said, "If you do not tell us we will see why—you had better tell us." She was a blind Bannock woman. Then she was afraid and told us everything.

She said her people were going right to Umatilla Reservation, as the Umatilla Indians had told Oytes they would help them fight the white people. She said Oytes had taken her nephew's place as chief over the Bannocks. She cried, and said her nephew, Buffalo Horn, was killed at South Mountain. I told General Howard what she said.

The troops were ordered to go and have a fight with the Bannocks, supposedly about fifteen miles above us. The volunteer scouts kept coming to report. They said the Bannocks were waiting to fight there. General Howard asked me what I thought about it.

All I said was, "General, if you find

any Indians within 200 miles of here you may say Sarah is telling lies."

"Then you think these scouts are not telling the truth?"

"That is what I mean."

So we pushed on ahead of the troops for a while, and Mattie and I saw something on a high hill above us and ahead of us. We knew what it was but we did not say anything for we wanted to see what they would do. At last the bugle sounded "Halt!"

Mattie said, "Now we will have some fun."

We just laughed, for we knew what was coming. The captain of the volunteer scouts rode up to General Howard and said, "General, don't you see them on that hill, yonder?"

The General said, "I see something, but I don't see them moving."

"I do—they are there to fight us. They have a good place up there."

Then General Howard called me and I went up to him. All the officers were there together. He said, "Sarah, what have you got to say now? The Indians seem to be there."

"I have the same thing to say as before. I see nothing but rocks put there to deceive you."

The officers took out their field-glasses and looked up and said, "Sarah, it surely looks like people there."

I said, "Well, I can't say anymore. Do as you think best."

One of them gave me a field-glass and told me to look. "I will show you that there are no Indians there." I said. "I will go up there."

So I started to go, when General Howard called me back. "I don't want you to get killed. I will send the troops up."

They found everything just as I had told them.

How they did laugh that evening when we camped for the night. It is a way by which we Indians do deceive the white people by piling rocks on each other and putting round ones on the top to make them look like men. In this way we get time to get away from our enemy.

In the morning we took up the trail in good earnest. At the dawn of the 28th we were at the end of the wagon road in the direction where the Bannocks were moving. Rough and impassable as the way appears, it was necessary, with the means of transportation then existing, to move the wagons across this mountain region. Just think—we were supposed to overtake them—they were well-mounted on fresh horses every day —and we with our wagons only. We might as well say an Indian will overtake white men in building railroads.

ON the morning of the 28th of June we were riding on. At six a.m. a rough wagon trail was all the road. We arrived in camp at eight p.m. Bernard went some miles farther. He sent back word of Indian pony tracks just ahead, and said that they turned back suddenly. Mattie and I again advised, "Not so."

We were again on the way. The 29th of June was very cold, snowing all day. We went on ahead of the troops, and came to a large camp. From 1,500 to 2,000 Indians had been there, and I found they had left a scalp behind them. It was the first scalp I had seen in my life, for my people never scalped anyone. The Bannocks had left it there.

We waited until the troops came up. I ran to the General and showed him what I had found. All the officers gathered round to look at it. They all said it was a real scalp. Colonel Bernard said, "Sarah, you have done more than any of us. You have rescued your father and your people, captured the stage driver's whip, and now you have captured a scalp from the Bannocks."

"Yes, Sarah, you must keep them," General Howard said.

All this time Mattie was looking around. She called to me. I ran to her and left the scalp and when I went back to get it someone had taken it—for which I was very glad. We camped there and the cavalry went on ahead of us. General Howard ordered Colonel Bernard to go in hot pursuit of the Bannocks and overtake them if he could, but he only went a little way and camped.

The cavalry pursued through the deep canyon of the South Fork of John Day River.

Wagons cross a mountain range by gradually working to the highest ridge. Oh, such a time as we did have! On July 1, great difficulty was encountered in getting the wagontrain into the deep valley of the South Fork, the hill being five miles in descent and so steep as to cause constant sliding on the wheels. It took from two-o'clock p.m. until after ten o'clock at night to worry the train down this hill into the camp. The cavalry was four days ahead of us.

On July 2, we proceeded down South Fork about thirty miles to Stewart's Ranch on Murderer's Creek, and saw evidences of a skirmish between volunteers and Indians. Here Mattie and I went on ahead, and came to where the bodies of two men had been buried by our advance scouts. On the third of July the infantry went into camp in John Day Valley, near the mouth of South Fork. The wagontrain was replaced by pack-mules that came to us from Canyon City.

July 4, General Howard with his staff and Mattie and I pushed on to the advance and came on with McGregor to Fox Valley. While we were marching along in the hot sun, someone came running his horse toward us, just as if he were running for dear life.

Piutes washing at Hot Springs

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

He called out, "Somebody shot at me! They are after me!"

General Howard asked him if they were Indians. The man replied, "I don't know but I think they are white men."

"No wonder. You look just like an Indian, and they take you for such and shoot at you. Take those feathers off your horse!"

This man would tie everything he could find belonging to Indians—feathers, beads and red rags—on the mane and tail of his horse. He was no other than the man who talked so badly to me at the crossing of Malheur River, who, as I said, became my best friend afterwards. He was a newspaper reporter named Parker from Walla Walla. It was he who sent word to the *Chronicle* that there were no Indians on the reservation after the Bannock war.

The next day we went on with McGregor's company, and overtook Bernard and the remainder of the cavalry. On July 6, the cavalry reached Canvass Prairie in Oregon, passing through much timber. At this place a scout came and told us of another encounter of the volunteers with the Bannocks, and a rumor that the Umatillas had not joined the hostiles, but were fighting them. Just then another party of scouts came up, saying Indians were coming right over the hill.

All the cavalry drew up in line of battle. Mattie and I put whips to our horses and rode up the hill. Colonel Mason and Major Babbitt rode up also. We could not see anybody. About two miles off on a mountain we saw some scouts going up with white linen coats. Then Colonel Mason waved his hat to the troops to come on.

The evening of July 7 brought our advance to Pilot Rock, where a junction was formed with the troops sent by Colonel Wheaton. At this place I told General Howard we had passed the Bannocks.

"Maybe they will go back the same way they came, or will go through the Blue Mountains. They know all the troops are on this side."

Just then three volunteer scouts rode up, and said Indians were about fifteen miles from there. General Howard asked how many they thought there were.

They said, "We think 1,500, maybe more."

General Howard asked me if I would go to them and see if they would surrender without fighting. I said, "I will."

All the officers had a talk over it. At supper General Howard said, "Sarah, I will not send you. If you should get killed, your father would blame me. I will send some scouts to watch their camp during the night."

AT the battle of Birch Creek, General Howard formed a junction with his troops. Here they thought they would have an effective battle with the Bannocks and capture the fugitives. I did not think so, because the Bannocks had the best of it. They had the timber on their side. I knew they would go into the timber and get away, and this I told the General, but he would not believe it.

Seven companies of 1st Cavalry and twenty of Robbins' scouts, with a Gatling gun, proceeded some three miles toward Battle Creek. Two scouts reported that the Indians were in position on a height about three miles from us. Bernard, taking the trail, moved quickly into position over the troublesome front hill, the east of which is fenced by a canyon over a mile deep.

The cavalry sped from hill to hill till in the vicinity of the enemy, strongly posted on a rocky crest. Oh, what a feeling I had just before the fight came on! Every drop of blood in my veins went out. I said to Mattie, "We will see a great many of our people killed today, and soldiers, too."

Then the bugle sounded "Fire!"

I heard the chiefs singing as they ran up and down the front line as if it were only a play, and on our side was nothing but the reports of the great guns. All my feeling was gone. I wanted to go to them. During the engagement the advance was made along several approaches in a handsome manner, not a man falling out of the ranks. The different sides of the hill were steeper than Missionary Ridge; still the troops, though encountering a severe fire that emptied some saddles and killed many horses, did not waver but skirmished to the very top, the enemy abandoning his position and running to the next height in the rear, slightly higher and specially crowned with natural defenses of lava rock.

In twenty minutes this height was charged from different sides and taken. Then the soldiers commenced a rapid pursuit of the flying Indians, who abandoned their spare horses that were in the field, perhaps 200. They were mostly jaded and worthless. They also left provisions and ammunition and camp material. The hostiles struck for the thick pines which crest the Blue Ridge, and again made a stand, using the trees for defenses. Again the cavalry pressed them in the front and on the flanks, and in a few minutes dislodged them a third time, and pushed them four or five miles farther into the mountains. The rough country and the great exhaustion of horses and men caused a cessation of pursuit for that day.

In this battle I did not see an Indian fall, or one killed, but there were five enlisted men wounded, and probably twenty horses killed. The Indian women and their children and their best horses were kept well out of the way before the battle began, and all the officers and scouts said they were making for Grande Ronde. But I, for one, said, "No, they will go back or through Blue Mountains and Malheur Agency, and back to their own country."

Captain Bernard was entitled to special credit for this engagement; indeed, for the entire campaign, and his officers and men did as well as brave and true men can do. If you could only know the difficulties of this wilderness, you could then appreciate their loyal service. The flight commenced at 8 a.m., under a hot sun and with no water. The whole of it was watched by the general commanding. Bullets were whistling all round us, and the general said to me and Mattie, "Get behind the rocks, Sarah, you will get hit."

I did not feel any fear. I asked the general to let me go to the front line where the soldiers were fighting. At last I heard Oytes say, "Come on, you white dogs! What are you waiting there for?"

I again asked the general if I might go to the front line, to hear what Oytes was saying, and he said, "Go, Sarah."

I put the whip to my horse, and away I went to where the Gatling gun was placed. I jumped off my horse and stood alongside it, but Oytes did not speak again. Then General Howard rode up and took his stand at the Gatling gun. This battle lasted from 8 a.m., to 12:30 p.m.

Where do you think the citizen volunteer scouts were during the fight? The citizens, who are always for exterminating my people (with their mouths only), had all fallen to the rear, picking up horses and other things which were left on the battlefield.

After the battle was over they rode up to where we were and asked where were the Indians. General Howard said, "Go look for them."

SOMETIMES I laugh when I think of this battle. It was very exciting in one way, and the soldiers made a splendid chase and deserved credit for it—but where was the killing? I sometimes think it was more play than anything else. If a white settler showed himself he was sure to get a hit from an Indian; but I don't believe they ever tried to hit a soldier—they liked them too well—and it certainly was remarkable that with all these splendid firearms, and the Gatling gun, and General Howard working at it, and the air full of bullets, and the ground strewn with cartridges, not an Indian fell that day.

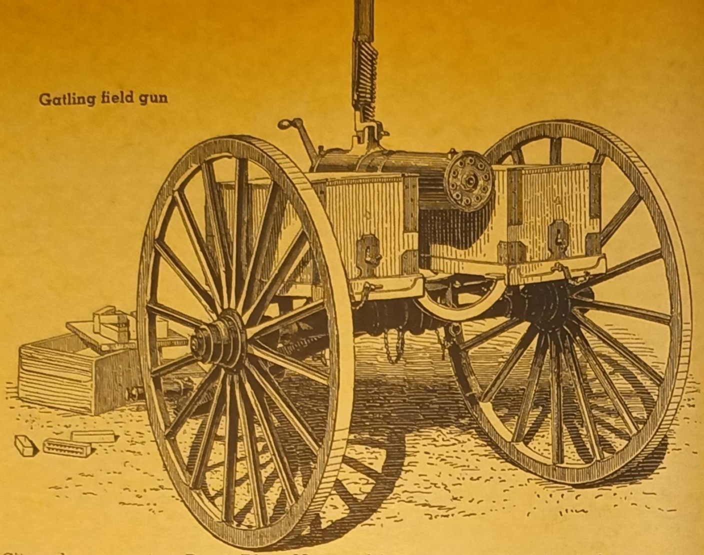
One scout came running in to General Howard, and said an Indian was lying in a stream at the bottom of a deep canyon, tied to the tail of a horse, and dead.

General Howard always sent Mattie and me to look after the Indians when he heard any were casualties; and he sent us down that steep canyon that day to see if we knew the dead Indian. But we found nothing, though we went two miles along the stream. It was a false report, just such a one as citizen-scouts give. They take good care not to go too near Indians, and the officers know well enough what they are good for. If the officers wanted to find enemies, they would not send citizen-scouts to reconnoitre. They know very well that they would shirk any such duty.

Have not the Indians good reason to like soldiers? There were no Custers among the officers in Nevada. If the Indians were "protected," as they call it, instead of the whites, there would be no Indian wars. Is there not good reason for wishing the Army to have the care of the Indians, instead of the Indian Commissioner and his men? The Army has no temptation to make money out of them, and the Indians understand law and discipline as the Army has them; but there is no law with agents. The few good ones cannot do good enough to make it worthwhile to keep up that system. A good agent is sure to lose his place very soon, because there are so many bad ones longing for it.

We camped for the night. Here the poor soldier who was wounded so badly was brought to us, and Mattie and I watched over him. I asked him if I could do anything for him, but he shook his head. Later in the evening General Howard came with a book and read, and prayed with him. There was no one with him during the night.

Mattie and I went to see him once, and at four o'clock in the morning, he cried out for someone to come to him. I asked the poor fellow again if I could say or do anything for him. He looked at me, but could not speak, and died in a few minutes. He was buried under a beautiful pine tree. Later in the fall he was taken up by the Odd Fellows and



Gatling field gun

carried to Walla Walla, Washington Territory.

On the morning of the twentieth of July we struck the Indian rear guard in the canyon of the North Fork of John Day River. This canyon is about 1,200 feet deep; and as the walls are nearly perpendicular, our command actually slid down the trail that we were following into the stream, which rushed down the bed of the canyon.

We had to climb up the opposite side, leading our horses, the ascent being so steep that several of our pack animals fell over backwards into the stream and were lost, trying to follow the puzzling zigzags of the trail.

The Indians constituting the rear guard numbered about forty. They had fortified themselves near the brow of the hill, on the trail, so as to command it for several hundred feet below their line. The scouts, numbering about eight, were a short distance ahead of us, who were in the advance guard. The Indians, lying in ambush, permitted them to get almost up to their line, when the accidental discharge of a carbine in the advance guard caused them to believe that they were discovered.

They at once fired upon the scouts, killing H. H. Froman, a courier, and severely wounding a scout, John Campbell. The advance guard was Company E, 1st Cavalry, under Captain W. H. Winters. At the sound of the firing, he deployed his company, dismounted, and took a strong position, which was reinforced by sending forward Company H under Lieutenant Parnell, and Company L, under Lieutenant Shelton. They extended the line to the right by pushing Company G, under Captain Bernard and Lieutenant Pitcher, up the side of the canyon to a projecting point which commanded and protected the trail and the bench of land upon which we had corralled our stock.

As soon as this formation was completed, which occupied us about an hour and a half and was made under fire of the enemy, the line moved forward and the crest of the precipitous bluff was reached. The foe had mounted and fled.

AT this fight, a little girl-baby was found by a sergeant, who picked her up. He said the baby was lying on its face. He carried it to the officers, and Captain McGregor was the first who gave it something to eat—ginger-snaps, sugar and water. They also took two Indian women. One of them I knew. She had returned during the night, looking for her lost children; the other was a Bannock woman.

I asked the woman I knew if she would be so kind as to look out and care for the baby for me. She said she would, and General Howard ordered some condensed milk so that the woman might feed it, and I told her how to fix it. General Howard also told me to take good care of its little shirt and all its beads, and if the Indians should ever surrender, we could find its mother. We had the little baby three months.

Now we went on as quickly as possible to form a junction with all the troops, at what it called Burnt River Meadows. There were only eight companies of soldiers. We went in hot pursuit of the Indians, crossed the Blue Mountains by very steep and difficult trails, and descended through Granite Creek Valley.

Here we camped. All the troops were out of rations. We were waiting for the return of the commissary from Baker City, when we met at Burnt River Meadows. Sanford divided his rations with all, after which the command took up the Indian trail and moved on rapidly on Wednesday and Thursday.

On Thursday morning we met with Mr. Parrish. We had stopped to rest the cattle at Little Creek. He came right up to me and held out both his hands, saying, “Oh, Sarah, little did I think when I left you all, it would come to this! Oh, it is too bad! I can’t believe it!”

The tears were running down his cheeks, and Mattie and I could not stop our tears either. This is the only time and the last time that I have seen him since he left us. Mr. Parrish rode with us a while, but at last said goodbye and went back to Granite City.

We went on and camped for the night. About four o’clock a citizen rode up. It was Reinhard’s blacksmith, A. L. Johnson. He sold some horses which once had belonged to my people. They were bought by Mr. Parrish while he was with us. Mr. Johnson stayed with the troops a long time.

On Friday we went to the vicinity of Ironsides Mountain. Here we camped at the crossing of the Canyon City and Malheur City wagon road. That night General Howard asked me if I would go to the agency to ascertain if some of the fleeing Indians had not put in an appearance there, about twenty miles down the canyon.

Very early the next morning, Mattie and I started with eight Indian scouts and Lieutenant Wilkinson. We got to the agency about eleven o’clock; there was no sign of anybody. We stayed there all night, and next morning we went back the other way—that is, on the east side of the mountain called Castle Rock, and back to our place of starting. Oh, what a hard ride we had that day! To my sorrow we found the troops had left the same day.

I said to Lieutenant Wilkinson, “I am so tired! Can Mattie and I stop a little and rest?”

“Sarah, I am afraid something might happen to you.”

I replied that I did not think I could go any farther. “Well, then, Sarah, do not stay long, will you?”

We had not been there but a little while when three men rode up. One of them said, “Come, boys, here are the girls, and the lieutenant is not with them.”

At this I whispered to Mattie, “Quick, get on your horse,” and off we went without stopping.

The men called out to each other, “Catch them, boys, let us have a good time.”

Over the rocks and down the hill we went without stopping, and got to the agency at six o’clock. As soon as I rode up, the General knew something was the matter. I told him all, and the men were discharged right there and then. This was the second visit of the troops to the Malheur Agency, July 27. We found still a little flour, and the gardens comparatively undisturbed.

It was very hard to see the poor, weary and hungry troops; and the next day Captain Miller with his company of the 4th Artillery reached us with plenty of rations by the shortest road from Bucher City.

The General told me to send one of the captured women to her people and tell them to come in and be peaceful. If they would lay down their arms and be good, they could have their reservation back to live upon all their lives, and they would be well fed by the Government. This is what General Howard told me to say to the woman. I did as I was told, but I said more than he did.

“Tell them that I, their mother, say to come back to their homes again. I will stand by them and see that they are not sent away to the Indian Territory.” With this word the woman went away.

I SAW the most fearful thing during that summer’s campaign. Poor Egan, who was not for war, was most shamefully murdered by the Umatilla Indians. He was cut in pieces by them, and his head taken to the officers, and Dr. Fitzgerald boiled it to get the skull to keep. A man by the name of Rattlesnake Jack scalped an old Indian who was lost because he was almost blind, and his wife was blind too. He was leading his wife the best he could through the woods. At last they came to the road.

They had gone but a little way when the man rode up to them, and the poor woman could only hear her husband’s groans as the man was cutting him to pieces. At last his groans died away. She felt so thankful that she could not see! She said every minute she cried out to her Spirit Father that he might kill her right away, and not let her person be outraged. For she would rather die a hundred deaths than be outraged by a white man. At last she heard footsteps coming towards her, “and I knelt down,” she said, “and held my head down for the blow, for my heart was already dead within me. Instead of giving me a blow on my head he put his foot on the back of my neck, and brought my head down to the ground.

“I felt him take hold of my hair and the top of my head, and felt his knife cutting off my scalp. Then the blood ran down my hands and face, for I had my two hands over my face. He kicked at me, and stamped my head to the ground, and then I heard him go away. Oh, if he had only killed me, but he left me to starve and to die a slow death. I was left in this way for a long time, and lay just where I was left.

“It must have been some days, for my mouth and throat were dry, and I was dying. To my great joy I heard some noise—I thought so, but was not quite sure—but I heard it again more plainly. It sounded like a wagon coming. Yes, it was a wagon. Oh, I was so glad; it was the white people, and I knew they would kill me. ‘Oh, come quick and kill me!’

“Then I heard them talking very softly. It was a white woman and her children. I heard them come nearer and nearer until they drove up close to where I was lying. I tried to get up but could not. I tried to speak but I could not. I wanted to say, ‘Kill me quick.’

“I heard the woman make a noise as if she were crying. Someone came and raised me up. Of course I did not know whether it was a woman or a man. They tried to make me stand up but I could not. ‘Oh, my good Spirit Father, speak to their hearts that they may kill me. I want to go where my husband has gone. For many years he has taken care of me. I don’t want to live.’

“This was my thought when someone came and put a cup to my lips. I quickly swallowed some thinking it might be poison, but it was only water. The first swallow almost killed me. Then they gave me more, then in a little while more, then they took me up and put me in the wagon and took me away. It was a long time before they stopped, and then I was taken out of the wagon.

“Food was given into my hands which I did not care to eat, but the good woman kept putting something into my mouth. Afterward she went away, and when she came again I held out my hands to feel of her dress, and for the first time I cried out, saying, ‘Who are you? Sarah Winnemucca? Have you come to save my life? I don’t want to live—don’t try to save me.’

“I said all these things thinking it was you. When she did not answer me, then I knew it was not you. Whoever that woman was, she took good care of me for a long time. She would often wash my head, and when I got well again I thought of my poor husband. I can hear him now!”

This is what the poor blind woman told me after the war was over, and she is still living at the Yakima Reservation, where I saw her last.

On the night that Egan was murdered I saw it all in my sleep. I had a vision, and I was screaming when Mattie waked me and asked what was the matter. I told her that Egan was murdered, and I saw it all, saw his head cut off, and saw him cut in pieces. This is true. Many of my family have seen things in their dreams that were really happening.

On the 27th of July, Mattie and I left General O. O. Howard and went with General Forsythe. We left Malheur Agency and we left my baby, as they called it, with the rest of the prisoners. General Forsythe and myself were ordered to go throughout the whole country and pick up small parties of hostiles. General Howard said all captives would be held as prisoners of war, subject to the orders of the department commander.

We marched from the Malheur Agency to Steins Mountains. Following along the North Fork of Malheur, at noon we crossed the big Malheur River and traveled along its banks about five miles before we camped. No sign of my people. We took up our march again the next day, went about thirty miles, and on the next day about forty miles, for there was no water any nearer.

Some of the soldiers had to leave their exhausted horses and walk in the hot, burning sun. My heart used to ache for the poor soldiers. The next day we camped at Juniper Lake at the very place where my brother Lee met me and threw a blanket over me to hide me from the Bannocks.

On the fifth day we camped east of steins Mountains. A good many of the soldiers went on foot. After leaving this camp, we had to go across a desert of forty-five miles without water. I told General Forsythe how far we should have to go without water, but I said, “About six miles ahead of us is a man who has a farm with a great many horses and cattle on it. If he is there, maybe you can buy some horses for your men, or maybe he will let you have a wagon.”

The General gave orders to his men that they must change about with their horses.

I also told him, “If there is nobody at the farm, Mattie and I will go on ahead about twenty miles. There used to be a spring there, and if it is not dried up maybe there would be enough for the men to drink, but not for the horses. We would put up a white flag at the spring and go on. It will be at the left. If the spring is dry we will not put up any flag.”

We got up to the man’s place and he was not at home, but thanks be to God, the good man, when he came, gave General Forsythe two wagons and barrels to take water in, so we were all right.

ABOUT two o’clock, my sister’s horse gave out. It could not walk at all, so we took the saddle off and left him. Mattie would have to walk and then I would walk a while. In this way the march was kept up all day, till we camped at a place called “old Camp C. F. Smith.” All that time there were no fresh signs of my people, and the citizens living along the road reported that no Indians had been seen by them for ten or twelve days.

We had traveled from the Malheur Agency 144 miles. The first night we camped there Mattie and I saw a signal-fire of distress and loneliness, and for help also. All the officers came to me and asked me the meaning of it. I told them it was the signal-fire of one Indian. They asked me how I knew.

“I am an Indian woman and understand all kinds of signal-fires.”

“Well, what do you think? Shall all the companies go over there and send out scouting parties to find out the fact that the signal-fires were built by only one Indian?”

I said, “Just as you think best.”

They went off by themselves and had a long talk. By and by General Forsythe came to me and said, “Sarah, are you in earnest in telling me there is only one Indian there?”

“General Forsythe,” I said, “if what I have told you is not true, I have never told a truth in all my life, and I want you to go over there and hunt the mountain over and over, and if you find more than one Indian, you can say Sarah has deceived you.”

“I will send some citizen-scouts tomorrow.”

The scouts were sent the next day, and they were gone forty-eight hours before they came back and reported the signal-fires were made by one Indian on foot. They said they could not find him.

A white man reported there were some of my people at his house, so the General sent me up there to ask them to go after the one Indian. I got four of them to

Piutes gambling. The privations and disappointments experienced by the Piute people reduced them to gaming for the few, meager things of value.

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

come and see the General. He told them he would give them $10 each if they brought him. They were willing to go if he would give them horses. On the second day they brought him. I knew him. He was one of the best Indian men Mr. Parrish ever had to work for him.

Fresh horses were secured, and everybody was ready to go on. Later I said to Mattie, "I think I had better go and see Father and my brothers at Camp McDermit. You can stay with General Forsythe and come on with him tomorrow. If you are willing, I will go tonight and get there sometime before morning. Will you let me, Mattie?"

She said, "Yes, you can go, I am not afraid; and another thing, my brother will be here in a little while, and I will not be alone." We had sent for her brother to come to us.

It was seventy miles to Camp McDermit. I said to the general, "Mattie will stay with you. I will meet you at Antelope Springs."

"Can Mattie talk English well enough to talk to me?" General Forsythe asked.

"Yes."

"Well, you will want someone to go with you to see that no harm comes to you."

I said, "General, I can go alone. It will be night."

"No, Sarah, I must send some one with you. I will send Lieutenant Pitcher and two soldiers."

"Very well," I said, "but I had as soon go alone as not."

Everything was made ready for my departure. About four o'clock, nine of my people came. Among them was Mattie's brother. We were both made happy by it. By six o'clock we were ready for our journey. I kissed my sister and away I went.

What riding we did all night long. We did not stop to rest nor did the lieutenant stop our horses from trotting from the time we started. About four o'clock the next morning he stopped and told the men, "Fix my saddle."

"Lieutenant, can I go on?" I asked.

He said, "Yes."

What a relief it was to gallop my horse! At last I stopped and looked back, but could not see them coming. I would not wait for them, and got to Camp McDermit just at daybreak. I saw a great many encampments there—as many as 600 camps.

I rode up to one and called, "Here, you are sleeping too much! Get up!"

One of the women asked fearfully, "Who is it? What is it?"

"Where is my brother's camp? Where is Natchez?"

"Here, next to us."

I rode up to the camp. "Halloo! Get up. The enemy is at hand!"

Natchez leaped to his feet and said, "Oh, my sister!"

He helped me off my horse and said to his wife, "Jump up, wife, and make a fire, Sister is so cold."

I had nothing on but my dress. A blanket was put around me. Fire was soon made, and I sat down to warm myself.

My brother called out to his people, "My children, I hope none of you have forgotten your duty to your Spirit Father in your sleep. I hope you are all ready to do his work during the day. I am sorry to say there is no report yet from the young men, saying that we are safe; none of them has come and said, 'I have done my duty.' I am afraid, my young guardians, you are not doing your duty, for I have here in my camp a warrior who has just arrived. Come, one and all, and see for yourselves."

MY poor papa was the first one who came up. He took me in his arms saying, "I thought I never would see you, for the papers said you were killed by the Bannocks. We have all mourned for you, my child. I thought my heart would break!"

I put my face down on his bosom.

I looked up. The tears were running down his cheeks. I saw tears in everyone's eyes. I told them everything—who was killed, what their names were, and how many prisoners we had, about our baby and the four women, and the poor blind woman who was scalped, and about Egan who was cut to pieces. I told them about Oytes, too; and they all said they hoped when the soldiers caught Oytes, they would hang him. "If they don't, we shall kill him ourselves," they said, "for he is to blame for all."

It was Oytes who first carried some of my people over to the Bannocks.

I told them the soldiers did not kill Egan, but the Umatilla Indians, who made General O. O. Howard believe they were friendly to the whites, while at the same time they were helping the Bannocks. They would go out nights for them, and lay out plans for them, and make them believe they were their best friends; and then U-ma-pine, who was acting chief, and the Umatillas who were with the Bannocks, got word that the white people offered a reward of $1,000 to anyone who would bring in Egan, alive or dead. This is why U-ma-pine, the Umatilla, killed poor Egan, and I said, "He is with us."

"What, with you?"

"I mean with the troops, and there are three more besides him."

After I was through talking, Leggins, my cousin's husband, got up and said, "My brothers, I think we ought to go and kill him. We have never done them any harm, and have always been kind to them when they came on our reservation. We have given them presents, yes, more than they ever gave us.

"Winnemucca, and you, Natchez, you are great friends to our soldier-fathers. You and Sarah can demand of them to give him up to us."

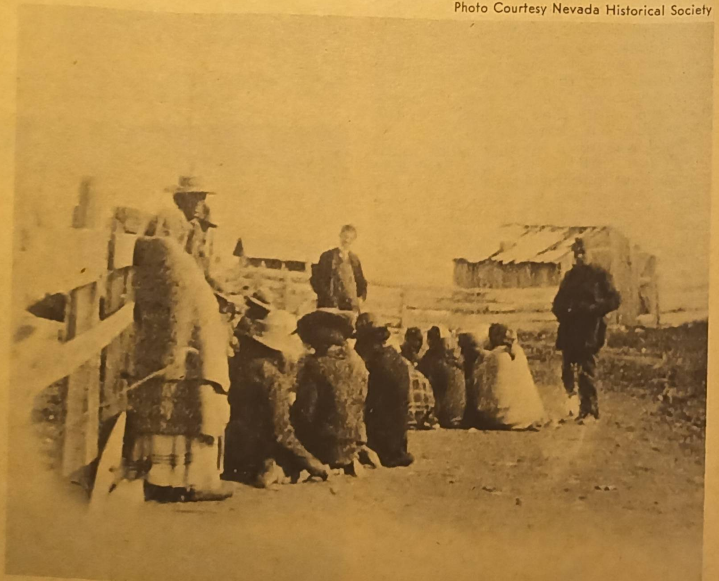
Here I interrupted, "I have not told you all. At the time they took Egan, they also took a great many women prisoners and most of them are young girls."

I sat down. Then Natchez got up and said, "If we should go and kill U-ma-pine, I am afraid we will never get back our women and girls. I want you all to listen well to what I think it best for us to do.

"We will go and have a talk with them right before General Forsythe's whole command, and say to them, 'Friends, we have come to talk. Now tell us what our sub-chief, Egan, has done to you that you should kill him and have him cooked in the way you did. Was he good to eat? If we had made war with you, and had taken prisoners in battle, we would not say anything; but you helped the thing along, and for four years you have come on the Malheur Reservation, and told Egan and Oytes to make war against the whites. You have called them fools for staying on the reservation to starve; and another thing—you have helped the Bannocks to fight the soldiers.

"'You are nothing but cowards, nothing but barking coyotes; you are neither persons nor men. We were never your enemies, for we have let you come to our country and always welcomed you. We have never been to your country. Now we cease to be friends, and after the soldiers quit fighting with the Bannocks and with Oytes' men, we will make war with you for the wrong you have done us, if you do not return our women and girls whom you have taken as prisoners.

"'As soon as the war with the Bannocks is over, we want you Umatillas to bring us our women and children. We will then show you what fighting is. It must be a beautiful sensation to cut a man or a woman to pieces, and then skin their heads and fasten them on a pole and dance round them as if you were very happy. Do you know there is not money enough in the world to make me go and fight a people who have not done me any harm?



Piutes waiting for issue

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

"'You have done this year after year against your own people. Are you never going to stop? You and the Snakeheaded Indians, who are called the Wascoe Indians, and the Columbia River Indians, and the Nez Percés, are about alike; you are always ready to take up your arms against your own people. And what do you gain by it? You neither get praised by the so-called Government, nor do you get anything more than we do. No; you are as poor as we are, we, who have never taken our own brother's scalp and fastened it on a pole and danced round it to show our white brothers how brave we are.

"'Here I stand before you, an old man; the snow has fallen upon me and it has left its mark, and my hair is white. But my hands are clean from the shameful work you have done to Egan.

"'General Howard and General McDowell have asked me to furnish them twenty-five of my men as scouts. General Howard and General McDowell are my best soldier-fathers; yet they could not give me money enough to take up arms against any tribe of Indians.'

"Now, my children, I will go with my sister, and I will say to the Umatillas that I have said to you, right before General Forsythe and all the officers. I think it is right and just, and I also think it is the only way we can get back our women and girls."

This is what my brother Natchez said to his men, and one and all of them said they were always ready to do what he said.

"How many want to go with me?"

They answered, "We will all go."

"I am afraid the soldiers will think we have come to fight them, if they see so many of us coming," said Natchez. "About thirty of us will be enough to go."

While the talk was going on, Lieutenant Pitcher came and told me, "Sarah, we will be ready to go back this afternoon at one o'clock."

"All right, Lieutenant." I said. "Lieutenant, this is my father, Winnemucca, and this is my brother, Natchez. Father and Brother and thirty men are going with us to see the Umatillas who are with you."

"Very well."

I still had had no sleep. In those days I never knew what it was not to be tired or sleepy.

My father then got up and spoke, saying, "Now we will go and see the man-eaters. I have never shot anything in all my life but what is good to eat. In my way of thinking and in my father's way of thinking, no man ought to kill anything unless it is good to eat. We were obliged to fight our white brothers at one time. It was only five months after my father's death. If he had lived it might not have happened.

"I have promised to be a friend to white people, and I have done just as I said, although they have killed my people here and there. I have not unburied my bow and arrows yet, and I hope, my children, that you will keep our promise to the end of the world, and then it will be well with us.

"Now we must get something to eat before we go. You have all heard what your chief has said. There is one among you who did not go out to help defend his people. He is tall and strong, but he is a coward. Put a woman's dress upon him, and give him woman's work to do. Let him dig roots, and prepare food, and make moccasins, and all the rest of his life let him wear women's clothing, and not go among the men."

Such is the respect my people have for their chiefs, that that very man still wears a woman's dress, and does women's work, and will continue to do so all his life. My people, and I think no Indian people, feel the same respect for a "made" chief. Sometimes chiefs are chosen by others and set over a tribe. There is no respect felt for such chiefs. That breaks up the family life that is the best thing for Indians. I do not like to think of my people separated from each other. Their love for their chief holds them together, and helps them to do right. A tribe is a large family. If a chief appoints sub-chiefs to help him take care of his people, they are respected unless they do wrong; but as I said before, no man can be a leader among Indians who is not a good man. His band may break away from him at any time if he does not do as the great chief does.

My father went on to say, "Some of the young men can go now and get our horses, and then we will go to see the scouts."

WE got ready and started to go to a place called Antelope Springs, where we met the troops. All the officers were glad to see my father and brothers and all my people. Rations were issued to them. I told General Forsythe what my people came for and he was glad.

After they had had their supper, the officers were called, and the Umatillas also. They all came but one and that was U-ma-pine. General Forsythe asked them where U-ma-pine was. They said they did not know.

"Well, we want him here," the General said, "Go and get him. These chiefs want to talk to you all."

One of the Umatillas went, but soon came back and said he could not find him. U-ma-pine was afraid and stayed in the hills that night, and my brother had to talk to the others. I have already told you what he meant to say to them. The officers cheered my brother after the talk was over. They told him that U-ma-pine and his people would suffer yet for what they had done.

"General Howard," they said, "is not going to let them off as easily as they think. We will see that they turn all the prisoners over to us, after the Bannocks all surrender."

My people stayed all night with us. The next morning, very early, we were ready to go on. Still U-ma-pine could not be found anywhere. My people went along with us some ten miles to get a sight of the brave man who killed Egan. At last they gave it up and said goodbye to me, and went back to Camp McDermit. Here my brother Lee said, "Sister, can I go with you and my wife?"

"You can if you wish to."

We traveled about forty miles that day on account of no water. A good many of the soldiers' horses gave out. We camped at a place called "The Three Forks of the Owyhee River." The canyon is very deep; on the right hand side of the river are very high mountains.

My brother told me a very funny story about the soldiers' doings at this place. "A few years ago we were on that hill yonder. The soldiers were on that steep mountainside. We then called out to them. They stopped, and they were so frightened that they shot across at us, and one and all of us called out to them again."

Here my brother laughed so that I thought he would never stop. At last he said, "Sister, they had a cannon on a mule, and they shot at us before they took it off the mule's back, and the poor mule fell down the steep mountain."

Here we all laughed. Brother said, "Some of our people said if the soldiers were going to shoot mules at them they had better go away, and they traveled all night without stopping. They only said that to make fun."

After three days we got to Silver City. We went to Tinker's Hill on Tinker's Creek, and camped for the night.

General Forsythe received instructions to divide his command—Sanford to accomplish what had been given the whole, and Bernard to deviate southward and gather up the Indians who might be lurking in the neighborhood of Duck Valley, South Mountain, and the region on to McDermit. General Forsythe himself was to go at once to Boise City to take command of the troops to the south and east of Boise City. I was ordered to go with Captain Bernard and Captain Winter's company to Duck Valley, to gather up my people; and Brother Lee, with his wife, was to go with some of our people who were there. They were told to go with them to Camp McDermit, Nevada, and two days after we left Silver City, we went to Duck Valley, and found some of my people there. They were very glad to see me.

I told them that the order was that all our people were to go to Camp McDermit, because the citizens might mistake them for Bannocks and kill them. He told me to say that the citizens were very angry with the soldiers because they would not kill all the Indians they could find.

"We don't want," he said, "to kill good Indians; we want to be your friends, and we don't want to see the citizens kill you. That is why I want you to go where the soldiers can look out for you all."

Among these was the father of Piute Joe, who killed Buffalo Horn at South Mountain. He said to me, "Tell our soldier-father that we want to go, but are afraid to. If he will send some of the soldiers with us we will only be too glad to go, or give us a paper and then the citizens won't kill us."

I told Captain Bernard what Piute Joe's father had said, and he gave him a letter.

THE next day we went back the same way we came, and camped at a place called Trout Spring. The officers caught a great many fish that afternoon, and we stayed all night.

That evening the captain said to me, "Sarah, would you like to take a letter to Silver City for me? The companies will not go that way. We will cut across the country from here if you will go. You can get on the stage and go to Boise City and leave your horse there. You will get there before we shall."

"Yes, I will go," I said.

The distance was fifty miles, so I started at seven o'clock in the morning. I said to myself, "I will see how fast I can ride, and at what time I will get there."

I did not meet anyone on the way. I rode into Silver City at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the next morning I was on the stage to Boise City, Idaho, where I met General Forsythe. He found me a place to stop and sent me to see the prisoners at Fort Boise.

I went, but they would not speak to me. They were Shoshones. I went in first to see the men. While I was talking with them, one of the women came in and said in Shoshone, "Don't tell her anything. She will tell the soldiers what you say."

One of the men said, "I wonder who she is."

"I will tell you who I am if you will ask me; and if you will tell me why you are here, maybe I can help you." I waited to see if they would say anything.

I again said, "Will you tell me where you were when the soldiers took you?" They would not speak. "Your soldier-father sent me here to ask you what you want to do," but they would not say anything to me. I went and told General Forsythe that his prisoners would not speak.

I stayed in Boise City ten days. I was then told to go with Captain McGregor and Sanford's command, two companies of cavalry, going the way of Baker City, and then to Camp Harney, Oregon, where I expected to see a great many of my people, and Bannocks too. It was reported that the old woman whom I had sent away to my people to tell them to come back to the Malheur Agency was there. After traveling six days in that burning sun we arrived at Canyon City, and camped about three miles down the river. I thought to myself I will go and see Mrs. Parrish, for she was living at Canyon City.

I saw all the officers going up, and I wished to go too and see my dearest friends. I rode into the city and saw a Negress who used to cook for a woman by the name of Moore. She ran up to me and said, "Oh, Sarah, I am afraid someone will do you harm. There is a woman living here who swears that the first Indian she sees she will shoot, because she had her husband killed during the war."

Just then a man came up to me and gave me a letter. I did not stop to read it, but ran with it to the officers who were right across the street from where I was. I gave it to Captain McGregor.

"Come," said he, "go to the camp as fast as your horse can carry you."

We ran across to get our horses. I got upon mine and rode down to the camp as if I were riding for dear life. I did not know why Captain McGregor sent for me till he came down from the city. He then told me the sheriff wanted to arrest me as a witness against Oytes.

I did not see my dear friend, Mrs. Parrish, that time. We went on to Camp Harney and got there two days afterwards, and found all the Bannocks and the Snake River Piutes there. After we got rested I sent for the baby that was found on the battlefield. I went to every camp with the child, but could not find its mother. The next day I got its little yellow shirt and its beads, as General Howard had told me to keep them so the little one's mother might find her child by its clothes and beads. Again Mattie and I went to find its mother.

At last we came to a camp where there was a young woman. I saw at once they were in deep mourning, and I knew them too. I said, "John Westler, I have here a little girl baby that was found on the battlefield, and if I can, I want to find her father and mother. It may be a Bannock child."

The father of the little child got up and looked at the baby. He cried out, "Oh my child, my lost little girl!" Its mother got up also and they wept with joy. They said everything that was beautiful to Mattie and me for saving their baby. They told me most fearful things that happened the same day the child was lost. They said a little baby had been crushed against the trees, as the soldiers fought them through the thick timber. They said they were running for their lives through the forest for miles and miles. The timber was very dense; so much so, that it was impossible to travel with pack animals except by packing them on top, and not on the side as my people usually do. This little one was thrown from its basket and left on the road in the hurry and confusion.

All my people and the officers called this little girl my baby, and they named it Sarah.

IN October, an order came from Washington, saying that all Indians who belonged to the Malheur Agency should be gathered together at Camp Harney, and be ready to go to the Malheur Reservation for the winter. I was told to go to Camp McDermit and bring all my people to Camp Harney. Company A was first to go with me.

It took six days. At last we arrived at the camp. I told my people what the Big Father in Washington said. Some of them said, "We know there is something wrong. We don't like to go." But the officers told them there was nothing to fear. They would be sent to the Malheur Agency.

My people asked me over and over again. I told them I did not know any more than they did, therefore I could not say. At last I asked, "What need have you to be afraid? You have not done anything. All the officers know that you have acted for the whites. General Howard knows all about you. None of you have fought the whites. You have all done your duty during the campaign."

Natchez said to them, "Our soldier-fathers will see that you are all right. They say you are to go back to the Malheur Agency."

Then Leggins said, "Reinhard is there yet. We ought not to go there while he is there, for we shall die with hunger. We all know how we suffered while we were there."

Leggins said to me, "You, Sarah, must talk to the soldier-fathers and have them send Reinhard away before we go back to the reservation. Tell them that if we go there we will starve, and then have more trouble."

I told the commanding officer, Captain Wagener, what my people said about Reinhard. He got angry and said, "I don't want so much talk. If you don't go peacefully, I shall have to make you go. If we had not got orders from Washington, we would not say so. We are just like yourselves; we are ordered and we have to do our work. Tomorrow you must all get ready to go."

My poor people were in great trouble. They talked all night, and at last decided, "We will go." Natchez went with us for two days. We got to Camp C. F. Smith. Here my brother left us to go back. In six days more we arrived at Camp Harney, and Leggins told the officers he and his people did not want to camp with the Bannocks and the rest of the wards.

Before we left Camp McDermit, this man Leggins was appointed chief over them all by my brother and father. Major Cochrane told Leggins he could camp wherever he liked. At this I was very glad. So was he. The major is very humane—a very kind officer.

After we were at Camp Harney two weeks, my people were told to come to the commissary and soldiers' clothing would be issued to them.

After they got their clothes they looked so nice! But my heart ached for the women and children, for there was no clothing for them. But it could not be helped. It was not as if the soldiers had it and would not issue it to them, as the agents do. My people knew this, and they had nothing to say. All this time we were so happy.

Leggins would often say or ask me, "When are we to go to the agency?"

"I have not heard anything more about it," I said.

ONE DAY the commanding officer sent for me. Oh, how my heart did jump! I told Mattie, "There is bad news." Truly I had not felt like this since the night Egan was killed by the Umatillas. I got ready and went down to the office, trembling as if something fearful were waiting for me. I walked into the office.

Then the officer said to me, "Sarah, I have some news to tell you and I want you to keep it still until we are sure if it is true."

I promised I would keep it still unless it was too awful bad news.

He looked at me and said, "It is pretty bad. It is nothing about you; it is about your people. Sarah, an order is issued that your people are to be taken to Yakima Reservation across the Columbia River."

"All of my people?"

"No, not your father's, but all that are here."

"What for?" I asked.

He said he did not know.

"Major, my people have not done anything, and why should they be sent away from their own country? If there are any to be sent away, let it be Oytes and his men, numbering about twenty-five in all, and the few Bannocks that are with them. Oh, Major! If you knew what I have promised my people, you would leave nothing undone to keep them from being sent away. My people will never believe me again."

"Well, Sarah, I will do all I can. I will write to the President and see what he thinks about it. I will tell him all you have said.

I was crying. He told me to keep up a good heart, and he would do all he could for me. I went home and told Mattie all, and she said, "Well, we cannot help it if the white people won't keep their word. We can't help it. We have to work for them and if they get our people not to love us, what can we do? It is they, not us."

I said, "Our people will never know that it was they who told the lie. They will say we are working against them and are getting money for all this."

In the evening Mattie and I took a walk down to their camp. They were happy; singing here, singing there and everywhere. I thought to myself, "Poor, poor people, you will be happy today; tomorrow or next week your happiness will be turned to weeping." I could not sleep at night, for the sad thing that had come.

At last one evening I was sent for by the commanding officer. My heart stood still. I said to Mattie, "I wish this was my last day in this cruel world."

Then I came to myself and I said, "No, Mattie, I don't mean the world. I mean the cruel, wicked white people who are going to drive us to some foreign country, away from our own. Mattie, I feel so badly I don't think I can walk down there."

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Piutes huddled around campfire

"I will go with you," she said.

Major Cochrane met us at the door and said, "Sarah, are you sick? You look so badly."

I said, "No."

He then replied, "Sarah, I am heartily sorry for you, but we cannot help it. We are ordered to take your people to Yakima Reservation."

It was just a little before Christmas. My people were only given one week to get ready. I protested.

"What! In this cold winter and in all this snow, and my people with so many little children? Why, they will all die. What can the President be thinking about? Is he man or beast? If he has no feeling for my people, surely he ought to have some for the soldiers.

"I have never seen a President in my life and I want to know whether he is made of wood or rock, for I cannot for once think that he can be a human being. No human being would do such a thing as that—send people across a fearful mountain in mid-winter."

I was told not to say anything till three days before starting. Every night I imagined I could see the thing called "President." He had long ears, he had big eyes and long legs, and a head like a bullfrog or something like that. It was inhuman to send people across mountains with snow so deep.

MATTIE and I got all the furs we could; we had fur caps, fur gloves, and fur overshoes. At last the time arrived. The commanding-officer told me to tell Leggins to come to him. I did so.

He came, and Major Cochrane told me to tell him that he wanted Leggins to tell which of the Bannock men were the worst, or which was the leader in the war. Leggins counted out twelve men to him. After this talk, Major Cochrane asked me to go and tell these men to come up to the office. They were Oytes, Bannock Joe, Captain Bearskin, Paddy Cap, Boss, Big John, Eagle Eye, Charley, D. E. Johnson, Beads, and Oytes' son-in-law, Surger.

An officer was sent with me. I called out the men by their names. They all came out to me. I said to Oytes, "Your soldier-father wants you all to go up to see him."

We went up and Oytes asked me many things. We had to go right by the guardhouse. Just as we got near it, the soldier on guard came out and headed us off and took the men and put them into the guardhouse. After they were put in there the soldiers told me to tell them they must not try to get away, or they would be shot.

"We put you in here for safekeeping," they said. "The citizens are coming over here from Canyon City to arrest you all, and we don't want them to take you; that is why we put you in here."

Ten soldiers were sent down to guard the whole encampment,—not Leggins' band, only Oytes' and the Bannocks. I was then ordered to tell them to get ready to go to Yakima Reservation.

Women cried and blamed their husbands for going with the Bannocks; but Leggins and his band were told they were not going with the prisoners of war, and that he was not going at all.

Then Leggins moved down the creek about two miles. At night some would get out and go off. Brother Lee and Leggins were sent out to bring them back again. One afternoon Mattie and I were sent out to get five women who got away during the night, and an officer was sent with us. We were riding very fast, and Mattie's horse jumped to one side and threw her off. Blood ran out of her mouth, and I thought she would die right off; but she went on, for an ambulance was at our command. She had great suffering during our journey.

Oh, for shame! You who are educated by a Christian government in the art of war, the practice of whose profession makes you natural enemies of the savages, so called by you. Yes, you, who call yourselves the great civilization; you have knelt upon Plymouth Rock, covenanting with God to make this land the home of the free and the brave. Then you rise from your bended knees and seizing the welcoming hands of those who are the owners of this land, which you are not, your carbines rise upon the bleak shore, and your so-called civilization sweeps inland as the ocean wave. But, oh, my God! Its pathway is marked by crimson lines of blood, and strewn by the bones of two races, the inheritor and the invader; and I am crying to you for justice—yes, pleading for the far-off plains of the West, for the dusky mourner. Your Christian minister will hold my people against their will; not because he loves them—no, far from it—but because it puts money in his pockets.

When we were ready to start for Yakima, fifty wagons were brought, and citizens were to take us there. Some of the wagons cost the Government from $10 to $15 per day. We got to Canyon City, and while we camped there Captain Winters got a telegram from Washington, telling him he must take Leggins' band too. Se we had to wait for them to overtake us.

While we were waiting, our dear good father, Charles W. Parrish, came with his wife and children to see us. My people threw their arms round him and his wife crying, "Oh, our father and mother, if you had stayed with us we would not suffer this."

Poor Mrs. Parrish could not stop her tears at seeing the people who once loved her, the children whom she had taught—the savage children who once called her their white-lily mother, the children who used to bring her wild flowers, with happy faces, now ragged, no clothes whatever.

They all cried out to our old friend and his wife, saying, "Father and mother, talk for us! Don't let them take us away; take us back to our home!"

He told them he could do nothing for them. They asked him where his brother, Sam Parrish, was. He told them he was a long way off; and then they bade us goodbye and that was the last we saw of them.

While we were waiting for Leggins, it snowed all the time. In two days the rest of my people overtook us. It was so very cold some of them had to be left on the road, but they arrived later. That night an old man was left in the road in a wagon. The next morning they went back to get the wagon, and found the old man frozen to death. The citizen who owned the wagon did not bring him to camp, but threw him out of his wagon and left him! I thought it was the most heartless thing I ever saw in my life.

EARLY the next morning, the captain sent me to tell Leggins that he wanted him to help the soldiers guard the prisoners and see that none of them got away. He said the Big Father in Washington wanted him to do this, and then he and his people could come back in the spring. I went to tell Leggins, but he would not speak to me; neither would my brother Lee. I gave him the message anyway, and went away.

When I got back, the captain asked me what he said. I told him he would not speak to me.

"Did you tell him what I told you to?"

"I did."

"Go and tell the prisoners to be ready to march in half an hour."

We traveled all day. It snowed all day long. That night a woman became a mother, and during the night the baby died and was put under the snow. The next morning the mother was put into the wagon. She was almost dead when we went into camp. That night she too was gone, and left on the roadside, her poor body not even covered with the snow.

In five days three more children were frozen to death, and another woman became a mother. Her child lived only three days, but the mother survived. We then crossed Columbia River. All the time dear little Mattie was dying little by little.

At last we arrived in Yakima on the last day of the month. Father Wilbur and the Chief of the Yakima Indians came to meet us. We came into camp about thirty miles from where the agency buildings are and stayed at this place for ten days. Another one of my people died here, but thanks be to the Good Father in the Spirit Land, he was buried as if he were a man.

At the end of the ten days we were turned over to Father Wilbur and his "civilized Indians," as he called them.

We were turned over to him as if we were so many horses or cattle. After he received us, he had some of his civilized Indians come with their wagons to take us up to Fort Simcoe. They did not come because they loved us, or because they were Christians. No, they were just like all civilized people; they came to take us there because they were to be paid for it.

They had a kind of shed made to put us in. You know what kind of shed you make for your stock in winter time. It was of that kind. How we did suffer. There was no wood, the snow was waist-deep, and many died off just as cattle or horses do after traveling so long in the cold.

Our men were dressed well in soldier's clothes. Almost all of them had beautiful blue overcoats; they looked like a company of soldiers. But we had not been with these civilized people long before they had won all my people's clothes from them. Some would give them one buckskin for an overcoat and pants, and some of them got little ponies for their clothes, but the ponies would disappear, and could not be found in the country afterwards.

Leggins had a great many good horses, which were lost in the same way. My people would go and tell the agent, Wilbur, about the way his people were treating us, and the loss of the horses; but he would say the horses were all right on the reservation somewhere, only we could not find them.

My people would ask him to tell his people to tell us if they saw our horses, so that we might go and get them. He told his Christian and civilized Indians, but none of them came to tell us where our horses were. The civilized Indians told us not to go far away, for the white people would kill us, but my cousin, Frank Winnemucca, and his sister's son, who was named after our good agent, Samuel Parrish, were out hunting their horses anyway. They were gone eight days. They traveled along the Yakima River, and saw an island between Yakima City and the reservation. They swam across to it, and there they found their horses, with two of the Christian Yakima Indians watching them.

After that, it was worse than ever. All our best horses were gone, and we never did find them. My Meride was found three months afterwards, being used as a pack-horse. It was so lean its back was sore. I took the horse to Mrs. Wilbur to show her what the Yakima Indians were doing. I asked her if I could turn the horse into their lot. She told me I could, but soon the horse was gone again, and I have never seen it since. Then Father Wilbur told us he did not wish to be troubled by us about our horses.

Now came the working time. My people were set to work clearing land; both men and women went to work, and boys too. They cleared sixty acres of land for wheat. They had it all cleared in about ten days. Father Wilbur hired six civilized Indians to plough it for us—these Indians got $3 a day for their work, because they were civilized and Christian.

ABOUT the last of April, I was told to tell my people that he had ordered clothes for them and it was already at The Dalles. He was going to send seventeen wagons down, and have them brought right off. I assure you they were very glad indeed, for they were almost naked. No money, no nothing.

When our clothing came, it was everything you could wish or think of—blankets of all kinds, shawls, woolen goods, calicoes, and everything beautiful.

Issuing day was in May. Poor Mattie was so sick I had to go by myself to issue to my people. Oh, such a heart-sickening issue! There were twenty-eight little shawls given out, and dress-goods that you white people would sift flour through—from two to three yards to each woman. The largest issue was to a woman who had six children. It was six yards, and I was told to say to her she must make clothes for the children out of what was left after she had made her own! At this my people all laughed.

Some of the men who had worked hardest got blankets; some got nothing at all. A few of the hats were issued, and the "good" minister, Father Wilbur, told me to say he would issue again later in the fall—that is, blankets.

After the issue was over my people talked and said, "Another Reinhard! Don't you see he is the same? He looks up into the sky and says something, just like Reinhard."

Every night prowlers would come and take blankets off from sleeping men and women until all were gone. All this was told to the agent, but he would not help us, and Father Wilbur's civilized Indians would say most shameful things about us. At one time they said my people killed a little child. Their Indian minister, whose name was George Waters, told me one of my women had been seen killing the child. He said the child's head was cut to pieces.

I said to brother Lee, "We will go and see the child."

I asked the white doctor to go with us to see it. I told him what had been said. They had him all wrapped up, and said they did not want anybody to see him. George was there.

I said, "We must see him. You said our people had killed him, and that his head is cut in pieces." So the doctor took off all the blankets that were wound round him. There was no sign of anything on him. He had fallen into the river and had been drowned.

On May 29, Mattie died, and I was left alone. During this time, the goods which had been brought for us were sold to whoever had money. All civilized Indians bought the best of everything.

Father Wilbur told us the very same thing that Reinhard had. He said he would pay them $1.00 a day. My people worked the same, and they were paid in clothes, but little money was paid to them. They were told not to go anywhere else to buy but to one store. At this, my people asked him why he told them that the clothes were theirs. Mrs. Wilbur explained they had to sell them in order to hold their position. This is the way all the agents issue clothing to our people. Every Indian on that reservation had to pay for everything.

First courthouse, Canyon City, Oregon, built in 1864

Courtesy Grant County Museum

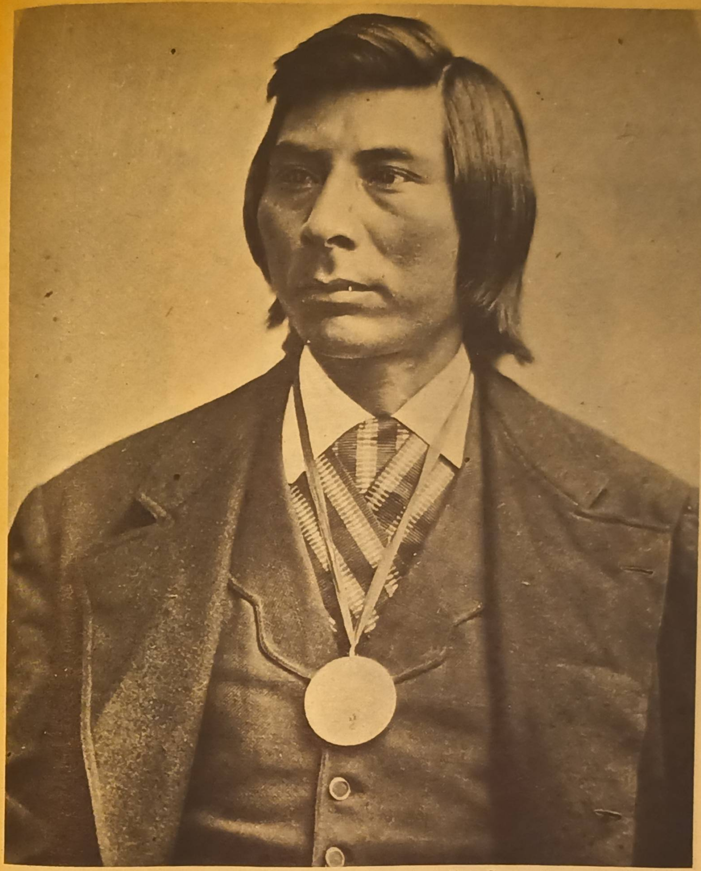


Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Natchez, brother of Sarah Winnemucca. Time after time he risked his life to defend the whites.

For all the wagons they got they were to pay $125, even if it took ten years. I know this is true, because the agent told me to tell my brother Lee so, and he told Leggins the same. If he wanted wagons, they could pay him little by little until they had paid it all.

WE had the finest wheat that ever was raised on the reservation, for my people pulled out all the cockle and smut. The civilized Indians were so lazy they would not clean their field and their wheat was so bad that, after it was made into bread, it was as black as dirt. I am sorry to say that Father Wilbur kept our wheat for his white friends, and gave us the bad wheat, and the bad wheat was ground just as you would grind it for your hogs.

The bad flour made us sick. My people died off very fast. At first Father Wilbur and his Christian Indians told us we could bury our dead in their graveyard, but they soon got tired of us, and said we could not bury them there anymore.

Doctor Kuykendall could not cure any of my people, or else he did not try. When I would go to him for medicine, he would say, "Well, Sarah, I will give you a little sugar and rice, or a little tea for him or her." He would say laughing, "Give them something good to eat before they die." This is the way the agents treated us, and then they dare to say that they are doing all they can for my people. I say, dear friends, the minister who is called agent says there is a time coming when everyone is going to give an account of all he does in this life. I am a little afraid the agent will have to give an account of himself, and say, "I have filled my pockets with that worthless thing called money. I am not fit to go to heaven"—that is, if that book you civilized people call the Holy Bible is true. It says he who steals and tells lies will go to hell. Well, I am afraid this book is true, as your agents say; and I am sure they will never see heaven, for I am sure there is hardly an agent but what steals a little, and they all know that if there is a God above us, they can't deny it.

In July, 1879, we were going to have a camp meeting and some visitors were coming from the East. Bishop Haven and his son and daughter were coming. The agent told me to be sure and keep my people away, as they were very poorly dressed. I did not do as I was told. My people were almost as naked as they were born in the world, for the seventeen wagons of supplies were not issued to them.

When the time came, I came with all my people, and camped near the agent's house; and during the meeting I made them all come and sit down on the benches that Father Wilbur made for his civilized and Christian Indians. I wanted all to see how well we were treated by Christian people.

Day after day my people were begging me to go east and talk for them. I told them I had no money to go with just then; but I would as soon as I got some, for I had a little coming to me from the military government.

The military authority is the only authority that ever paid me well for my interpreting. Their pay to interpreters is from $65 to $75, and the lowest is $60 per month. For this pay one could live. All the agents pay to interpreters is from $30 to $40. One has to live out of this money, and there is nothing left.

I always had to pay $60 a month for my board (or $15 a week) when I was working for an agent. When I was working for the Government they gave me my rations, the same as they did to the soldiers. My last appointment was given me at Washington in 1879. It was to be very small pay. I wrote to the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Schurz, telling him I could not pay my board with that; but he never answered my letter, and so it stands that way to this day, and I never got a cent of it. But their pet, Reinhard, without an Indian on the reservation, could be paid three or four years. I have worked all the time among my people, and never been paid for my work.

Finally, my military money came. I told Father Wilbur I wanted to go back to see my people. At first he said I could not go; he stood a minute, and then said, "Well, Sarah, I can't keep you if you want to go. Who is to talk for your people?"

"Brother Lee can talk well enough."

Then he said, "You can go after the camp meeting is over."

Now commenced our meetings every day. I went and got all the little children and came with them myself, and sat down, and then went into the pulpit and interpreted the sermon to my people. Right here, my dear reader, you will see how much Father Wilbur's Indians are civilized and Christianized. He had to have interpreters. If they were so much civilized, why did he have interpreters to talk to them? In eighteen years could he not have taught them some English?

I was there twelve months, and I never heard an Indian man or woman speak the English language except the three interpreters and some half-breeds. Could he not have had the young people taught in all that time? A great many white people came to see the Indians. Of course, one who did not know them might think they were educated when they heard them sing English songs, but I assure you they did not know what they sang anymore than I know about logarithms.

I WENT away in November, and stopped at Vancouver, Washington Territory, to see General O. O. Howard. I told him all that Father Wilbur was doing, and that I should try to go to Washington. Then he gave me a letter to some of his friends there. I went straight from Vancouver to San Francisco. My brother and others met me and we talked about the agents; none of them came forward to say, "Sarah is telling lies." If they ever do, I shall say more.

I was lecturing in San Francisco when Reinhard tried so hard to get Natchez to send some of our people to the Malheur

Photo Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

This old photo by an early day western photographer shows Piutes gambling at an old hotel site.

Agency. Yes, he offered much money for each one my brother would bring to the reservation, but Natchez told him he did not want his people to starve, and he was never going to tell them to go there.

My people told him to ask Reinhard why he did not give these good things to them before, then Oytes would not have gone with the Bannocks. This was just before I lectured in San Francisco.

I was lecturing one evening, and a man came to me and said, "Sarah, I would like to have you help me get some of your people to go with me to the Malheur Agency. I will pay you well for it. Here is $30." He handed it to me. I thought to myself, "The white people are 'better' than I am, and they make money any way and every way they can. Why not I? I have not any. I will take it." So I did, for which I have been sorry ever since—many times.

Well, while I was lecturing in San Francisco, a great deal was said about it through the Western country. The papers said I was coming East to lecture. I was getting ready to come, and was at Lovelock, Nevada, with Natchez. A telegram came to me there from a man named Hayworth, saying "Sarah, the President wants you and your father and brother Natchez and any other chiefs, four in number, to go to Washington with me. I am sent to go with you."

I answered, "Come here, we wish to see you."

In two days he came, and we told him everything about the doings of the agent. Not only did we tell him, but the white people told him also. We asked him to go to Camp McDermit and to the Pyramid Lake Reservation and down the Humboldt River, that he might see for himself, and then he could help us tell the Big Father in Washington.

He did so, and we started for Washington with him. It took us one week. We stopped at the Fremont House. As soon as we got into the house, a doctor was sent to vaccinate us for fear we would take smallpox. We were told not to go out anywhere without the man who brought us. The next day, at about ten o'clock, we were taken to the office of the Secretary of the Interior. As soon as we entered, the man there looked at me and said, "So you are on the lecturing tour, are you?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

"So you think you can make a great deal of money by it, do you?"

"No, I do not wish to lecture for that."

"What, then?"

"I have come to plead for my people, who are dying off with broken hearts because they are separated from their children and husbands and wives and sons."

"But they are bad; they have killed and scalped many innocent people."

"Not so; my people who are over there at Yakima did not do so any more than you have scalped people. Only a few went with the Bannocks and did wrong. I have given up those who were bad; the soldiers have them prisoners at Vancouver Barracks, Washington Territory. I have not come to plead for the bad ones. I have done my work faithfully. I told the officers if they would surrender I would give up all the bad ones, which I did, and I ask you only to return to their home all who have helped the white people. The very man who killed Buffalo Horn was sent to the Yakima Reservation."

The tears were running down my face while I was talking, and the heartless man began to laugh at me. He then said, "I don't think we can do anything about it."

Just at this moment Mr. Hayworth came in, and said Secretary Schurz was ready to see us.

"Sarah," he said to me, "you must not lecture here."

Secretary Schurz received us kindly, not like the man we had just left. Secretary Schurz said, "I want you to tell me from the first beginning of the Bannock war," which we did.

Then he told Mr. Hayworth to take us everywhere to see everything; to have a carriage and take us around; and when we left him he said, "Come again tomorrow, at the same hour."

WE HAD a great many callers who wanted to see us, but the man Hayworth was with us every minute, for fear I would say something. We were taken somewhere every day, only to come in and get our meals. Reporters would say, "We want you to tell us where you are going to lecture, that we can put it into our papers." But Hayworth would not let us talk to them. The next day we were again taken to Secretary Schurz. My brother talked this time, and I interpreted for him.

My brother said, "You, Great Father of the Mighty Nation, my people have heard of you. We think you are the mightiest Father that lives, and to hear your own people talk, there is nothing you can't do if you wish to; and, therefore, we one and all pray of you to give us back what is of no value to you or your people.

"Oh, good Father, it is not your gold, nor your silver, horses, cattle, lands, mountains we ask for. We beg of you to give us back our people, who are dying off like so many cattle or beasts at the Yakima Reservation. Have you wife or child? Do you love them? If you love them, think how you would feel if they were taken away from you, where you could not go to see them nor they come to you.

"For what are they to be kept there? When the Bannocks came to our people with their guns, my father and I said to them everything that we could, telling them not to fight. We had a talk three days, and only one man got up and said he would go with them. That was Oytes, with about twenty-five or thirty men. Oytes is a Harney Lake Piute. We Piutes never had much of anything. The Bannocks took everything we had from us.

"They were going to kill me, with three white men, who were living nearby. I feared I could not get away, but thanks to Him Who lives above us, I did get away with the three white men. They followed us about twenty miles as fast as their horses could run. My horse fell down and died. I cried out to Jack Scott to let me jump up behind him, but he left me and rode on. I ran a little way till I came to a creek, up which I ran, and in that manner I got away. So you see, good Father, we have always been good friends to your people.

"If you will return our people whom you sent away to Yakima Reservation, let them come to the Malheur Reservation, and make the bad ones stay where they are. In time I and my people will go there too, to make us homes; and, also, send away Mr. Reinhard whom we hate."

This is what my brother said to Secretary Schurz, and I am surprised to see that in their own report they say, "In the winter of 1878-9 a self-constituted delegation, consisting of Chief Winnemucca and others of his band visited this city, and while here made an agreement, etc., to remove to Malheur, and receive allotments of 160 acres to each head of a family, and each adult male; they were to cultivate the lands as allotted, and as soon as the law would enable it, patents therefor in fee-simple were to be issued to each allottee," etc.

I say we did not come on of ourselves; we were sent for, and neither my father nor brother made any agreement to go to Malheur until those who belonged there could come back from Yakima, and until Reinhard should be sent away.

I said one day I was going to lecture, as the people wanted me to, and try to get a little money to buy something for my father. Mr. Hayworth told what I said, and we were all sent for to go to the Office of the Interior. We went in and sat down.

Secretary Schurz said to me, "Sarah, so you are bound to lecture."

"People want me to."

"I don't think it will be right for you to lecture here after the Government has sent for you and your father and brother, and paid your way here. The Government is going to do right by your people now. Don't lecture now; go home and get your people on the reservation—get them located properly; and then, if you want to come back, write to us, and tell us you want to come back and lecture, and we will pay your way here and back again."

He told me they would grant all I asked of them for my people, which they did; yes, in their minds—I mean in writing—promises which, like the wind, were heard no more.

They asked where I was going to stop after I got home. "We want to know, so that we can send you some canvas for tents for your people. You can issue it to them, can you not?"

I said, "Yes, if it comes."

"We will send enough to make your people 100 tents. You can issue it, and give the names of each head of the families, and send them back here."

I said, "I shall be at Lovelock in Nevada."

"We will send it as soon as you get home."

My brother and father said, "All right."

The Secretary then told Mr. Hayworth to take us to the store and get Father a suit of clothes, which Father got; but Brother and I did not get a pin's worth from anyone. We never did get anything from the Government or Government officials.

Poor father! He gave his clothes away after he got home, saying, "This is all I got from the Big Father in Washington. I am the only one who got anything; I don't care for them. If they had been given me by the good soldier-fathers I would keep them."

ON Saturday we were taken to the White House to see the President. We were shown all over the place before we saw him. A great many ladies were there to see us. At last he walked in and shook hands with us, then he said, "Did you get all you want for your people?"

I said, "Yes, sir, as far as I know."

"That is well," he said, and went out again. That is all we saw of him. That was President Hayes.

We went back to the hotel. In the afternoon Mr. Meacham came with a carriage to take us to the Soldiers' Home, but we did not go. My father and brother were feeling badly because I told them I was going to New York to lecture, and I would come home later. I only did this to make the man who was with us angry, because he was forever listening to what I was saying. The Soldiers' Home is the only place we did not see while we were in Washington.

Sunday evening we were to start for home. Mr. Meacham said to me at the last minute, "Sarah, stop and give a lecture before you go. They can't stop you. This is a free country. If you stop we will see you through."

Oh, if he had lived, I know I would have a good friend to help in my work, not like the one who has the charge of this work now. That is Dr. Bland.

Well, if the Government pets are to be the ones to condemn me, I have no fear whatever. I am not going into their private life, because I am not to condemn anyone. I am only telling what the agents are doing. I think it is better for the Government to keep the money than to give it to agents.

We were now ready to start, and the man who brought us to Washington was going with us. I said to him, "I am not going as I came here."

"All right; you shall have a sleeping car."

We had been on the road two days when a lady joined us. She was going to Duck Valley Agency to her husband, who was an agent there. She had a Bible with her. Ah! ah! What do you think the Bible was? Why it was a pack of cards. She would sit every day and play cards with men, and every evening too. She was an Indian agent's wife.

Mr. Hayworth went as far as Omaha with us. He came to me there and said, "Sarah, I am going back."

I ran to the car where my father and brother were to tell them. He came in and bade them goodbye, and gave Brother $3.00 to provide us all with on our way—more than a thousand miles.

This is a copy of the order Secretary Schurz gave me. I have the original in my possession now.

Department of the Interior
Washington, D.C., July 20, 1880

The Pi-Utes, heretofore entitled to live on the Malheur Reservation, their primeval home, are to have lands allotted to them in severalty, at the rate of 160 acres to each head of a family, and each adult male. Such lands they are to cultivate for their own benefit. The allotment will be made under instructions of their agent. As soon as enabled by law to do so, this department is to give to the Indians patents for each tract of land conveying to each occupant the fee simple in the lot he occupies.

Those of the Pi-Utes, who in consequence of the Bannock war, went to the Yakima Reservation, and whoever may desire to rejoin their relatives, are at liberty to do so, without expense to the Government for transportation. Those who desire to stay upon the Yakima Reservation and become permanently settled there will not be disturbed.

None of the Pi-Utes now living among the whites, and earning wages by their own work will be compelled to go to the Malheur Reservation. They are at perfect liberty to continue working for wages for their own benefit, as they are now doing.

It is well understood that those who settle on the Malheur Reservation will not be supported by the Government in idleness. They will be aided in starting their farms and promoting their civilization, but the support given them by the Government will, according to law, depend upon their intelligence and efficiency in working for themselves.

Secretary of the Interior
C. Schurz

WHEN we got home, we told our people to go to Lovelock, and be ready to receive some tents that were to be sent there for them. They came from far and near to hear of the wonderful father we had seen, how he looked, and all about him. While we were waiting, we almost starved. I wrote to the Secretary of the Interior for God's sake to send us something to eat. He answered my letter telling me to take my people to the Malheur Agency. Just think of my taking my people, who were already starving, 300 miles through snow waist-deep.

I told my people what the letter said. They all laughed and said, "We are not disappointed. We always said that the Big Father was just like all other white people."

What could we say? We were only ashamed because we came and told them lies which the white people had told us.

"You must make that up yourselves," they said, "for you have been to the white people's country, and all the white people say the Big Father at Washington never tells a lie."

My father rose and told his people he did not blame them for talking as they did.

"I say, my children, every word we have told you was said to us. Yes, they have said or done more than this. They have given us a paper which your mother will tell you of."

Then he called me and said, "Read the paper; your brother will interpret for you."

I did as I was told. I read very slowly. My brother did nicely, and after it was over my uncle, Captain John, rose and spoke, saying, "I have lived many years with white people. Yes, it is over thirty years, and I know a great many of them. I have never known one of them to do what they promised. I think they mean it just at the time, but I tell you they are very forgetful. It seems to me sometimes that their memory is not good, and since I have understood them, if they say they will do so and so for me, I would say to them, now or never, and if they don't, then it is because they never meant to do so, but only to say so. These are your white brothers' ways, and they are a weak people."

Some of them said, "Oh, maybe he will send back our people."

Others said, "Time will tell."

Just then my sister-in-law, Natchez' wife, said, "There comes a white man. It is Mr. Emory."

He came up and gave me a letter. It was my appointment to act as interpreter at the Malheur Agency.

After this, my people went away from Lovelock.

Then I went from place to place, trying to get the Piutes to go to the Malheur Agency; but they told me to go and get those who were at Yakima to come back, then they would go.

So I took my sister and started for Yakima on the 1st of April. I was armed with a paper signed by Secretary Schurz. I thought I would not have anything to do but to go there and get them, because they told me at Washington that they would send a letter to Mr. Wilbur, telling him what to do. I told them in Washington that my people would be afraid to go back to Malheur alone, but they assured me that Father Wilbur would see that they were taken back all right. If he thought we should need an escort of soldiers, he would see to that.

So you see I never once thought I was going to have any trouble. I traveled three days without seeing anyone. We had nothing to eat but hard bread. Our horses were better off than we were. That was all right, for I would rather anytime to have nothing to eat than have my horse go without anything.

On the fourth day, it was very late in the evening when we rode up to a house. The men all ran out to see us. I said to sister, "I am afraid."

Sister said, "I know them. About one year ago, Father and others camped here, and they were very kind to Father. They killed beef for us, and we camped here a long time."

To my great joy there came up two of our people. One was my own cousin, Joe Winnemucca. Oh, how glad he was to see us.

"Is your father coming, too?" he asked.

"No, we are all alone."

"What! You don't say you have come all the way from the reservation alone, have you?"

"That is just what I mean, and that is not all. We are going a long way."

"That can't be, you two women, all alone."

"That is what we are going to do."

The white man came up to us and said, "Who are you? Where did you come from?"

"I am Sarah Winnemucca, and this is my sister, and we came from Pyramid Lake Reservation."

"I have heard of you many times. I wish my wife were here to welcome you. She would be glad to see you. However, you are welcome. Won't you come in?"

Then he called one of his men to come and get our horses and take them to the stable.

I said, "Sir, this man is my cousin and I want to talk to him first."

I told Joe where we were going, and what for—that I was going to have our people back again at Malheur, and about the beautiful paper that the Great Father gave me, and what beautiful things they were going to do for us. Oh! how glad my cousin was, for his brother, Frank Winnemucca, was at Yakima.

Now the man came for us to go to supper. I told the white man the same after supper, and showed him the beautiful letter that Secretary Schurz gave me.

"I am glad, for your people are good workers, and the Government ought to do something for them. I have lived here over twenty years. I have never lost anything by your people, and whenever they came I always gave them something to eat. The last time your father was here, I killed a beef for him and the few who were with him."

WE stayed three days, because it snowed so hard we could not travel. At last it cleared off, and my cousin decided to go with us to the next place. He said there were very bad men there. Sometimes they would throw a rope over our women, and do fearful things to them.

I thought within myself, "If such an outrageous thing is to happen to me, it will not be done by one man or two while there are two women with knives, for I know what an Indian woman can do. She can never be outraged by one man; but she may by two." My dear reader, I have not lived in this world for over thirty or forty years for nothing, and I know what I am talking about.

We did not get to the horrible place till the second day. We got there very late in the afternoon. As we rode up to the house, I heard one of the men say, "Why, there is Sarah Winnemucca!" I was glad to hear my name spoken by someone who knew me. I knew I was all right.

He came up to me and said, "Why, Sarah, what in the world are you doing away out here at this time of the year?"

He helped me off my horse. Sister jumped off hers, and he told my cousin to take our horses to the stable. I had known this man for some time. He used to live in Carson City, Nevada. His name is Crowles. I was glad to see him. We stayed all night and were treated beautifully. I offered to pay for our supper and breakfast, and for our horses, too, but they would not take anything. So I thanked them, and we went on, and Joe went a little way with us, and then said goodbye and went back.

We had traveled about ten miles, when we looked back and saw three men coming after us as fast as they could ride. This Mr. Crowles had some Spanish boarders who were living near the house, and they saw us there. Well, we saw it was war then. I said, "Sister, we must ride for our lives."

Away we went, and they after us like wild men. We rode on till our horses seemed to drop from under us. At last we stopped, and I told Sister what to do if the whole three of them overtook us. We could not do very much, but we must die fighting. If there were only two, we were all right, we would kill them; if only one we would see what he would do. If he lassoed me, she was to jump off her horse and cut the rope, and if he lassoed her, I was to do the same. If he got off his horse and came at me she was to cut him, and I would do the same for her. Now we were ready for our work. They were a long way back yet.

We kept looking back to see how far off they were. Every time we would get out of sight, we would rest our horses, and at last, to our great joy, we only saw one coming. He will not dare to do us any harm. By and by he overtook us.

"How do you do?" he said.

We did not speak to him. He said, "I know your brother Natchez well and your father, too."

I was so angry I said to him, "Clear out, you mean, hateful man; we do not wish to talk."

He said again, "What made you run your horses so?"

"What made you bad men run after us?"

We came to where there were two roads, one going to Camp C. F. Smith, and one to Camp Harney. We took the Camp Harney road. We could see a house across the valley about five miles off. He said, "Come with me to that place. I will give you fresh horses, for you have a long way to go."

I did not speak, nor did Sister. When he saw we would not talk to him, he turned his horse and went across the valley towards the house. So we were once more left to ourselves.

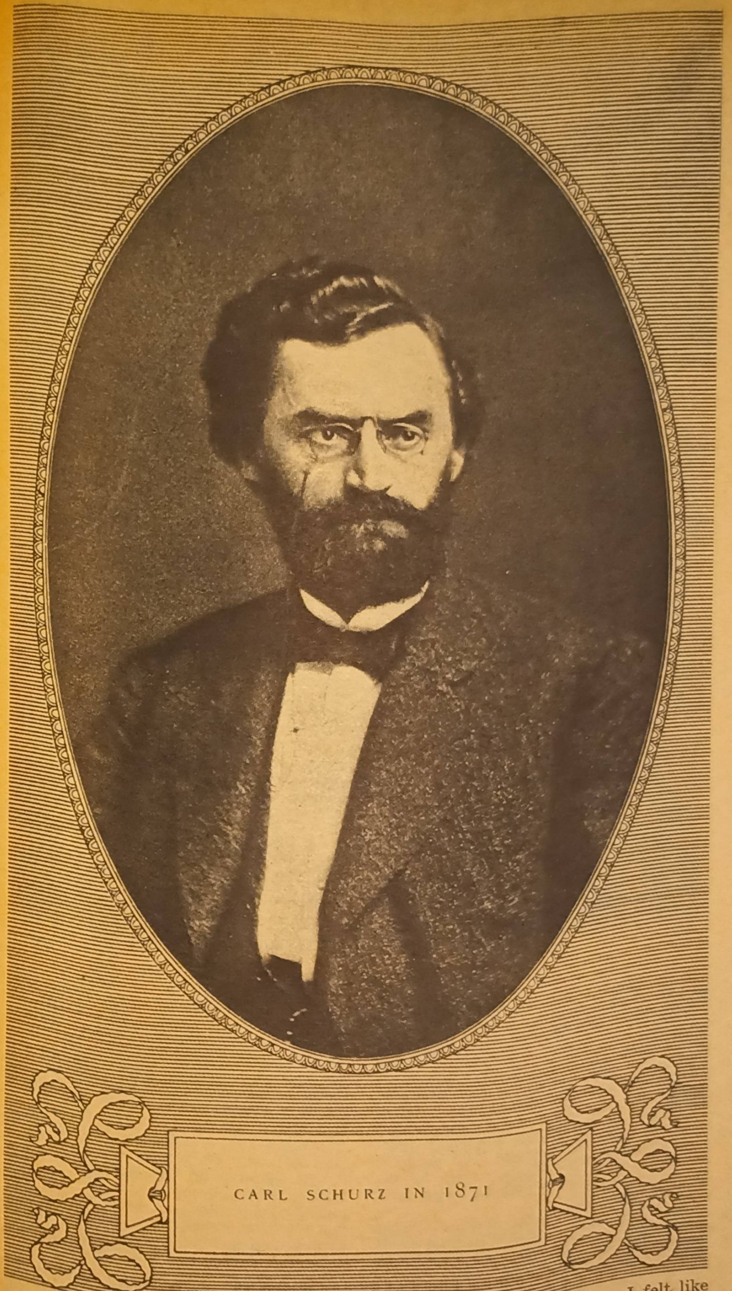
We rode about five miles, and stopped to rest our horses an hour or so, and went again. At about two o'clock we came to a warm spring, and stopped and had a bath. Sister and I had a good time and were refreshed, and rode on till about five o'clock, when one of our horses gave out. We had quite a time getting the horse along, so it was very late when we got to the place where we were to go for the night.

It was at Mr. James Beby's, who was married to one of my cousins, and at last we got there. My cousin was glad to see us, but he was not at home. We waited there three days to see him. I knew if he were at home we could get some horses to go on to the next place, where we could take the stage to Camp Harney. I told my cousin we would go on.

She said, "Take fresh horses and leave them at Mr. Abbot's. He will go for them when he gets home."

I said, "No, I am afraid he would not like it, and he may get angry with you. I think we can make it nicely today," which we did.

The next morning we were ready to go on with a man by the name of Smith, whose father was killed during the Bannock War. We left one of our horses there, and rode in his wagon to Mr. Anderson's place. I knew everybody on that road. No white women were at the places where we stopped—all men—yet we had been treated kindly by all of them, so far.



CARL SCHURZ IN 1871

We did not know what kind of a place Mr. Anderson's was now, but before the Bannock War none of my people would go there for years and years. But we had to go there now. We arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had known Mr. Anderson for a number of years. He was a United States mail-contractor, and always had many cowboys at his place overnight. Sure enough, there were eight of them this night. There was only one room in the house with a fireplace.

He was kind to us. I told him what I had told others. After supper I felt like crying, and said to Sister, "What shall we do? Where shall we sleep? We have no blankets."

We could sleep out-of-doors, but there was snow on the ground. It was hard to keep back the tears. At last they began to make their beds here, there, and everywhere on the floor.

Mr. Anderson said to the stage-driver, "You and I must give up our bed to Miss Winnemucca tonight, and go in with some of the boys."

Nothing more was said, and they went to bed with some of them, and by-and-by we lay down.

I said to Sister, "Something is going to happen to us."

"I feel that way too," Sister said. We sat a long time, but it was very cold, and at last we lay down and I soon fell asleep.

Someone laid a hand on me and said, "Sarah!"

I jumped up with fright and gave him a blow right in the face. I said, "Go away, or I will cut you to pieces!"

He ran out of the house, and Mr. Anderson got up and lighted a candle. There was blood on the side of the bed, and on my hands and the floor.

He said, "Oh, Sarah, what have you done? Did you cut him?"

"No, I did not cut him; I wish I had. I only struck him with my hand."

He said, "Well, a man who will do such a thing needs killing. Who was it?"

He looked round, but the man was gone. Mr. Anderson did not blow out the light. The man did not come in, but some of the men went out to look for him. When they came in, they said he was gone and had taken his horse. Some of them said they guessed he was ashamed, and had gone off.

Mr. Anderson said, "The big fool! He ought to be ashamed."

I never uttered a word more, but we did not sleep anymore that night. Mr. Anderson got up at four o'clock for breakfast, for we were to start at five. We had to make Camp Harney that day, sixty miles. I still took my horse with me.

WE arrived at Camp Harney about six o'clock, and Captain Drury, then commanding officer, received us very kindly. There were only three ladies at the post. The captain's wife and the other officers' wives were kind to me while we were there. We stayed ten days because we could not get over the Blue Mountains, the snow was so deep.

I had no money, and I tried to sell my horse, but could not. I went and talked with Mr. Stevens, who was a storekeeper at Camp Harney for many years. I showed him my appointment as interpreter, and, thanks be to my Father in Spirit Land, this man gave me $100. He thought I was good for it; that is, I would get paid for my work and pay him.

So we got ready to go on with the Government mail-carrier. Captain Drury was so kind as to let me have a government horse to ride as far as Canyon City, and the mail-carrier was to bring it back. Oh, such a time as we had going over. The snow was soft—our horses would go down and up again. If we walked, we would go down too. It rained some during the day. It was ten o'clock before we got to a place called Soda Springs.

The next morning it snowed, and we got to Canyon City at three o'clock in the afternoon, almost frozen to death. We had to swim our horses at one place.

We stayed there three days, because the stage goes only twice a week, and we had to wait for it. Here I tried again to sell my horse, but could not. I got a man named Mr. More to take him and put him on his farm until I should come back. The man sold him because I did not come, and that was the last of my horse.

Here I saw Mr. C. W. Parrish again. I showed him the papers which I got from Secretary Schurz for my people, and told him of my visit to Washington. He was so glad, and said, "Sarah, your people will be happy to get back."

I told him the girls and boys that used to love his wife and children were all dead. I told him the names of many of them, so that he could tell his wife. She gave them all names when she had them at school.

A reporter also called on me, and I told all he asked me. He gave me his address and said he would help me, and put anything into his paper that I wished him to. I thanked him for his kindness.

Mr. Parrish told me I had better see to my stage passage the first thing, or someone might get ahead of me. It was not a stage, but a little wagon called a buckboard that could carry only two persons besides the driver. So I went and paid my fare and my sister's—$50.

It went at six o'clock in the evening, and it took two days and nights to go to The Dalles. We were to start that same evening. We had a very hard ride, but arrived all right and found brother Lee waiting for us. We stayed two days, and hired horses from Father Wilbur's Christian Indians. It took us two more days to get to Fort Simcoe, which we reached on the eighth of May.

I did not say anything for four days, but brother Lee went and told everything to our people. They came to see me. I told them about our people in Nevada, but did not say anything about my visit to Washington. At last I went to see Father Wilbur, armed with my letters.

I said, "Father, I have come to talk to you."

He said, "Come in."

I went in and sat down. I said, "Did you get a letter from Washington?"

He said, "No."

"Well, that is strange—they told me they would write."

"Who?"

"The Secretary of the Interior, Secretary Schurz."

"Why, what makes you think he would write to me?"

"It was about my people."

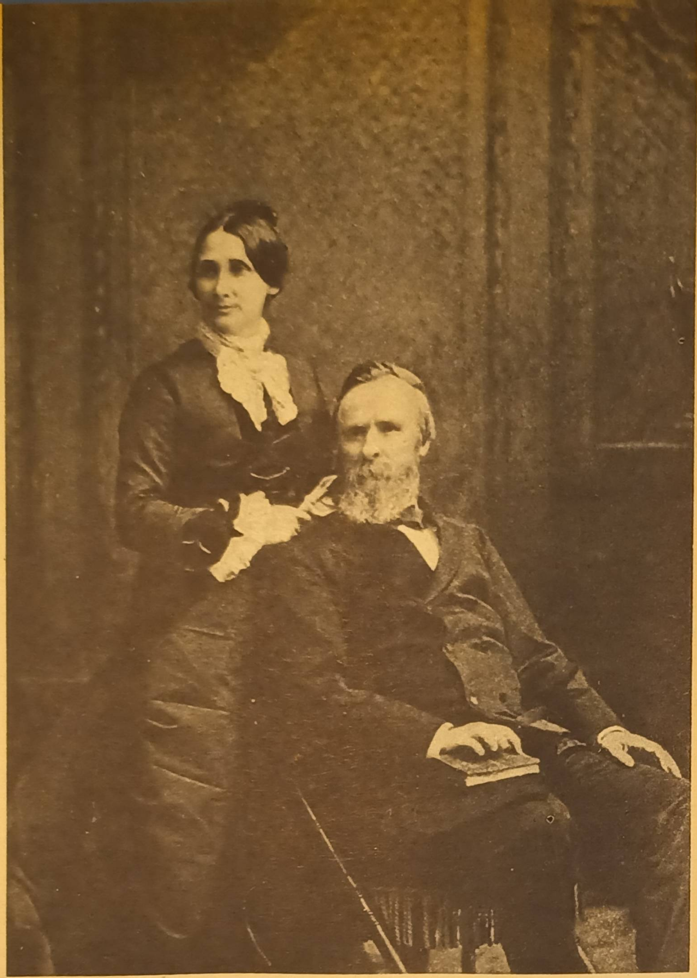
"We have not heard from them," he said.

"I have a letter here which Secretary Schurz gave me." I gave it to him to read. He read it and gave it back to me. I saw he was angry.

"Sarah," he said, "your people are doing well here, and I don't want you to tell them of this paper or to read it to them. They are the best workers I ever saw. If you will not tell them, I will give you $50, and I will write to Washington and see if they will keep you here as interpreter."

I said, "How is it that I am not paid for interpreting here so long? Was I not turned over to you as an interpreter for my people? I have worked at everything while I was here. I helped in the schoolhouse, and preached on Sundays for you—I mean I interpreted the sermons." I told him I thought he ought to pay me something.

He said he would if I would not tell my people about Schurz's letter. I did not promise, and went away. I did not say anything for five or six days. At last my people came and demanded of me to come to them. Brother and I went to them.


Century Magazine

President and Mrs. Hayes in 1877

Leggins got up and said to his people, "My children, you all see that we have no friend. You all see that our mother has sold us to Father Wilbur. You see that she does not want to let us know what our Father Winnemucca has done for us. We are all told that she has a paper which has been given to her by the mighty Big Father in Washington, and she has burnt it or hid it, so we won't know it. That way she has made her money, by selling us. She first sold us to the soldiers and had us brought here, and now she has sold us to this bad man to starve us. We shall never see our friends anymore! Our paper is all gone; there is nobody to talk for us; we are all alone; we shall never get back to our country."

The tears ran down his face as he talked, and women cried. Brother could not stand it any longer. He jumped up and cried aloud, saying, "For shame! What are you talking about? Are you mad? Why don't you ask before you talk?"

I had told Lee what Father Wilbur had said to me.

"Go and talk to Father Wilbur, not to my sister. It is he who has sold us, not Sister; it is he who doesn't want us to go back."

Some of them came and laid their hands on my head, and cried, saying, "Forgive us for thinking badly of you. Tell us, can we hope we shall see our husbands, our children, our daughters?"

I got up and held up the paper over my head, and replied, "I have said everything I could in your behalf, so did Father and Brother. I have suffered everything but death to come here with this paper. I don't know whether it speaks truth or not. You can say what you like about me. You have a right to say I have sold you. It looks so.

"I have told you many things which are not my own words, but the words of the agents and the soldiers. I know I have told you more lies than I have hairs on my head. I have never told you my own words; they were the words of the white people, not mine. Of course, you don't know, and I don't blame you for thinking as you do.

"This which I hold in my hand is our only hope. It came right from the Big Father you hear so much of. We will see what his words are; if what the people say about him is truth. If it is truth, we will see our people in fifty days. It is not my own making up; it came right from him, and I will read it just as it is, so that you can all judge for yourselves."

AFTER I had read it through, they all forgot they were grown people. They jumped about and cried, "Oh, we shall be happy again." The little girls said, "We shall sing, we shall play." Men and women were all like children.

Leggins said, "Now, you have heard what Sarah has told us. We will get ready to go at once, and all that want to can go with me, and all that want to can stay. Step aside, so I may know who will go with me; then we can find Father Wilbur, so he can go with us or send for soldiers to go with us."

Everyone cried, "Why ask us? We are all dying off here! Who wants to stay here? We will all go—yes, we will all go, if we have to crawl on our hands and knees."

All but Oytes—he sat with his hands over his face, crying. Paddy said to Oytes, "Why do you hang your head? Have you turned into a woman? You were first on your horse when the Bannocks came. You got us all into trouble, and only for you we had been in our own country. You are the cause of all our suffering. Now it is no time to cry. I, too, felt like crying when you got up and said, 'Come, my men, get your arms, we will help the Bannocks.'

"At the time there was only one who got up and said, 'Men, what are you all thinking about? Don't you all hear your Chief talking to you, telling you not to go with the Bannocks or you will all be killed?' "

As Paddy talked he pointed and said, "We had ears to hear what our Chief Natchez was saying to us, and knew what was said was truth. If we had listened to what was said to us then, we would not have lost so many of our friends. I am as bad as you have been. Stop your crying, and tell us what you are going to do."

Oytes got up and said, "Dear brother," but broke down again and could not speak. He stood a little while. He looked up to me and said, "Sarah, pity me. Give me your hand. Help me. I am just as Paddy says—I am a woman; I shall be while I live."

And then he cried out to Leggins, "Brother, ask me to go with you where we can lie alongside our fathers' bones. Just say, 'Come, I will be only too glad to go with you.' "

I then said, "This paper says all who want to go, can go. I say for one, 'Oytes, come, go with us,' but all who want to can go."

Leggins said, "Oytes, I have no right to say to you, 'You have done wrong and you can't go to your own country.' No, I am only too glad to hear you talk as you do. We will all go back and be happy once more in our native land."

Then the head men called to me and to Brother Lee, "We will go and see Father Wilbur right off, and tell him to send for soldiers to go with us, to keep the white men from killing us."

So we all started up to see our "good" Father Wilbur, but our father did not want to talk to us. My people came every day for four days.

During this time there came some supplies for my people. The storehouse was full of goods of all kinds. He came to me and said, "Sarah, I have had some forty of your people working for me since you went away, some women too. I want you to tell them to come and I will pay them right off. I have to pay them in clothing."

I went and told them. My people said, "Now is the time to talk to him," but he did not want to talk to them. Some got blankets, some calico for their wives. Some said, "I worked two months."

Some, "Three months."

"We ought to get more pay."

These words were not listened to by Father Wilbur. Eighteen men got paid and six women, and the doors were shut. I went to him and said, "My people want to talk to you." He did not answer me.

I went back to them. They all began to laugh at me, and went to their camps.

The next morning the agent sent for me. I sent for Leggins and some of the head men, and went to his home. He gave me a chair to sit down in. Dr. Kirkendorff and the head farmer, Mr. Fairchild, were there.

Then he began on me by saying, "I am sorry you are putting the devil into your people's heads; they were all doing so well while you were away, and I was so pleased with them. You are talking against me all the time, and if you don't look out I will have you put in irons and in prison."

Here I jumped on my war-horse. I said, "Mr. Wilbur, you forget that you are a Christian when you can talk so to me. You have not got the first part of a Christian principle about you, or you would see that my people get home. You know how they are treated by your Christian Indians.

"You are welcome to put me in prison. You are starving my people here, and you are selling the clothes which were sent to them, and it is my money in your pocket; that is why you want to keep us here. I say, Mr. Wilbur, everybody in Yakima City knows what you are doing, and hell is full of just such Christians as you are."

"Stop talking, or I will have you locked up."

"I don't care how soon you have it done. My people are saying I have sold them to you, and get money from you to keep them here. I am abused by you and by my own people, too. You never were the man to give me anything for my work, and I have to pay for everything I have to eat. Mr. Wilbur, you will not get off as easily as you think you will. I will go to Yakima City and lecture. I will tell them all how you are selling my people the clothes which were sent here for them."

I had my say, and got up and went away. He tried to keep me, but I walked away. That is the last I saw of Father Wilbur. I almost wished he would put me in prison, for that would have made my people see that I had not sold them. He sent the doctor to talk to me, and to tell me if I wanted to go home he would send his own team with me to The Dalles. I told him to tell Wilbur I was going to Yakima City first.

"Oh, Sarah, you had better not. The Yakimas have been telling Father Wilbur lies about you, through Oytes."

I said, "I have had my say."

WE all talked the thing over, and they said I had better go to The Dalles and send a telegram to the Big Father in Washington, and then come for them. Lee thought so, too.

Later the doctor came again and said, "Lee, Father Wilbur wants to see you."

He did not want to go. "I am afraid he will put me in irons, too."

"Don't be afraid; go and see what he wants with you."

The doctor said to me, "Well, Sarah, do you want to go to The Dalles? I will take you down myself, if you will say you will go."

I did not talk to him, but got up and went away until Brother came back. He came back laughing. At last he said, "Oh, sister, I am rich. I am going to have some land, and I am going to have a wagon, and I am going to have my own time to pay for it. It will only take 125 years for me to pay for my wagon! He wants me to stay here, not to go away. Yes, I see myself staying here. Leggins, Oytes, Paddy, come and have supper with us."

Just as we sat down, the doctor came and said, "Sarah, Mrs. Young is going down tomorrow."

"Doctor, I am not going till I get ready; not until then, and when I want to have you take me down, I will let you know."

We had another talk, and then I promised my people that I would work for them while there was life in my body. I told them I would telegraph to the Big Father in Washington, as soon as I got to The Dalles.

I then told Lee to go to the doctor and say I would go. He came over himself to see me. We got to Dalles the second day. I went to the telegraph office, and sent the telegram, as I said I would.

The two army reports will go in this book, where my readers will see how many were against me. I then wrote to General Howard, telling him I was so poor I did not know what to do. I told him Father Wilbur never gave me a cent for the work I had done for him. I did not have money enough to go down to Vancouver where General Howard was.

Thanks be to my Spirit Father, General Howard sent for me. They appointed me interpreter and teacher at that place. There were fifty Indians, called the Sheep-Eaters, and some others. I taught their children how to read, and they learned very fast because they knew what they were learning. During this time I received the $500, which I dearly earned during the Bannock war, after working two years for it. I then paid Mr. Stevens what he gave me at Camp Harney.

While we were doing so well, there came an order that these Sheep-Eaters and Weisers must go to Fort Hill Reservation. Lieutenant Mills and I took them there, and I left them there. I wrote to my schoolchildren afterwards. The head man, who called himself War Jack, got some one to write to me, saying my children had forgotten what they had learned, as they were not going to school anymore. That is the last I heard from them, and my work at Vancouver for the military government may be my last work, as I am talking against the Government officials; and I am assured I shall never get another appointment as interpreter.

I do have a little hope if the Army takes care of my people that they will give me a place, either as teacher or interpreter. I tell you, my dear readers, the agents don't want anybody but their own brothers and sisters, or fathers and mothers, wives, cousins, or aunts. If they do have an interpreter, they get one that is so ignorant he does not know what is said. Yes, one that can't read, one that is always ready to sign any kind of letter that suits the agent's purpose.

My people have been signing papers for the last twenty-three years. They don't know what they sign. The interpreter tells them it is for blankets, coats, pants, shoes, socks, woolen shirts, calicoes, unbleached muslin. So they put their names to it, while it is only a report of the issues he has already made. He knows well enough that if they were told it was the report of an issue, they would not sign it.

This kind of thing takes place on all the reservations; and if any white man writes to Washington in our behalf, the agent goes to work with letters and gets his men and his aunts and cousins to help him, and they get any kind of Indians to sign the letters, and they are sent on to Washington. Yes, General Crook tells the truth about the agents stealing from the Indians, but whoever tells this truth is abused by the agent. He calls him nobody, and the agent is believed because he is a Christian. So it goes on year after year.

Oh, when will it stop? I pray of you, I implore of you, I beseech of you, hear our pitiful cry to you—sweep away the agency system. Give us homes to live in, for God's sake and for humanity's sake. I left my people in despair, I knew I had so many against me.

While I was in Vancouver, Mr. Chapman, the interpreter, was sent over to Yakima to see if he could help my people. He met with the same success I had had. He came back and told me they were really starving. He said he had never seen people in the condition they were in. He said he went into their tents to see if they had anything hidden away. He did not find anything; but he said he did it because Father Wilbur told him the people had plenty to eat. Sometimes they went four or five days without having a bite, nor had they any clothes. Poor man! The tears ran down his cheeks as he told me, and of course I cried.

Just then Colonel Wilkinson came up and said, "Why, Sarah, what are you crying about? You are only an Indian woman. Why, Indian women never cry."

Ah, my dear friends, he is another one who makes people believe he is working for the Indians. He is at Forest Grove. He is another one that started a school for the Indians, something like Hampton School; but people have no confidence in him. He is the man that used to preach in the streets in Portland, Oregon. I tell you the world is full of such people.

All who say they are working for Indians are against me. I know their feeling pretty well. They know if the Indians are turned over to the Army, they will lose their living. In another sense they ought to be glad to have Indians (I mean all my people, who are Indian nations) under the military care, for then if we kill white people, the soldiers can just kill us right there, and not have to go all over the country to find us!

For shame! For shame! You dare to cry out "Liberty," when you hold us in places against our will, driving us from place to place as if we were beasts. Ah, there is one thing you cannot say of the Indian. You call him savage, and everything that is bad but one; but, thanks be to God, I am so proud to say that my people have never outraged your women, or have even insulted them by looks or words. Can you say the same of the Negroes or the whites? They do commit some most horrible outrages on your women, but you do not drive them round like dogs.

Oh, my readers, talk for us, and if the white people will treat us like human beings, we will behave like a people; but if we are treated by white savages as if we are savages, we are relentless and desperate; yet no more so than any other badly treated people. I am pleading for God and for humanity.

I SENT the following letter to the Honorable Secretary of the Interior:

Vancouver Barracks
March 28, 1881

Dear Sir—I take this matter in hand in behalf of the Indians who are prisoners here at this place. There are fifty-three (53) in all. Of this number thirteen are men, twenty-one women, eleven girls from three to fourteen years of age, and eight boys from three to sixteen. Twenty-three of the number belong to the Sheep-Eaters, thirteen belong to the Weisers tribe, and seven from Boise. These belong to Fort Hall. This is the second winter they have been here and they have been provided for entirely by the military here. They receive Government rations. But the only way they have to provide for the women is by what they make out of selling some of their rations, and from what castaway clothing I can collect from employes here.

I am employed here as an interpreter, and have been teaching them to read. I commenced last July. I have twelve girls and six boys in school. When I commenced to teach them they knew nothing—never had been to school. They are learning fast. They can all read pretty well, and are desirous to learn. What I want to ask is to have them stay here. They seem to be contented. Most of them would rather stay here than to go elsewhere, but in order to make them more contented and useful it would be well to help them.

If they could have a place, or a bit of land given them to use for themselves, yes, a place for their own benefit, and where they could work for themselves, I would teach them habits of industry, and it would help much in supporting them. It is necessary that there should be, at least for the present, some appropriation made for them, in order to provide clothing for the women and children, and a proper place to live in. At present they are living in tents. The men are working for the military here in improving the post, and they all have an interest in their work, and I think a little help from your department, as above mentioned, would be better for them than to turn them loose again to wander in idleness or learn evil, or go back to bad habits again.

I think it would be the best that could be done for them in the way of enlightening and Christianizing them. They would all rather be under military authority. They say they are not cheated here, and they can see that the officers are doing all they can for them. Hoping you will give this a careful consideration, I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
Sarah Winnemucca

I NEVER had an answer to this letter, nor to any of the letters I wrote to Washington, and nothing was ever done to fulfill the promise of Secretary Schurz's paper, nor was any canvas ever sent for tents. General McDowell, in the last Army report issued before he was retired from the service in California, and which he sent to me after I arrived in Boston, wrote an urgent appeal to the Government to do justice to my suffering people who had been snatched from their homes against their wills.

Among the letters from the officers, in the Army Report, are two or three from Father Wilbur. He says he should be much relieved if the Piutes were not on his reservation. They have been the cause of much labor and anxiety to him. Yet he does all he can to prevent their going away. What can be the meaning of this? Is it not plain that they are a source of riches to him? He starves them and sells their supplies. He does not say much against me, but he does say that if my influence were removed, my people would be contented there.

This is as untrue as it was in Reinhard to say they would not stay on the Malheur Reservation. While I was in Vancouver, President Hayes and his wife came there, and I went to see them. I spoke to him as I had done in Washington to the Secretary, and said to him, "You are a husband and father, and you know how you would suffer to be separated from your wife and children by force, as my people still are, husbands from wives, parents from children, notwithstanding Secretary Schurz's order."

He said, "I will see about it." But nothing was ever done that I ever heard of.

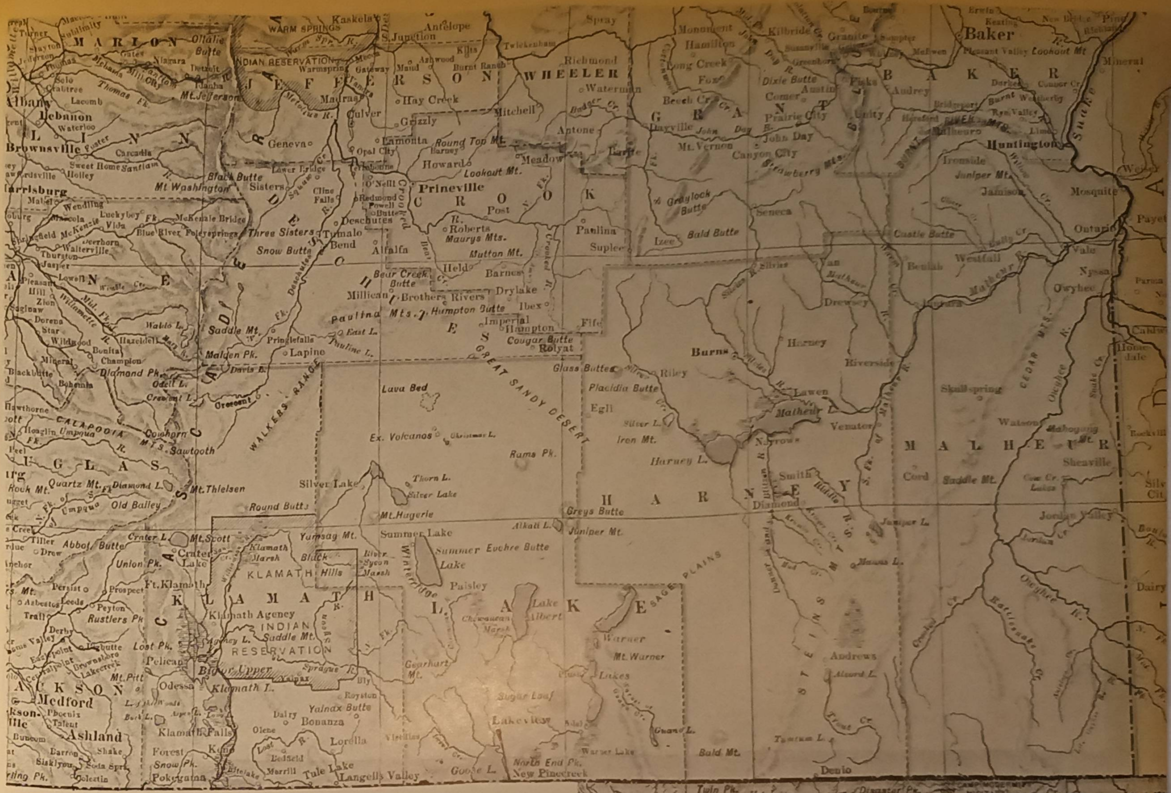
Finding it impossible to do anything for my people I did not return to Yakima, but after I left Vancouver Barracks I went to my sister in Montana. After my marriage to Mr. Hopkins I visited my people once more at Pyramid Lake Reservation, and they urged me again to come to the East and talk for them, and so I have come.

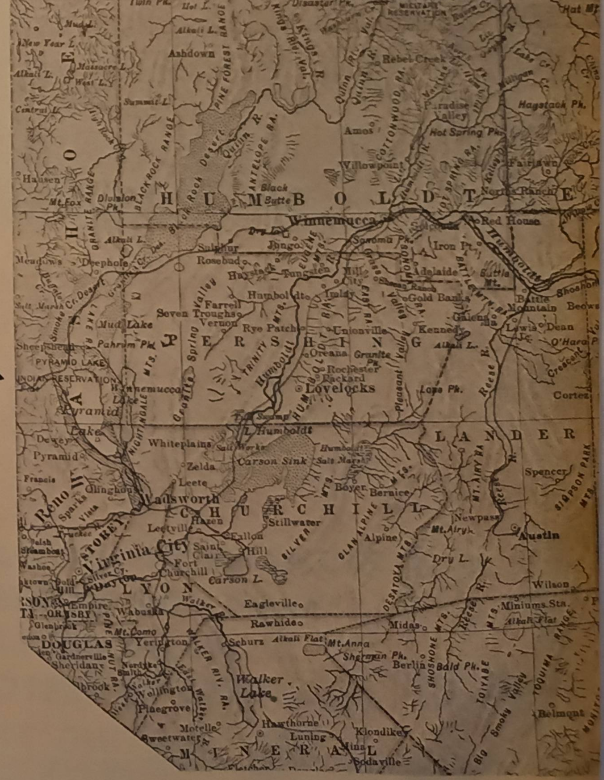
I know, now, from the highest authority, that the Government was decided by the agent, Reinhard, who said the Indians would not stay at the Malheur Reservation. After being driven away by starvation, after having had every promise broken, falsehoods were told about them and there was no one to take their part but a woman.

Everyone knows what a woman must suffer who undertakes to act against bad men. My reputation has been assailed, and it is done so cunningly that I cannot prove it to be unjust. I can only protest that it is unjust, and say that wherever I have been known, I have been believed and trusted. Those who have maligned me have not known me.

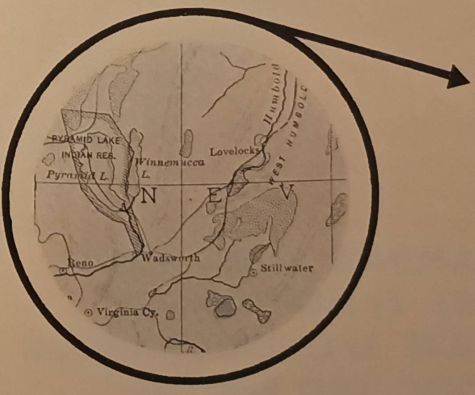
It is true that my people sometimes distrust me, but that is because words have been put into my mouth which have turned out to be nothing but idle wind. Promises have been made to me in high places that have not been kept, and I had to suffer for this in the loss of my people's confidence. I have not spoken ill of others behind their backs and said fair words to their faces. I have been sincere with my own people when they have done wrong, as well as with my white brothers.

Alas, how truly our women prophesied when they told my dear old grandfather that his white brothers, whom he loved so much, would bring sorrow to his people. Their hearts told them the truth. My people are ignorant of worldly knowledge, but they know what love means and what truth means. They have seen their dear ones perish around them because their white brothers have given them neither love nor truth. Are not those qualities better than learning? My people have no learning. They do not know anything about the history of the world, but they can see the Spirit Father in everything. They are innocent and simple, but they are brave and will not be imposed upon. They are patient, but they know black is not white.

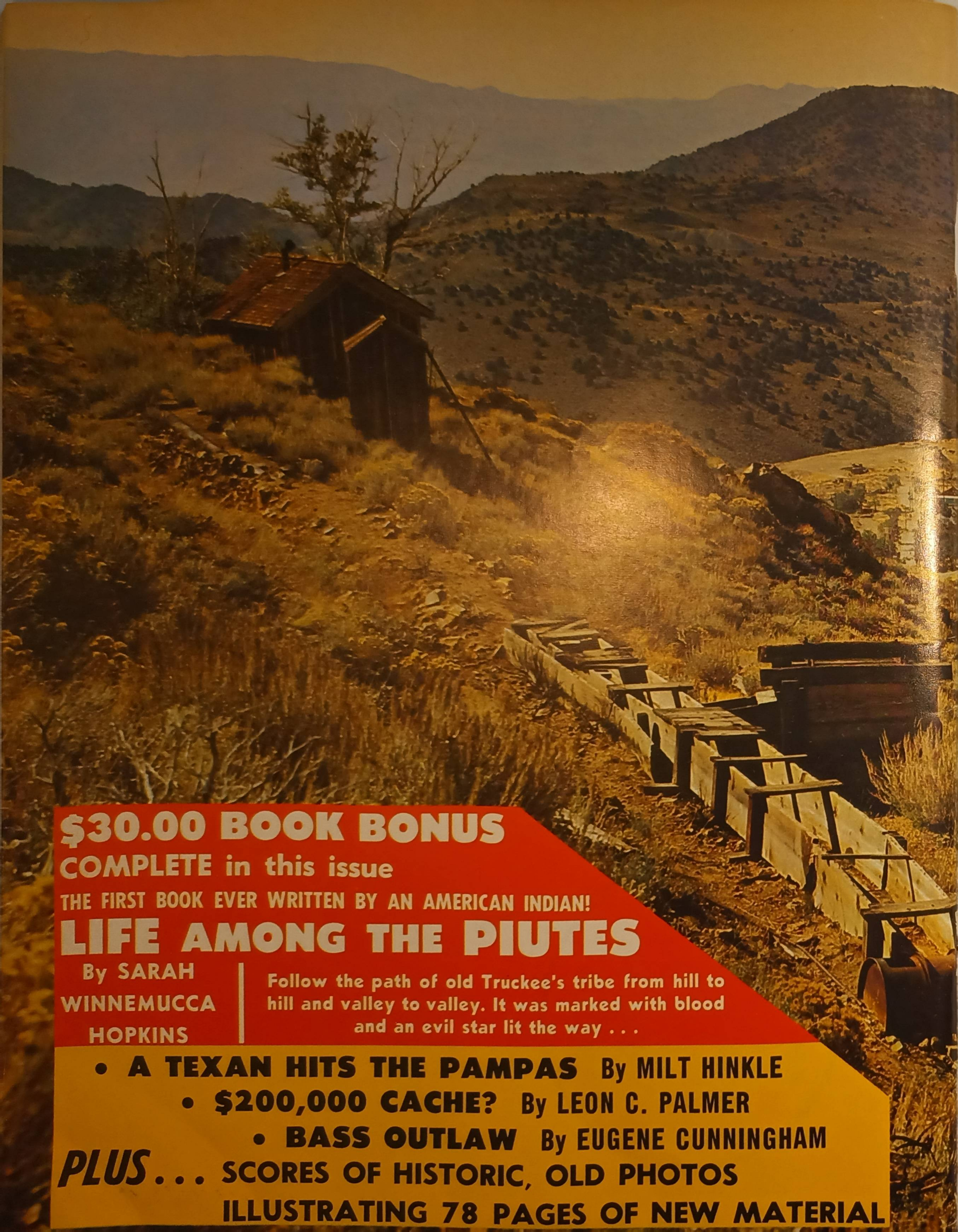




Old map shows the general locale of the Bannock-Piute uprising. Throughout this entire range of country are those areas and places that figured so prominently in the trail of privations and disappointments that befell Sarah Winnemucca and the Piute people.



Pyramid Lake



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